

394

THE
New Metamorphosis:
OR, THE
Pleasant Transformation:
BEING
The Golden Afs
OF
Lucius Apuleius of Medaura.

Alter'd and Improv'd to the Modern Times and
Manners; exposing the Secret Follies and Vices
of Maids Wives, and Widows, Nuns Fryars
Jesuits: Statesmen, Courtiers, &c.

Written in *Italian* by *Carlo Monte Socio*, Fellow
of the Academy of the *Humoristi* in *Rome*,
and Translated from the *Vatican Manuscript*.

Adorn'd with Cuts: In Two Volumes.

V O L. I.

The Second Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Dan. Brown*, at the Black Swan without *Temple-Bar*, *G. Sambridge*, at the Three Flower-de-luces, in *Little-Britain*, *E. Sanger*, at the Post-House, in *Fleet-street*, *S. Brisco*, at the Raven, and *J. Baker*, at the Black Boy in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1709.

THE
Epistle Dedicatory,
TO

The Honourable
Henry St. John, Esq;

S I R,

TH O' Addresses of this
Nature, by the Folly,
and false Hopes of too
many Authors suffer under an
Imputation too general and un-
just, yet while Mr. *St. John* is
my Patron, I have not the least
Apprehension of erring with
the Many, or of being thought

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to Sacrifice more to Hope, than to Justice.

Books were Anciently Address'd either to a Friend, or a confess'd Master in the Art, or Subject of the Discourse, as a sure Guard against the Assaults of the *little Criticks*, and *lesser Pretenders* to Art, who form a Party so formidable in Courts, and great Cities, that a Man of Art and true Sense, has reason to fortifie himself against them; Or lastly, they were the just, and grateful Offerings to the Public Merit of those, who had done generous Service to their Country Civil, or Military.

Tho'

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Tho' I have not the Happiness of Challenging the Honour of the First; yet your just Claim to both the Other, which are of far greater Import, abundantly justify my Address.

Tho' the following Treatise be in Prose for the most Part, yet it being a Poetical Production in the Original, and both its Copies, it has a sort of Right to fly to the Protection of a Person, who has given the World sufficient Proofs of his Skill in that Art.

Let it not be thought a Blemish in you, Sir, to excell in that Science, to arrive at which

The Epistle Dedicatory.

so many great Men have discover'd an impotent Ambition. *Cicero* has left us his *Lame Efforts* at, and, in many Places, his high Esteem of Poetry ; *Augustus* and *Mecenas* attempted in vain to Emulate *Horace*, and *Virgil*, whom they warm'd with their Favour and Bounty ; *Julia* during the Siege of *Athens* wrote a Play, and the great *Scipio* and *Lelins* were at least Assistants to *Terence* ; *Marius* himself, as rough and sow'r as his Disposition was, cou'd not curb the Discovery of his Satisfaction at hearing the Verses of *Archias* on his *Cimbrie Wars* ; and *Homer* was the perpetual Bosom Companion of *Alexander the Great*. So
truly

The Epistle Dedicatory.

truely grounded is that of *Pe-*
tronius Arbiter,

Qui mentem magnis applicat
det Primos Versibus Annos.

It was that Genius, which
you receiv'd from *Nature* for
these Studies, and your Intimacy
with the Muses, that gave you so
early a Capacity of discharging
such great Trusts, and Posts of
both Prince and People, with so
just an Applause. Whoever in-
deed, is strook with the *Love of*
Sacred Song, must be free from
that Rapacious Thirst of Gain,
which always Eclipses the bright-
est

The Epistle Dedicatory.

est Parts, Obscures the greatest Merit, and renders the greatest Power Invidious and Contemptible to all Mankind. For tho' Avarice be, in a manner, the Epidemic Distemper of this Age, yet there is nothing so hateful in the Eye of the People, and of all that participate not of the same Vice and Folly.

'Tis indeed to the reigning *Private Spirit*, that we owe those Scandalous Remains of that *Barbarism*, which is but too visible in the neglect of the *Politer Studies*, which only want the Encouragement of the Great to raise the *British Name* above all the
Moderns,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Moderns, and to a Rivalship
of the *Antients*.

Were I so happy to be one of
the Genuine Sons of Art, who
am only an humble Admirer of
the Muses, my Prayer wou'd be
that the Age might have many
St. Johns, who with a Generous
and United Force, might at
once reduce the forward and
ignorant Pretenders to their just
Contempt, and lift the humble
Artist, to that Applause, which
he only deserves. Only Men of
your Understanding and Temper
can ever do that Justice to your
Countries Reputatation; of whom
we may say with *Horace* of *Ti-
bullus*,

Non

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Non tu Corpus eras sine Pectore
Di tibi Formam ;
Di tibi Divitias dederant,
Artemq; fruendi.*

And we find you, Sir, always

*Curantem Quicquid dignum
sapiente, Bonoq; est.*

Among which I am confident
the Province of the *Muses* cannot have the last Place, and Consideration.

Tis

The Epistle Dedicatory.

'Tis not that I fear offending
a false Modesty that I forbear
paying that Tribute of Praise
here, which is your due, and
drawing your Character for the
View of the Public; but a Sense
of my Inability to perform so
difficult a Task, and an Appre-
hension of being thought to
undertake a thing perfectly Su-
perfluous; since that is what is
known to all the World already.

Yes, Sir, were you less known
and admir'd, I cou'd bring such
a Voucher of your Excellence,
as wou'd alone be a greater Pane-
gyric, than any Pen cou'd give
you;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

you ; for to be so dear to the greatest *Genius* of the Age, as Eminent for his Generous Temper, as Wit and Understanding is a Proof, that he finds those admirable Qualities in you, which answer to those in himself, since a similitude of those is always the Foundation of so singular a Friendship. But your Merit, Sir, has long been too well known to stand in need of any other Voucher, tho' never so great, and illustrious ; and under the Protection of which I shall have very little Dread of either the *Critics* or *Fortune*, tho' all things of this Nature are too much subject to both ;
but

The Epistle Dedicatory.

but your Approbation being
my chief Aim and Desire, all
other Consideration will be little
regarded, by

Sir,

Your most Humble,

and most Obedient

Servant

THE PREFACE.

THIS Preface is not an Idle Complement to Custom, or to insinuate my Compliance with the Importunities of Friends in the Publication of the following Book: But there being a necessity of premising some few Lines on the present performance, and the Original or Ground on which it is Built.

The famous Lucian furnish'd the first Hint (for so I must call his *Ass* in comparison of what has since been done on it) and Apuleius enlarg'd it into eleven Books. I shall not say much about Lucian, as to the Excellency of his Genius, its nature and the like, that being done admirably well in his *Life*, written by Mr. Dryden, and now ready to be publish'd. But I must say (with the Criticks Permission) that Apuleius has much improv'd his Sketch, by the Addition of various Discoveries in his *Assine* Condition, which was indeed, or ought to have been the chief Aim of the Invention.

The Preface.

I must avow my self, as great an Admirer of the Ancients with Justice, as any Man can be without Affectation. I allow that their Designs were masterly, and that they always had Nature in their Eye, in their Draughts of Man in his Passions or Manners, to which most of our Celebrated Modern Poets have had but little regard; those at least, who have found the best Success, have been those who deviate the most from the valuable Paths of Nature, true Retic, or even Common Sense.

But then I cannot put Lucian absolutely into that illustrious Class, he liv'd in an Age, when the Taste of the People was as loose and debauch'd as their Principles and Manners; and Lucian, with all his Wit, cou'd not escape the Infection of the Times, as is plain from his Defence of Dancing; in which, tho' he gives a great many just Praises to that Art, then in its Perfection, yet when he prefers it ev'n to a Tragedy, he pays but a slender deference to Sense.

I urge this to obviate the Objections of a sort of Gentlemen, who tho' Nature has given them Parts sufficient to make a tolerable Figure among Men of Sense, lessen what they have by the Affectation of seeing more in an Old Author, than any one else can discover. This proceeds from the Pride of being Thought greater Scholars, than the rest of their Company, tho' in reality they only palm their own Fancy upon you for a Beauty of the Author's Intention, and which is often only so in their own single Apprehension.

These Gentlemens select Flowers are generally only Words. The happy turn of an Expression; a Phrase full and surprizing, commands their Adoration; but for the Design and Conduct of the Piece, they know no more of it, than if they had never read an Author. These are meer Grammaticasters, and read Books like
Dutch

The Preface.

Dutch Commentators, busying themselves with empty Words, while they pass over Excellencies much greater and more Charming. The Authors, that are their Darlings have Reason to Complain of their Praise, as Zeuxis in Lucian does of those, who had seen his admirable Piece of the Centaurs. The Applause was ever in the wrong Place; they were not touch'd with the Mastery of his Design or Performance, but the most trifling Errors of his Pencil put them into Raptures: I have seen the same at that present favourite Monster call'd an Opera, when the finest Ariettos, and Da Capos past unregarded, and the horrible Recitativo put the empty Heads of Affected Coxcombs in Motion, as agitated with an Agony of Pleasure.

I know that Gentlemen of this Kidney will never allow Apuleius a Place in the Presence of Lucian, and look on his Attempt at the same thing as an Impudence worthy the Barbarism of a Modern Man of Africa. Yet I shall not doubt, in spite of their Supercilious Censure, to prefer Apuleius to Lucian in this Particular, because he has heighten'd the Satire, and improv'd the Design, which are things of far greater Consequence, than all the petty Beauties of Diction, in which they can't well be compar'd, because Lucian wrote in Greek, and Apuleius in Latin. However I will be so Complaisant to these Critics to allow Lucian the Advantage in the Diction, and be content, that Apuleius has the Preference in the Improvement of the Design. But that this may not be look'd on as Gratis dictum, we'll come to Particulars, we find Lucian's Ass, fill'd either with the Arch Roguries of a Country Boy, by which he suffer'd in his Person in that Assinine Shape, or his other Hardships in travelling, and Burthens and the like, with some little Hint at the discoveries he made of the Vices of Men and Women, who hid them

The Preface.

from Humane Kind. But Apuleius, tho' he kept all that Lucian furnish'd in those particulars, yet he every where improv'd the Hint, and Inlarg'd the Image he wou'd represent ; he has also taken care to multiply and embellish all those Stories, which shew'd the Salaciousness of the Women, and the Knavery and Brutality of the Priests of the Syrian Goddess, the abandon'd Lives and Roguries of the Robbers, and so to the rest ; so that his Book may be call'd a Satire on the Vices of Men and Women ; and Lucian's the Picture of the Miserable Condition of the Life of an Ass.

I confess there are several trifling things in Apuleius, or such at least as wou'd certainly seem so to us, tho' the Superstition of those Times will afford no contemptible Vindication of most of them. His Style will perhaps admit of a Debate whether it be allowable or positively bad. That he has affected a very Poetical Diction, is visible to every Reader, but whether a Style so cram'd with Metaphors, and so Verbose, be allowable in Prose, I shall not here determine ; tho' I have no contemptible Authority for what Apuleius has done, and I might urge, that the whole being a Poetical Fiction, he was at Liberty to adapt his Style to his Subject ; for tho' Verse be chosen as most Harmonious, according to Aristotle, yet a Fable is no less a Poem for being in Prose.

I cannot dismiss Apuleius without saying something about so considerable a Part of his Book, as the Fable of Psyche. Athenæus has wrote it much larger, and with a greater Circuit of Words and Prolixity, which Apuleius confines to two Books. There have been several Morals given it, but few, or none that seem to fall within the Design of the Inventor of the Fable. Some have made it the Union of Soul and Body ; others Adam and Eve, and the Tree of Knowledge, and the like

•

The Preface.

like. For my part it seems to me to be a Moral chiefly against Curiosity, as is instanc'd twice by Cupid himself. The Fable of the Celebrated Oedipus is against the same Fault or Folly, and all the lamentable Fate of that Prince is plainly the Consequences of it. The Heathen Priesthood had Reason to level their Batteries against it, for they were Conscious of Follies so great in their gross Impositions on the People, that they might well fear a Discovery from a Liberty to Curiosity.

It now remains, that I say a word or two to the Modern Improvement of Apuleius. I hope, that I shall not be accounted too partial to our own Age, if I here give the Advantage to the Modern from the two Antients. For the same Reason, that sets Apuleius before Lucian, prefers the Modern to both, the Design being in the last most compleat. An Ass was an Animal, that cou'd scarce come into any Place where there cou'd be any Secret Transacted, and therefore no proper Machine for the Discovery of secret Vices, and Unmasking Hypocrisy. But a fine Bologna Lap-Dog is admitted to the Clossets, Cabinets, and Bedchambers of the Fair, and the Great, and therefore a Transformation into that Shape was more proper and Conducive to the Design, than that of Lucian and Apuleius. The Modern has taken care to do by Apuleius, what he did by Lucian, that is to Transplant all, that he cou'd suppose wou'd any way thrive and flourish in his own Plantation.

Besides those, he has added Discoveries of the Intrigues of the Widows, and their peculiar Love Politics, which are not in either the Greek or Latin Authors. Instead of the Priests of the Dea Syria, with whose Actions the present State of Europe has little to do, he has inserted the Rogueries, Cheats and Deboches of the Fryers, and Jesuits; who, tho' Grafted on Christianity,

The Preface.

stianity, have as far excell'd the Wickedness of those Itinerant Mendicants of Paganism with their strolling Divinity, as the Excellence of the Christian Religion is greater, than the meer Inventions of Man, for Corruptio Optimi est pessima.

Whether the Stories of the Jesuits and Fryars and Nuns be literally true I will not pretend to determine, but this I can say, I can paralell, nay exceed them in Authentick Accounts, already publish'd to the World. So that the Romanists have no just Cause of Complaint of any Impostures of our Author, who has said no more of them, than their own Writers Justify, and Henry Stephens proves from undoubted Records.

It may be objected, that too much of these two Volumes is spent before the Transformation. To which I must Answer, that Apuleius is not Metamorphos'd till the End of the third Book, Fantasio at the end of the second; and tho' the Books of the Modern are something larger, than those of the Ancient, yet the whole Work consisting of Twelve Books, Six only of which are now publish'd it bears a better proportion to whole, than the other.

There is one Thing peculiar to the Italian, which is neither in the Greek nor the Latin, which is, that the Modern has taken care occasionally to intersperse Discourses, Letters, and Verses, on various and curious Subjects, with frequent Moral Reflections, which are not to be found in the others.

Both the Italian, and my self have endeavour'd to come as near the Style of Apuleius as the difference of Time, and the Rights of the Languages wou'd permit. To conclude, there is nothing in the Latin Author worth our reading, that is not in the Translation. And since so many wretched Books have taken with the Town, purely because Translated from the French, I was in hopes

The Preface.

hopes, that a Version of an Italian, when the Follies of that Nation are so much in Vogue, won'd not be dispis'd. But if nothing but such sick Dreams as The Arabian Nights Entertainments : The Devil upon two Sticks, &c. will go down, the London-Bridge Book-sellers have Reason to hope, that Valentine and Orson, and Tom Thumb in Folio, and such more valuable Trifles may speedily be advanc'd from the Nursery to the Cabinets of the Fair, and the Studies of the Wits But indeed England at this time seems the Africa of Wit, where only Monsters Thrive and Domineer, both on the Theatre and in the Press.

*The New Metamorphosis : Or, The
Pleasant Transformation.*

B E I N G

The Golden Afs

O F

LUCIUS APULEIUS,

Improv'd and Alter'd to

The Modern Times and Manners.

The INTRODUCTION.

To Signor *Giovanni Vecchio Letame*, of the Academy of *La Crusca* in *Florence*, *Carlo Monte Socio*, of the Academy of the *Humoristi* in *Rome*, wishes Health, happy Days and pleasing Nights.

I SEND you, my good Friend, with this Billet, a Copy of the Manuscript taken from that of the memorable Signor *Fumoso de la Faritafia*, of the delightful Province di *Parnasso*, fill'd with the strange and wonderful Fortunes which besel him,
B and

and the surprising Adventures he met with during his long Peregrination in a borrow'd Shape, which at once deliver'd him from Disasters he could no otherwise have escap'd ; and gave him admittance to Secrets he could only this way have attain'd.

I SHALL neither raise your Expectation from a Promise of uncommon Pleasure in the Perusal, (though you will find a Variety, that will bid fair for it,) nor anticipate your Satisfaction in a Prefatory Discovery of the Design. All that I have to tell you of this Affair, is, that passing into England, with the Venetian Ambassador, during my stay there, I had the good Fortune to fall into an Acquaintance and Intimacy with Signor Fumoso de la Fantasia, whom for brevity we us'd to call Fantasio. By this means I had the Opportunity of perusing All his Manuscripts, which though numerous, had their several particular Excellencies, which at once engag'd, and instructed.

THO he was not fond of shewing his Performances to every one he knew, yet I had the Happiness of being one of those in whom he repos'd a particular Confidence, to which I owe the liberty he gave me of Transcribing what I pleas'd from them. And this has made my Power equal to my Will, to comply with your Desires of having a Transcript of his Transformation into a Bologna Lap-Dog ; a Form more opportune for the Discovery of the Secrets and Intrigues

Intrigues of Ladies, and Great Men, than that of an Ass, who could not be admitted beyond the very Stable, or at most to a nearer View of the Affairs of the Mob. Let no Man object, that there is more proportion betwixt an Ass and a Man for Bulk, than betwixt a fine Bologna Dog; for the Power of Magic can do one as well as the other, and cram a Gyant into a Pigmy, as well as change the Human to the Bestial Form. Does not every Old Woman furnish us with Proofs of Witches being transform'd into Cats, Weefels, &c. ? To the facilitating of this Change, Nature had contributed by the diminutive Figure of Fantasio, as you will find in his own Account of himself.

BUT tho he was not unwilling to let me transcribe this Piece, as well as others, yet he laid his Injunction upon me not to Publish it in Print, lest the Incredulity of an impious Age shou'd render his whole Narration suspected of Imposture.

UNDER this Difficulty I had no way left but to send you the Manuscript it self enjoining you a speedy Return, lest you be tempted to communicate that to another, which I send only for your own Diversion; for I would no more have my Pleasures common, than my Mistress. I have bequeath'd this, with the rest of the Manuscripts of Signor Fumoso de la Fantasia di Parnasso, to the Vatican Library, to increase that celebrated

B 2

Repository

Repository of Rarities : And as I design you my Trustee in this Particular, so I am the more willing you should see and consider of the Value of the Legacy.

BUT I will no longer detain you from your more agreeable Conversation with Fantasio himself.

Farewel.

The



The New Metamorphosis :

O R,

The Pleasant Transformation.

The First B O O K.

C H A P. I.

Of the Country, Parents, Birth, Education, Person, Temper and Inclination of Fantasio, and of his leaving his Native Country, and Arrival at Rome.

THE following surprizing Adventures of my Life may happen to start a Curiosity in the Reader, of knowing something of my Person, my Parents, my Quality, Birth, Inclinations, and Education. To anticipate therefore his Enquiry, I must inform him, that my Name is *Fumoso de la Fantasia*, or for brevity, *Don Fantasio* ; a Family as reputable, as any in the whole delightful Province *di Parnasso*. My Grandfather (the first of this Branch of the *Fantasi*, of which I am,) was Signor *Luciano d' Asino*, my Father *Apuleio d' Asino d'*

oro, my Mother was Donna *Musa del Inventione*, Daughter of Signor *Giudici de la Fantasia*, all of the same Family, and celebrated Country.

NATURE, how ever favourable she has been pleased to be to my *Mind*, has not been very expensive and prodigal in the Materials of my Body. But I have found no great cause to complain of her *Parcimony* in my Bulk, since she has had so great an eye to *Proportion*, and *Use*. And while I find a just *symetry* of my Parts, and a sufficiency to their End, I am free from the Scandal of Deformity, and Uneasyness of Incapacity of any Pleasure, which the larger, and more bulky part of Mankind enjoy. Nay, I have this Satisfaction peculiar to my self, to remember the *Virtuoso's*, and *Philosophers*, have always agreed, *That the Cunning, and Wisdom of Nature, is never so apparent as in the most minute of her Productions.*

MY Mother had the particular Advantage of the genuine Natives of this Clime ; for she brought me forth without any of those raging Pangs which are so general in Travel. And as my Birth gave her no Pain, so my Being supply'd her with abundance of Joy, whilst I remain'd under the Guardianship of her Eye, and the Direction of her Love. Where still she would have kept me, had not the natural *Roving* of my Temper, and the Force of my *Destiny*, driven me from her tender and endearing

dearing Embraces, to seek new Fortunes abroad.

MY Education was prudently adapted to the Bent of my Genius, averse from the barren and knotty Trifles of the Schools, and only delighted with the gayer and politer Doctrines of the *Muses*, that were most useful to the forming the *Mind*, and the *Manners*, My Parents took care to indulge my Inclinations, and furnish all the Advantages of those agreeable Studies, which the Custom of the Place, and the Inclination of the People, easily supply'd.

AS the delightful Province *ai Parnasso* enjoys all the Indulgence of smiling *Nature*, so it seldom abounds with the Favours of *Fortune*. That was a Defect, which too sensibly affected me; so that foolishly unsatisfy'd with the Blessings of the *former*, and as fondly desirous of the gaudy Curses of the *latter*, at the Age of Eighteen I leave the calmer Recesses of my Paternal Abode, in pursuit of the false, though alluring Prospects of Cities, and Courts; and brib'd by the Hopes of Glory, and Power, I list'd my self in the *Legions* of FORTUNE; grasping already the Trophies she promis'd with faithless Assurance to all that ador'd her. But alas! the blind Goddess unmindful of Merit, or Justice, betray'd me to Miseries, as great, as surprising.

R O M E, the proud Head of the Catholic World, that holds now, almost, as large an Empire o'r the Consciences of Nations, as it once did o'r their Persons ; *Rome*, I say, was the Place where I flatter'd my self I should arrive to that Grandeur, and Wealth, which already my Hopes had devour'd. For *Rome* is the *Market*, where Riches, and Power, are barter'd for Words, Hypocrisy, or Cunning Address.

B E I N G arriv'd in this City, I began to consider where to take my first Station, and fix my first step on the Ladder of Fortune, to mount to that Height which my Ambition propos'd. On a narrow Enquiry I found that the Cardinal *Cantelmi* of the House of *Popoli*, by the Advantage of his Posts, had it most in his Power to answer my Desires : For he was *Arch-Bishop* of Naples, *Legat a latere*, Chief Minister of State, and Privado to the Pope ; and of Interest enough, in the same College, one day to sieze on the Triple Diadem.

T H E Prospect of Interest with such a Mignon of Fortune, was too engaging not to stir up my Endeavours to get into his Family. But as the first Step is the most difficult in making a Man's Fortune ; so all my Attempts, without Money and Acquaintance, only serv'd to let me see the Vainness of my Hopes ; 'till Chance one day supply'd, by a lucky Hit, all other Defects.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

Being an Account of Fantasio's getting into the Family of Cardinal Cantelmi, and of the Festivals of Gallantry, which the Noblemen of Rome make in the Churches for the Entertainment of their Mistresses, which brought him to the Knowledge of Donna Theresa, the beautiful Niece of the Cardinal.

UN E A S Y with my bad Fortune at home, and partly to divert the melancholly Thoughts that might arise from too serious a View, and partly out of Curiosity to see the celebrated Places of this great City, one day I went abroad, and passing the *Piazza Navonna*, my Eyes were saluted by a magnificent Church, call'd *de la Pace*. The Porch, though adorn'd with all the Art of the Architect, and the Advantage of the purest White Marble for its Materials; yet unsatisfy'd with these Ornaments, which laste all the Year long, the Priests had hung it all round with a thousand curious Pictures of the best Masters, and abundance of Figures, made in a sort of *Mosaic Work* (as I may call it) of Silk of various Colours, after the Mode of *Bononia*, which City is exquisite in Performances of this Nature.

THIS Pomp of the Porch assur'd me of some Solemnity prepar'd within, worthy the
View

View of a Stranger, and always entertaining to a devote of *Pleasure*, and *Music*. On my Entrance I presently found, that all this Preparation was for a *Festival of Gallantry*, which some Nobleman, or Man of Wealth at least, had exhibited at his own Charge and Expence, according to the Custom of *Italy*; where the admirable Music, and Harmony of Ladies, always invited on these Occasions, supply the Advantages of the *Theatres* of less sanctified Countries.

THIS Feast was, as I found on Enquiry, in Honour of *St. Theresa*: That is, The Name of *St. Theresa* was the Bawd of Count *Luciano's* Addresses to *Donna Theresa*, the beautiful Niece of Cardinal *Cantelmi*, Archbishop of *Naples*, and Favourite of the Pope. For the Saint, that is chose by the Gallants, who are Masters of the *Festival*, bears always the Name of their Mistresses to whom it is, in reality, devoted, consisting of *first* and *second Vespers*, and *Masses*. For as the Painters, in their *Madonna's*, always copy their most favour'd Mistresses, so these Noble Devotes, through the Saint Triumphant, convey their Addresses to the Saint Militant.

A THRONE was erected exactly against the Gate, for the View of all, that entred the Church. This Throne was surrounded with a glorious Company of Gentlemen of Quality; among the foremost of whom sat the Count
Luciano,

Luciano, at whose Expence this Feast was exhibited in Honour of St. *Theresa*, or rather of the Cardinal's Niece, as four other young Noblemen had done already in Devotion to their Mistresses.

THE constant Ornaments of this Church *de la Pace*, are, as magnificent as most in this City, being painted and gilt all within, and every where adorn'd with Statues worthy Observation. But on this extraordinary Occasion several Triumphal Arches were erected, embellish'd with the Representation of the several Transactions of the Life of St. *Theresa*; all the Figures of the holy History being wrought in Silk of various Colours by the *Addobatori*, or Church Adorners, plentiful enough all over *Italy*, who had been above three Weeks preparing this piece of holy Pageantry.

ON each side the Quire, and the Throne I have mention'd, a Theatre was erected, one for the Vocal, and the other for the Instrumental Music; each Band consisting of fifty Performers, besides four *Solo's* in a little Box near the Altar, who were the best Voices in *Rome*.

FOUR hundred and forty five White Wax Candles being now lighted, the Music all ready, and the Gallants impatient, the welcome Message was brought, that the *Lady of the Day*, and their Wishes, was very near the Church; and

and the Signal being given on her setting Foot in the Church, they began the first *Ant-*
them.

D O N N A Theresa's Arrival gave a new Air to the Faces of the Gallants, o'r which she spread a Joy and Satisfaction, to balance the uneasy Impatience they had felt at her Delay. It had been difficult for me to have discover'd the fair Idol of the Solemnity, so many Ladies entring the Church with her, had not *Luciano* stept from the Throne, and led her to a Reading-Desk prepar'd for her, and cover'd with a Carpet of Crimson Velvet, surrounded with a deep Golden Fringe ; and a great Cushion of the same, most richly emboss'd, was laid for her to kneel on.

H E R Dress was modest, and her Head cover'd with a large black Veil, which fell down behind and on each side, almost, as low, as her Feet, and by it, according to Custom, her Face was entirely hid. But that was an Evil she had the Goodness and Dexterity of removing with a great deal of Address ; for under shew of sticking a Pin, she frequently made shift to discover to the Gentlemen, who eyed her with abundance of Desire, some Part of her Face ; and threw, now and then, as gracious a Smile and Regard with her Eyes, as they could expect, or desire. Thus, tho her Breasts were covered with the Veil, she had the agreeable
Art,

Art, by playing with it regardlessly, to give her Admirers an easy and full view of so charming a Bosom.

THE Music was incomparable, and the Anthems, taken out of the *Canticles*, were extremely more applicable to the *Lady*, than the *Saint*; and the Picture of the Altar-piece, where the *Mass* was to be said the next Morning, I found to have the Face of the beautiful *Theresa*.

ABOUT the middle of the Prayers, two of the Gentlemen took each a Charger of Flowers, to present every Lady with a Nose-gay of Carnations, Rose-buds and Orange Flowers, ty'd with a golden Twist, to which was fastned a fair Knot of Ribbon, of about three, or four Yards. The first was presented to the Cardinal's Niece, the Sovereign of the day; and in those Flowers I perceiv'd a Billet nicely convey'd, which immediately, and with abundance of dexterity, she remov'd to her Prayer-book, and there read it: all I could discover of its Contents, was *mia Diva, my Goddess*. The Flowers were no sooner deliver'd, but from the Galleries of the Church fell a show'r of printed Papers, containing the Praise of St. *Theresa*; tho that of *Donna Theresa* was chiefly express'd in the Verses.

THO the Music lasted four Hours, yet the splendour of the Church, of the Ladies
and

and Gallants, and the exquisite Harmony of the Voices and Instruments, made it seem not half an Hour.

THE next Morning I return'd to the Church, no less charm'd with the Lady, than the Solemnity, and plac'd my self, as near her, as I had the day before. Many Abbots and Monks said *Mass* at the Altar, adorn'd with the Picture of *Donna Theresa*, to honour the Count *Luciano* and his Mistress. At the beginning of *High Mass*, from the Galleries fell down another shower of Sonnets, in Praise of the Saint and the young Nobleman, who was at the Expence of the Entertainment, and was Master of the *Festival*.

IT was One a Clock before *High Mass* was done, when the Ladies retir'd to their own Homes, and the Gentlemen and Priests to an Apartment near the Church *de la Pace*, where a magnificent Entertainment attended them; and the Musicians to the Sacristy, whither Count *Luciano* took care to send them large Dishes of Meat, and Abundance of rich Wine.

THE Notes, that, according to Custom, were distributed about, signify'd, that *Vespers* would begin exactly at Three. I was punctual at the time at my Post; but it was Five e'r the first *Anthe'm* began, and the Ladies and Gentlemen settled in their Places. All the difference be-
twixt

twixt this and the first *Vespers* was, that the *Anthems* were chang'd, and the Ladies, besides the Nofegays, were presented with Chargers of Sweet-meats, with which they fill'd their Handkerchiefs.

WHILE nothing but Gaiety and Pleasure fill'd all the Place, I found a Pain in my Breast peculiar to my self. Not but, I suppose, I had a great many of that Assembly Companions in my Passion for the charming *Theresa*; but none but my self lay under those Difficulties of Despair, which my Person, and my Circumstances, conspir'd to throw on me. They were all Men of Quality, and the Favourites of Fortune, comely and proportion'd, and furnish'd with the Advantages of Folly and Impertinence, to render them agreeable to a *Woman*. On the contrary, I was a Child in appearance, a Beggar in my Condition, divided in my Mind between Ambition and Love; and haunted with Sentiments not slavish, nor trifling enough to make a successful Address. 'Tis true, both *Love* and *Ambition* might find in the Person of *Theresa* matter enough for my Hopes; yet destitute of Friends and Money, and wanting that necessary Impudence, more prevalent with the *Fair*, than Merit or Dignity, Despair was the only and terrible Object of my Thoughts. Yet Fortune that loves to make a Sport of our Assurances, and rules with an absolute sway in Human Affairs, turn'd all my Defects to my Advantage, and

and gave me that Success, which her more happy Mignons sigh'd for in vain.

IN the midst of my amorous Complaints, before the second *Vespers*, I thus express'd myself in this Song made on my present Condition.

S O N G.

1.

O ! Strephon ! *never be secure,*
Or think you can retire ;
The little God of you is sure,
Where e'r he shews his Fire.

2.

If Acme's Charms are out of sight,
Bright Chloe's come in view ;
And where her Eyes dispense their Light,
There's no Retreat for you.

3.

For Chloe has a thousand Charms
To wound your tender Heart,
While you against such pleasing Harms,
Hope no Defence, or Art.

4.

For ah ! like the soft Syrens Voice,
Your ravish'd Sense she charms ;
You wish to fall by her bright Eyes,
And perish in her Arms.

THE

T H E last Ceremony being over, and her Flowers and Sweetmeats ty'd up in her Handkerchief, she laid them on the Desk, 'till she adjusted her self for her departure, and had given the Count *Luciano* a Return for the Honours, he had done her, while turning too quick at a Noise on the other side of the Church, she threw down her Cargo of Flowers, and Fruit ; they hit me on the Head in their fall, and I caught them in my Arms before they could reach the Ground, and with no small Eagerness kissing their Cover, I met her fair Hands, and return'd them to *Donna Theresa*.

T H E Address of my Delivery seem'd too gallant for my Age, which the Smallness of my Person would persuade not to exceed Eleven Years ; my Hair was of a lovely Awbourn, and in wanton Ringlets fell down my Shoulders, while my Forehead was crown'd with a Wreath of smaller Curls ; my Face, tho naturally fresh and blooming, was then made more ruddy with a conscious Blush of Desire, and Love. As my Locks were of Gold, so was my Complexion of Alabaster, which received a heightning Warmth from the perfect Vermilion of my Cheeks ; my Eyes were black as Sloes, and as sprightly as Fire ; tho qualified then by a languishing Look on so celebrated a Beauty. All together I was an Object too surprising to suffer *Theresa* not to take notice of my Person, and Address. But infinitely pleas'd with my
C Person,

Person, and Officioufness, and priviledg'd by my Childish appearance, she raised me to her Seat ; where she was pleased, by a thousand agreeable Questions, to inquire into my Parentage, Circumstances, and Name : And finding me a Wanderer in the Wilderuess of *Fortune*, she promised me her Patronage in my Addresses to her Uncle, the Cardinal *Cantelmi*, whose Service I acknowledg'd my self ambitious of obtaining.

THE Prayers now being over, and the *Festival* perform'd, the young *Luciano* was not a little proud, and delighted with his magnificent Discharge of all parts of the Solemnity ; and with Pleasure in his Eyes received the Congratulatory Applauses of all his Companions. Now every Lady return'd to her Abode, loaden with Flowers and Sweetmeats, and what they valu'd more, the Billets, and Vows of their Lovers. For these *Festivals* are the Rendezvous of the *Gay*, and the *Amorous* ; where the Ladies confin'd by a too rigorous Custom of the Country, by the Indulgence of the Church, and its useful Devotions, uncontroul'd have the Liberty of seeing their Gallants, and making Assignations, and ingeniously contriving how to finish their Amours. For as our *Italian* Proverb has it,
*Chi manda la sua Figliuola ad ogni Festa in
puoco Tempo ne fa una Putana.* That is,
*He that sends his Daughter to every Festival,
in a short time will make her a Whore.*

FOR

F O R while the marry'd and single *Ladies* are rang'd in their Seats on each side the Church, the *Cavaliers* walk in the midst, and by that means have the opportunity of looking them in the Faces, and of conveying Billetdeaux into their Hands. But I have no cause of Quarrel to the Liberties and Indulgence of the Church, since to that I ow'd a Joy so transporting, as my Acquaintance with *Donna Theresa*, the Saint of my Vows, and the agreeable Inlet to *Ambition* and *Love*. For charm'd with my Conversation, so unequal to my seeming Years, she took me Home with her, and with no small Earnestness recommended me to the *Cardinal*; telling him the Events of my Fortune; and my Orphan Condition, as unable to expect any Support from my Parents. She assur'd him that he would find something in me extreamly beyond the Boys of my Age; and expressed her Satisfaction, in the hopes, that his Eminence would admit me into his Train, and her Protection.

T H E Cardinal was not a little surpriz'd at my Discourse; pleas'd with my Person, and indulging his Nieces innocent Inclinations, he easily admitted me into his Family, and gave me in Charge to the Beautiful *Theresa*.

C H A P. III.

An Account of the Pleasures and Luxury of the Cardinal's House, and the agreeable Prospect of Success to his Fortune ; 'till Love interven'd, and lost him in a Passion for the Beautiful Theresa, Niece to the Cardinal ; and his greater distress in the Cardinal's infamous Passion for him.

THE Splendour and Luxury of the Cardinal's Palace, gave me a bewitching Earnest of those Joys, I desir'd. Grandeur and Affluence went round in a Circle, and every Hour was crown'd with Pomp, and with Pleasure ; whilst each satisfy'd that Appetite, which Variety created, and Enjoyment could not destroy.

HAPPY in such Blessings, with Pity I look'd down on the insipid Retreat of my Parents ; and smil'd at their Choice of a lazy Inactivity, incapable of giving Delights so transporting as *Cities*, and *Courts*. Applauding my Judgment in quitting that Supinity, I hug'd myself in the Thought of my lucky Resolve, which had brought me to Pleasures, I could ne'r else have known, and gave me of greater so charming a View.

HERE

H E R E Fortune seems to have declar'd on my side, in placing me directly in the Road to Preferment ; where I might have given a Loose to my Ambition, since Imagination cou'd scarce form any thing so extravagant, that I might not have some Hopes of from the Fondness of the *Cardinal*, and the Indulgence of his Niece. But Fate, that had design'd me for Adventures more uncommon, and destin'd me to Misfortunes peculiar, as extraordinary, rous'd up that Fire of *Love* so inconsistent with Ambition, and Glory. To this End, she made use of the Height of my Favour to begin my Disasters, while *Theresa's* Eyes, and those other Charms, which the Priviledge of my Place, and Appearance discover'd, smooth'd the easy way to the Precipice, down which I must fall. For tho Ambition put in no small Claim to my Heart, yet the National Folly of my Country, commanded the greater share. For few have been born in the Province of *Parnasso*, who have not betray'd so peculiar a Tendency to L O V E, as to surrender all other Considerations to its satisfaction : an amorous Constitution being the natural Product of the Place.

H O W was it then possible for me to see perpetually the dazzling Beauties of *Theresa*, without a Passion proportion'd to the Cause ; which was every day heighten'd by the Liberties she took of dressing, and undressing before me. Wt without Agonies of Desire cou'd

see Breasts round, and hard, as an Apple ; a Skin whiter than the driven Snow, suffus'd with a glowing Warmth, that brighten'd the colour, and heighten'd the Temptation, softer than the Down of Swans, and sweeter, than all the balmy Spices of *Arabia* ; Legs turn'd with all the exactness of Proportion : In short, every Limb, and Part so perfect, that had she sat to *Apelles*, she had sav'd him the Pains of consulting so many several Beauties to finish the Picture of the bright *Queen of Love*, *Theresa* alone had been sufficient to rise up to the height of the Painter's *Idea*.

Y O U may easily imagine what Fires such Sight, as these were able to create in Matter so susceptible of the Flame, as my Heart. It cannot be express'd how I burnt with continual, and ardent Desires to possess such Beauties, that wou'd corrupt *St. Francis* himself, in spite of his Refuge in his Wife of *Snow*.

T H E Liberties she allow'd me of tender Caresses, was a vain solace, that only increas'd my Desire : For under the Notion of a Child, she believ'd all her Permissions inoffensive. How often did I clasp my Arms round her Legs, and press them with such ardour, and such kisses, that often surprized her with Wonder ! How oft have I sigh'd on her Breasts, and panted with Pleasure with my Lips cleaving fast to her gently-heaving Bosom ; without any sus-
picion

picion of my Ability of satisfying a Passion I seem'd to be possess'd of, before the Age of Accomplishment.

ALL the Relief I found was now and then by venting my Passion in Verse, which yet I durst not shew to *Theresa*, lest they might make a Discovery, that might rob me of those charming Liberties, which were given to my Impotence. This Ode I made one day when I retir'd from those Visions of Beauty, which only serv'd to torment, not make me happy.

O D E.

I.

*LESS charming was the Grecian Dame,
Who lighted with her Eyes the Flame,
That set the Trojan Tow'rs on Fire,
And made proud Ilium in the Blaze expire.*

2.

*Less charming Leda was, tho Jove
Unsafe from her bright Eyes above,
Confess'd her Pow'r, and own'd his Love,
And while the Swan, the God belies,
The Fort he seizes by surprize :
But the tumultuous Joys she feels,
The lov'd, divine Impostor soon reveals.*

3.

*Had Venus with my Cælia strove,
For Beauty's Prize in the Idalian Grove,
Sh' had lost the Apple from the Queen of Love.*

Her present Beauties had so charm'd the Boy,
He had hop'd no distant, no Adulterous Joy,
And sought no Helen, but preserv'd his Troy.

I HAD not been long in the Family, but, as I perceiv'd my self touch'd with the Charms of *Theresa*, so I found my self attack'd by the fulsom, and brutal Inclinations of the Men. *Alexis*, *Bathyllus*, *Hylas*, nay, and sometimes *Cupid* was my Name, in their Mouths. But that, which gave me the greatest Uneasyness, was, that I found the *Cardinal* himself not exempt from that abominable Gusto. Him only I had Cause to fear, both from his Power, and from my lying in a Bed in his Anti-chamber. Had he been now as violent, as I afterwards found him; here the Scene of my imaginary Paradise must have shut up; and I must infamously have sunk under his Desires; or felt his Resentment for a Refusal, which might have put an end to my Life, and my Hopes all at once.

BUT as yet the foul Passion only play'd about his Heart, and it was not so violent, as to conquer his Business; the multiplicity of which at that time engross'd his Hours too much to allow any to Pleasure.

BUT Fortune once more smiling in my Distress, mov'd *Donna Theresa* to take me with her, as a diversion of her Solitude in her Retirement

tirement to a *Villa* of the Cardinal's, near *Tivoli*, about Fifteen Miles from *Rome*, and from whence you have a Prospect, not only of that City, but of the beautiful Country all around.

C H A P. IV.

A Description of the Villa of Cardinal Cantelmi at Tivoli : And an Account of Theresa's going into the Bath, and Fantasio's Admission to divert her with his Discourse.

TH E *Villa* of Cardinal *Cantelmi* having a lofty Situation, has an agreeable View of all the *Campania* of *Rome*. The House is of the *Ionic Order*, and a square figure ; and tho' adorn'd with many Rarities of Art, the Gardens draw the Admiration of all Strangers. For being on the side of a Hill, there are four rows or degrees of Descent, each furnish'd with *Cascades*, *Grotto's* and *Water-works*, of admirable Art and Variety. The River *Anio*, which runs behind this Hill, being admitted by secret Conveyances cut through the Rocks of the Mountains, supplies all these Gardens with Water ; for the Gardiner, by turning a great Cock, lets in as much as is sufficient for the Fountains, *Cascades*, *Grotto's*, *Girandola*, and all the other exquisite *Water-works*. Hence is made a most spacious

spacious Fountain, and stairs of Water; which directs your Eye to a Walk of two hundred Paces in length, adorn'd with frequent little Stone Fountains and Basins on each side, which fill your Ears with pleasing Murmurs, casting out little Jets of Water as you pass along.

ON the turning a great Cock above, at once such store of Wind, and Water, issues out to the great *Girandola* below, in the *Grotto*, that it makes a perfect Imitation of Thunder, Hail, Rain, and a Mist. Here is a Statue of a Centaur, which winds the Horn, which he holds to his Mouth in perfect good measure. There sits *Apollo* on Mount *Parnassus*, and being surrounded with a Circle of the Nine Muses, form a symphony of Wind Music, while the thorow Base is play'd on an *Hydraulic* Organ.

FROM the *Portico* you enter a large Quadrangular Court, in each Angle, supported by Ionic Pillars, stands a Statue of *Fortune* on the wing; the Action so just, and natural, that they seem spurning, as it were the voluble Ball, on which they only seem'd to have stood for the Advantage of the Rise; for their motion was so lively, that you cou'd not persuade your self that they were fixt, but flying.

IN the midst of this Quadrangle stood a vast Rock of White Marble cut out into various Representations. The first Figure, which fronts
the

the Gate as you enter, is the Statue of *Diana*, a piece of admirable Perfection ; her Garments loose, and flowing, and driven back, as it were by a contrary Wind, discover'd an Action both lively and strong, and full of the venerable Majesty of the Goddess. On each side of her stood, or, I may almost say, run her Beagles in couples. Their Eyes seem'd to menace, their Ears stood erect, their Nostrils stretch'd out wide, and their Mouth open'd with so natural a Fierceness, that shou'd any barking happen near them, you wou'd swear, that it came from these Beagles of Stone. And that which seem'd none of the least piece of Mastery in the Carver, was, that as they were cut in the act of running, while with Breasts erected their fore Feet seem perfectly to run, the hindmost, fixt to the Stone, seem'd to stop their career. Behind the Goddess, the Marble Rock rising higher in the form of a Cave, or Grotto, was cover'd with Moss, Grass, Leaves, and Sprigs. Here it was shaded with young Vines, whose curling Tendrils twin'd about the springing and flourishing Shrubs, that fill up the Landscape. There the brightness of the Marble cast a gloomy sort of Light on the hollow of the *Grotto*. Round the extremities of the Rock wander'd a charming Foliage, from whence depend in clusters all manner of Fruit, as Apples, Grapes, Nectarins, and the like, so curiously finish'd and polish'd, that cunning Art seem'd to have equal'd Nature her self ; while

it deceiv'd the Eye into a belief, that some of them ripen'd by the Autumnal Beams of the Sun to their just colour and bigness, were fit to be pull'd by the Hand.

THEN casting down your Eyes into the stream, that tumbling down the Rock, seem'd gently to glide into the murmuring Flood fast by the Feet of the Goddess, you wou'd find them so deluded, by the happy Art of the Carver, as to be persuaded they saw the depending Branches of the Vines receive an imaginary Motion from the current of the Stream into which they hung. In a corner of this Piece, over-shadow'd with Leaves, you discover the Statue of *Acæon*, Curiosity and Earnestness sat visibly in his Eyes, while with Impatience he waited, the Entrance of *Diana* into the Fountain disrob'd of her Cloaths, and naked to his view.

LOST in Admiration of these admirable Wonders of Art, my charming Mistress taking me by the Hand ; *Come my Child*, said she, *why dost thou entertain thy self with the weak Mimicry of ART, who art thy self such a Wonder of its Original NATURE. Come up along with me, it is time to refresh our selves after the Fatigue of our Journey ; you shall have time enough to contemplate all the Ornaments of this Villa, during this Month's stay here at Tivoli.*

SAYING

SAYING this, she led me up a magnificent Stair-case of the finest Marble, Porphyry, and Jasper ; the Rails of curious Brass work, and gilded with Gold. On the Walls was painted the Loves of *Dido*, and *Æneas*, even to the Cave, and the Storm, which met us at the Landing-place on the top of the Stairs. The Painting was strong and lively ; yet the Painter seem'd to me guilty of a Blunder, when in the various Figures of *Dido*, and *Æneas*, all within our View, there was no Resemblance, or Likeness in their Faces.

THENCE we past by the *Salloon*, to an Apartment allotted for *Theresa*. Where, fatigu'd with the Journey, and Heat of the Day, being thrown on a Couch, her Maids undressing her Head, and lovely Body, discover'd such Charms, that fill'd my Eyes with Pleasure, and my Face with blushes of warm Desire. Being near undress'd, she order'd my Gown to be brought, and me to be undress'd, that I might be more cool. I obey'd her, but sigh'd to see her retire to the Bath without me, leaving only to Imagination what the Waters conceal'd.

I HAD not been long undress'd, and thrown on the Couch more uneasy with the Pain of Desire, than the Fatigue of the Journey, but the Maids coming out, brought me Orders to repair to their Lady, who designing a while to indulge her Pleasure in the Bath,
had

had a mind to divert the Time the more agreeably with my innocent Prattle. I obey'd with new Pleasure. than I durst yet discover, ravish'd with the Thought of being so near the naked Beauties of my Charnier, where my greedy Eyes wou'd be but faintly excluded from a full View of her Person, by so transparent a Veil, as the Water.

T H E Bath was made of various Depths, according to the Person, or Use, that was made of it ; on the farthest side from the Entrance was a Couch of Marble, on which one might lie with nothing but the Head above the water. There it was I found the charming *Theresa* extended at full length, with one Arm thrown over her Head, and her sprightly Eyes full of languishing Desire, while her Face cover'd all o'r with a conscious Blush, promis'd to the happy Man, that thus could attaque her, no obstinate resistance. Beyond this Watry Couch the Margin of the Bath is rais'd about two foot ; where she bid me lie down, and divert her with some pretty Story as I was wont.

T H O my Heart was too full of the Charms, that were so near me, to be pleas'd with diverting my Thoughts to a Story that was foreign to my Wishes ; yet I was not less inclin'd by Choice, than by Duty to obey her Commands. Having therefore thrown my self down by her on the Margin of the Bath, with my
Hands

Hands folded in hers, I gave her the following Relation.

C H A P. V.

*The History of the fatal Loves of Don Frederic,
and Catalina of Toledo.*

DON *Frederic* of *Toledo* was a Man of admirable Accomplishments of Person, and Mind. He was proper, well shap'd, and active ; danc'd and sung, and rode with all the Grace of the Court. Besides these Advantages, he had a Wit ready, and sprightly, and furnish'd with all the charming Arts of fine Persuasion, that might win those Ladies to his Pleasure, who cou'd resist the Beauty of his Person. Don *Frederic* had a Country House in a Village about two Leagues from *Toledo*, whither he often retir'd in the Heat of the Summer to loose himself from Company and Business in his *Grotto's* and Shades.

TH E R E liv'd in that Village an old Gentleman call'd *Sancho*, of a Fortune broken, and a Family not very Antient or Noble. However Don *Sancho* having only One Daughter, the beautiful *Catalina*, by his Wife *Donna Elvira*, a Woman of a haughty Temper, and
Family

Family of Quality, liv'd in this Retirement with as much Reputation, and Satisfaction, as a Man cou'd take in Sufficiency, when he had thrown off all Thoughts of *Ambition*. *Catalina* was his only Comfort, and *Catalina* was his only Care. How to dispose well of her in Marriage was the Subject of all his Considerations. But being able to give little or nothing in hand, all her Fortune lying in uncertain Reversion, few Matches presented agreeable to his Wishes, or her Desires.

SHE was young and beautiful, tall, slender, and streight as an Arrow ; but had a Heart more lofty, than her Person, full of Ambition, Self-opinion, and Violence. The Merit she had in her Body was a snare to her Mind, persuading her, that all things were due to her Beauty. The Gardens of *Don Frederic* were the most curious of any in *Spain* ; so that when he was at *Toledo*, the Master Gardiner gave free Toleration to *Donna Catalina* to divert her solitary hours with so pleasing a Promenade : And for her greater Convenience, she had a Key to a Back-door, which was not many steps from that of her Father's. No notice being given of *Don Frederic's* unexpected arrival ; *Catalina* having wander'd round the Walks and Parterres, was retir'd in the Heat of the Day into a lonely *Grotto*, and there fell asleep. This happen'd to be the very place where *Don Frederic* us'd to pass an hour or
two

two every day, when he was in the Country. And hither he pass'd (the Gardiner being out of the way) without any Notice of the Family.

T H E Couch on which *Catalina* repos'd, was in a Nich of the *Grotto*, obscure by its depth, and the shadow of the Banks, that rose all around it. A Fountain, that supply'd a small Bath exactly fronts it, in which *Don Frederic* frequently wash'd himself, especially soon after his Arrival at the *Villa*. Prepar'd therefore for this he comes only in his Gown, which soon thrown off he plunges into the Water ; the Noise awak'd *Catalina* into a terrible surprize, which suffer'd her not to move from the Place where she lay ; *Don Frederic* immediately came out Naked in her View, again to throw himself into the Bath, which was of too cold a Nature to suffer him to remain in it above two, or three Minutes at a Time. Having repeated this Exercise about four, or five Times, rubbing himself dry, he put on his Shirt, and his Gown.

Y O U may imagine what a Condition poor *Catalina* was in, to be found alone in so solitary a Place, where she had no Right to be, and at the opening her Eyes saluted with a Sight so agreeable, yet so unfit for the View of a Maid ; and yet such, as cou'd not be seen without Admiration of the Symetry of the

D

Parts.

Parts. What to do she cou'd not tell, nor what course to take in this Distress. To fly she cou'd not, without passing by the very Thing, she wou'd not be thought to have seen. To stay there she expos'd her self to his Mercy, or at least to his Assaults, which might not be without some Affront to her Modesty. At last she came to a Resolution of lying still, and counterfeiting that Sleep, he had driven from her by his coming ; since this might keep her from his Observation : or at least secure her from the Imputation of having beheld what she shou'd not have seen.

DON Frederic being now wrapt up in his Gown, came directly to the Couch where *Catalina* was laid, with her Face hid with her Veil, and seemingly asleep. *Don Frederic's* Anger (on supposing it some of his own Domesticks, who had plac'd her self there to spy on his Retreat) rais'd her something roughly, but she seeming to start from profound Sleep discover'd a Surprise, and a Beauty, that charm'd, and amaz'd him. He made an Apology for his Rudeness in disturbing her Repose, and she for intruding into his Garden, by her Ignorance of his being in the Country, for she shou'd not else have expos'd her self to his Censure, and her Confusion. But he assur'd her that he bless'd the Indulgence of his Fortune, that by so pure an Accident had brought to his Sight the most beautiful Lady in Spain :
Nor

Nor cou'd he suffer her to depart, till she had given him some Assurance of another Opportunity of offering her a Heart insensible till then of the Passion of Love.

I T would be tedious to repeat all the Refusals, and Struggles betwixt Desire, and Honour, which she found in her Breast, or to tell you with what seeming Reluctance, she suffer'd her self to be compell'd to sit a few Moments to hear the amorous Complaint of *Don Frederic*. His Tongue, and Person were too bewitching to leave *Catalina* indifferent ; and after an Inundation of Vows of Constancy, and Honour, she allow'd him the first Freedoms of a fortunate Lover ; and in the midst of a thousand Kisses, promis'd him a second hearing. Thus swell'd with vain Hopes of Marrying a *Grandee*, and pleas'd with the Beauty of his Person, she retir'd through the Back-door to her own Garden.

B U T *Catalina*, as wounded, as she was, had not yet lost, in the soft Passion of Love, the Cunning of a designing Woman, who wou'd turn all things to her Interest, and Advantage. She was too pleas'd with her Conquest not to endeavour to fix it, and by the Difficulty of seeing her she hop'd to heighten his Desire, and so win him to Marriage, to satisfy a Passion she had resolv'd not to gratify on more reasonable Terms.

FREQUENTLY wou'd *Don Frederic* walk near the Wall of her Garden, and with his Voice, and Gittar make his Songs plead that Love, which was deny'd a more near, and secret Advocate to argue. He sung too well, and play'd too Masterly, not to blow up the Fire, that was already too well kindled in the Bosom of *Catalina*. So that unable to act a false Severity any longer, by a Billet thrown over the Wall, she appointed the next Ev'ning for a second Interview in his Garden. The Time is come, and *Don Frederic* impatient waits ready at the Door to catch her in his Arms, as she enter'd.

HE was all on fire when he saw her, transported when he touch'd her ; and unable to support the Violence of a Passion, which so much Beauty had inspir'd, and so much Cruelty hitherto deny'd the Power of accomplishing. You may imagine nothing was wanting in him to finish the Affair ; and it was with no small Difficulty she then escap'd the Fury of his Embraces ; while Force without, and Treachery within had very near betray'd the Garrison of her Pride to suffer a Storm, which else she might have prevented. But Pride, and Honour rallying drove back the Enemy while she sprung from his Arms, and run to the Door, but not able to open it, before he had overtaken her, she protested she wou'd cry out unless he let her depart from a Rudeness, that
had

had taught her to think of him no more ; unless he cou'd secure her of not passing the terrible Boundaries of *Honour*.

STRUCK with Despair at an Anger, that seem'd too sincere to carry any thing of Disguise ; he humbled himself to his Knees, and with a dying despondence in his Eyes vow'd solemnly for the future, Honour only shou'd be the Guide of his Conduct, if she wou'd forgive his past Madness, and continue the Favour of her Conversation. We easily believe what we wish, and it is impossible for a Heart concern'd in the Cause, to give a Judgment impartial, since Passion is a bribe too prevailing for any one to resist. Thus *Catalina* corrupted with the seeming Sincerity of his Vows, and Assurances, promis'd to meet him again the next Ev'ning. She kept her Word, but wou'd not be so confident in his, to venture with him into any cover'd Walk, or Arbour ; and he unwilling to alarm her Fears and Mistrusts, ceas'd to press what seem'd so disagreeable. Kisses, and tender Pressings of the Hand, and stoln Caresses, with Vows of Love and Constancy were suffer'd in open Air : which thin Diet was all the Food of his Love and Desire, till his Conduct had given her Confidence enough to venture with him any where.

T H E S E Kisses, and Embraces, and the near Conversation with the Object of his Wishes, was too warm to let his thoughts of Enjoyment expire ; yet he was so admirable a Master of Dissimulation, that he perfectly conceal'd all the Eagerness of his Passion, under the gentlest Pressures of her soft Hand, and Kisses, as modest, as Love cou'd allow. Having continu'd this Conduct now near a Fortnight together, and travers'd all the solitary Paths of the Garden, without any offer like those at the beginning of the Amour, she ventur'd one Night into a *Grotto* remote from the House, and out of Ear-shot from any of the Neighbours, being in a Grove about the midst of the Garden. There he had prepar'd a Collation for her, and only One Servant attended at a distance, who only serv'd to give her the more Confidence to descend into a Place else so dangerous for two young Lovers to enter.

T H E Collation being ended, and the rich Wine drank off, he ordered his Servant to fetch him a Bottle of fine Cordial, absolutely necessary after so plentiful a *Desert* of Fruit. This was his *Que* to return no more. The Servant being gone, and the Table remov'd, he takes her by the Hand, and so walks up and down, protesting how infinitely he was struck with her Charms, that it was impossible to live longer without her ; and that if she wou'd not, with a Barbarity too cruel for so tender a Bosom,

Bosom, have him perish before her, she must not use him with all that rigorous Reserve which she had hitherto affected.

NOT giving her time to Reply, he stop'd her Mouth with Kisses, and run o'r her Bosom with Fingers transported ; till for want of Breath the struggling Nymph fell back on the Couch, where first she had seen this fatal *Don Frederic*. She bit, she scratch'd, she tore, and exclaim'd, but all in vain, the eager Cavalier push'd on his Fortune, and now almost possesst of the Fort, she got from his Arms ; but he soon recover'd his Prey, and with all the soft endearing Actions, and Words assaults her Resolution. She presses Marriage, he makes no doubt of the Terms, assuring her with Oaths that on the Death of his Mother he wou'd make good his Promises, not being able in her Life to dispose of himself without a Fortune, but with the Loss of his own. Pride, Ambition, and Love now unite, and she melts with his Vows by degrees, struggling every Moment less, and less, as he multiply'd Assurances of Marriage and Constancy.

POSSESS'D now of all he cou'd desire, there nothing remain'd but to repeat the Blessing, as oft as he cou'd. In the Intervals of Bliss, Reserve being now thrown aside in one of his Ecstasies, *Don Frederic* sung this *Da Capo* of an Opera.

*Oh ! Love ! how pleasing are thy Chains,
For there alone true Freedom reigns ;
My Torments past ore-paid I find
While Fortune smiles, and you are kind.
Oh ! Love ! how pleasing are thy Chains !
For there alone true Freedom reigns.*

CATALINA who had no ill Voice, and who was acquainted with Music, reply'd with another near her Case as she imagin'd.

*Ah ! how sweet it is to find
The Lover in the Husband's Arms !
Choice, and Duty, thus combin'd,
Flow with everlasting Charms !
Ah ! how sweet it is to find
The Lover in the Husband's Arms !*

THE Interview concluded in Music and Love, till the Hours now summon'd Catalina's Departure, which was accompany'd with Tears, Sighs, Embraces and Promises of a speedy Return.

THIS Intrigue thus continu'd for the space of near half a Year without Interruption. But then Don Frederic's Mother having provided him a Wife of considerable Fortune, and Beauty, it was as impossible for him to tell it to Catalina, as to prevent it if he wou'd. But the Fickleness of his Temper, and the Bribe of
fo

so great a Fortune soon put an End to the Joys of the unlucky *Catallina*.

THO his Absence grew tedious, yet the distance of their Quality, and the Place of her Abode from *Toledo*, and the want of a Confident of her Amour, conceal'd for a while his Infidelity from her. But his Absence continuing, and his Silence alarming her, she made some Enquiry of the Master Gardiner about him, and of him heard the ungrateful News of his Marriage to another, and her own Destruction. The Gardiner not knowing what his Master's Marriage was to her, was infinitely surpriz'd to find her swoon away on the News. Being come to her self she excus'd the Event, by assuring him, it was a common Accident with her, especially before any ill Luck; and therefore to prevent the ill Omen, she wou'd immediately retire to her Father's House.

B E I N G return'd Home, she retir'd to her Chamber, she gave a Loose to the Rage of her Grief! *Oh! perfidious, perjur'd Villain*, said she, *is it thus you love me? Thus you keep your Vows? And must you bear off the Trophies of my ruin'd Honour thus calmly, and without Resentment? No! no Don Frederic, thou shalt not triumph o'r a wretched Maid whom thou hast undone by her fond Credulity in thy Vows and Oaths? Nothing but thy Blood can expiate thy Crime; and that thou shalt be sure of from this*
injur'd

*injur'd Hand. But Oh! I love him still, and
how can I stab the Heart I love!*

*The Rage of Love is tender still
Mingling Sweetness with its Fires,
The Heart it may with Fury swell,
But never Cruelty inspires.*

*I WILL therefore send to him, I will up-
braid him, and if he be really so false will kill
him. But sure it is impossible so many Perfe-
ctions should lose their Lustre in Perjury, and
Treachery. It must be impossible! Frederic must
yet be true, and all my murdering Thoughts
have been unjust——*

*Hope, the Seducer of my Heart,
Does gentler Thoughts inspire,
And with a kind deceiving Art,
Augments my amorous Fire.
Hope, the Seducer of my Heart,
Does gentler Thoughts inspire.*

THUS rack'd with Despair, Love, and
Rage, she long argu'd with her self, till too
much convinc'd of her Misfortune by all hands
she gave her self over to her Passion.

THO Love had no small share in her di-
straction, yet Pride, and Ambition had their
Part. She was in a Rage with Indignation
at her being left for another, and rob'd in a
Moment

Moment of all that imaginary Grandeur, which she had already devour'd. Rage, Despair, Grief, Love, Hate, Contempt, Pride, and Ambition, made a medly War in her Bosom at once ; and had not Fate preserv'd her for the Punishment of her perjur'd Lover, she must have perish'd on the spot. But having now vanquish'd a Sickness, that had held her some Weeks, she soon recover'd her Complexion and Strength, with the Thoughts of a speedy Revenge. With which she wou'd not so much as trust her Father or Mother. But admitting none into her Confidence but an old Nurse of hers, who suckled her in her Infancy, she sets privately out for *Toledo*. Where being arriv'd she is conducted to a convenient Lodging for her Purpose, by the venerable Governant. And there by her artful and flattering Letters she prevail'd with him to make her a Visit.

THE Time being appointed she makes all things ready for his Reception, and to give him a Treatment, the Fierceness of her outrageous Malice thought just. Don *Frederic* approaches with a graceful Despondence, and answered all her Reproaches with a temper, that would have abated the Rage of any but *Catalina*. He avow'd his Love still as great, his Desires far greater, and accus'd the cursed severity of his Fortune, that put him under a Necessity of obeying the Rigid Com-
mands

mands of his Mother. That he looked on himself as her Husband, and shou'd always respect her as his true Wife ; till Fate more indulgent, than hitherto it had been should set him free to follow the Dictates of his own Choice.

CATALINA too fixt in her Resentment, and Revenge, took all, that he utter'd as false a Dissimulation, as all his former Vows, and Assurances had been now found. Resolving to encounter Falshood with Falshood, she seemed soon a little appeased, and by degrees seemed convinc'd of the weight of his Reasons, and the Necessity, that had compelled him to do what he had done. Nay she push'd her Deceit to such an Extream, to yield to his Embraces in false transports, when they were really more odious to her, than ever they had been dear.

BEING therefore in Bed, and after the Dalliances of repeated Desire, had now left him fast asleep, her Rage unappeas'd by all those soft Endearments keeps her awake, and by the help of her Nurse ties him down to the Bed, and with a furious stroke stabbing him in the Breast, she was not content with his Death, without upbraiding him, and triumphing in her Vengeance as he was expiring ; betwixt every word giving fresh Stabbs, nor was the Outrage at an End ev'n after he was dead.

BUT

BUT this Death of *Don Frederic* cou'd not be so conceal'd as was expected by the Actors in the Tragedy ; who were betray'd by the House, and his Servant, that attended him thither, so seized, and put to Death, which brought *Catalinas's* Old Father in sorrow to his Grave.

C H A P. VI.

The Adventure of the Bath, how Signor Fantasio got the Possession of his Mistress Donna Theresa, and what followed that success.

MY dear little Cupid cry'd *Donna Theresa*, finding I had done my Story, with what a manly Air hast thou told this tragical Tale. How sensibly didst thou talk of the Transports of Love, and all the Accesses of its dissolving Raptures, as if by some Miracle thou hadst known what they were. Oh ! my dear little Minature of Man, that thou wert as capable of easing my Pains as thy Tongue has been of raising them ! And grasping me with some Eagerness on that suddain Ejaculation I tumbled into the Bath with my Gown on. She started up at the Accident, and caught me with her Arms, to secure me from being frightened at the Fall ; and pulling off my Gown and my Shirt, threw them aside, and ringing the Bell she

she bid the Maids take them, and dry them, and ordered me to stand still in the Bath, which would do me no harm but refresh me after my Journey.

THE Maid being gone, she plac'd me by her side on the Step to the Couch, but kept her Arm round me, for fear I should fall any farther. As she gave me a Thousand Kisses so she suffered my Hands to wander wherever I pleas'd, which gave an insipid sort of satisfaction to both, tho it only serv'd to raise our mutual Desires. I sung her this Song, and us'd all the Liberty, she gave my seeming Innocence to rouse up her Wishes to their utmost Extent.

SONG.

I.

*AH! how sweet to see the Eyes
Rolling in their humid Fires!
When the Nymph extended Lyes
Full of Love, and warm Desires!
Conscious Red her Face overspreading
And her heaving Bosom rising
Milky Paths to Raptures leading
Murmuring sighs her Joys disguizing.
Happy Lovers only know
The Bliss that from consenting Lovers flow.*

Listen

2.

*Listen then to young desire,
Nor with your Pride against your Bliss con-
Desire like a faithful Friend (spire.
Persuades substantial Pleasure
Like Chymic Boasts your Pride will End
In meer imagin'd Treasure.
Then sure the strife you'll soon decide
(What can your Scruples move?)
Betwixt the sickly Glare of Pride
And generous warmth of Love.*

I H A D scarce done my Song when she caught me in her Arms and cryed out *my dear little Creature, were the Gods of Old Rome still in Fashion, I should swear thou wert Cupid, come to rifle my Charms in the pleasing disguise of a Boy. I love you more,* replied I, *than Cupid could do, and pressed her Bosom with my fingers as hard as I was able. It is not impossible, continu'd I, for Beauties such as yours to work greater Miracles, than all the Heathen Brood of imaginary Deities. Which having given my Heart so fierce a Flame, may supply the capacity of appeasing its Rage, which cou'd not else be expected from my Person and Appearance.*

INFINITELY pleased with the Flattery, and moved by a strong Imagination, she lifted me up in her Arms and threw me on her Bosom, when she soon made the discovery of the
Miracle

Miracle. I promis'd, finding me indeed sufficiently capable of easing both her Desires, and my own. Her wanton Hand unsatisfy'd with what she felt, run over my Naked Body scarce yet convinc'd of her Error, till unable to defer the Joy, and unwilling to give her time to recover her surprize, I easily took possession of a Fort, that was not provided for a siege.

*Quick, and more quick her panting Breath expires,
Her Tongue wants force to utter her Desires.
She left the Welcome Story to her Eye,
Where burn'd Fires were seen suffus'd with Joy.
The sting of Love now fixt within her Breast,
Passive she lies, and waits the welcome Rest.*

HAVING often repeated the Effort to convince her Incredulity, she laid me at last vanquished on her panting snowy Bosom. *What Dream is this* (said she in some Ecstasie) *my charming little Cupid that I have had ? for it is impossible it should be real. What Pleasures, what unexpected Raptures have I felt, which no Mortal cou'd impart ? Thou sure art some diviner Power transform'd into Flesh and Blood to surprize us with Joys, which without thee 'tis impossible for Woman to know.*

AFTER a Thousand fond Caresses, and frequent Assurances of my Mortality, that I was a Man of Eighteen Years of Age, and capable of answering her warmest Desires, she
seem'd

seem'd transported, the Pleasure being heightened by the Novelty, and charg'd me to keep my Good Fortune a Secret from all the World besides. She assur'd me, that for the Future I shou'd be her constant Bedfellow, secure from scandal, and suspicion, by the false Appearance of my Person. She told me, she shou'd now be as jealous, and fearful of the Women, as I had been of the Men; and therefore her Bed shou'd be our Security from both.

NOW leaving me on the Watry Scene of her Pleasure, she got out of the Bath, and rose a no less charming *Venus*, from this little Bed of Waters, than the fabulous *Aphrodite* from that of the Ocean. She left her warmer *Adonis* full of satisfaction, and pleasure in this fortunate Adventure; and having dried her lovely Body, she veild it, with her Shift, and her Gown, and went her self for the Robes to dress me her Darling. But my Gown not being yet dry she brought me a Shirt, and my Cloaths, and lifting me out of the Bath, with Eyes yet incredulous, she cou'd scarce believe my visible Credentials of Manhood. She kiss'd me all over, and vow'd she had never seen a sight so amazing, so compleat and delightful as the admirable Harmony of my Parts and Proportion. Seating me in her Lap she dress'd me with her own charming Hands, she led me into the *Salloon* to a Collation that waited our coming, where with

E rich

rich Wine and Viands, we recruited the pleasing Expences of Love. The Ceiling was painted by *Guido Rheni*, and the Walls hung with the admirable Pieces of *Caratche*, and *Raphael*, *Correggio*, and *Titian*, and two or three of *Bona Rota*.

DURING the Month of our stay at the *Villa*, near *Tivoli*, we took care to give our Joys agreeable Variety; and let no Moment glide by us, without loading its downy Wings with some Pleasure or other. *Love*, *Musick*, and *Poetry* had their Turns; and when ever chance, or Company separated our Persons a few Moments, our Thoughts were never asunder.

This was the *Zenith* of my good Fortune, and being made for Pleasure, it was a folly to expect ought beyond it. I was possess'd of the greatest Beauty of *Italy*, just in her Bloom, fifteen Winters not yet having pass'd o're her Head; a Lady of the first Quality, and Wit. In the midst of the inquisitive Eyes of Mercenary Spyes enjoying the full Gust of Love in perfect security. I was courted by the Men-servants; fondl'd by the Maids, and bless'd with the warmer, and more charming Embraces of my Lady, her Favourite confess'd.

BUT all Humane Grandeur and Happiness stands on a very slippery Bottom: while Fortune takes a malicious Pleasure by a Capricious

precious Turn to whirl her Mignon of Yesterday from the topmost spoke of her Wheel to the lowest to Day. But of all Happiness, that is the most frail, that depends on the *various* Humour of *Woman*, and of a *Young Woman*, nay of a *Young Woman of Quality*, the very *Epitome* of all the Follies, and Vices of the Sex; For their Titles furnish them with the Vanity of excelling all other Women in Lewdness, and Inconstancy, as if their *Quality* supply'd all other Defects.

THE Month was scarce expir'd before I found a sensible Decay in the Violence of *Theresas* Passion, every Enjoyment rendring her Pleasure more languid; while my Flame rather encreas'd by Possession. But returning to *Rome*, the change of the Scene, gave a new Edge to her Inclinations, as acting under a greater Restraint.

I WAS welcom'd with no little Pleasure by the Old *Cardinal*, and the rest of my humble Servants of that Family. To remove all my Fears, *Donna Theresas* Importunity prevail'd for my continuing her Bedfellow; for I was a little apprehensive of the Attaques of his Eminence, whose Flame my absence had rendred more violent.

BEING retir'd with *Donna Theresa* to her Cabinet, and all the Company withdrawn

to their Apartments, having permitted some soft dalliances which I cou'd not defer ; she opened her *Scrutore*, and looking out some Papers, let fall a Minature, which I snatching up found to be the Picture of a beautiful Youth. When demanding with some concern who the happy Man was, whose Portraiture she admitted to her Closet, with a Kiss she assur'd me, that I need not to be jealous of the Original, or envy his Fate. For tho' happy in his *Love*, yet he lost his dear Life in the pursuit of his Amour.

I PRESS'D her to give me an Account of the unfortunate Lover, which she promis'd to perform on the Mornings Return, when Sleep had refresh'd her, and made her able to go through with the History. So to Bed we went, where placed in the Ivory Pale of her Arms, and on the sweetest Bosom in the World, I revell'd in Pleasure, as long as I was capable of giving or receiving any Joy. The low Ebb of Love being come, in the midst of soft Kisses we both fell asleep.

THE Morning returning, I first escap'd from the Image of Death, and with Kisses, and soft Caresses gently drove away the drowsy leaden God, that too long usurp'd the finest Eyes in the World. And having paid our Morning Devotions to *Cupid*, we slipt on our Gowns, and went into the Closet to satisfy
my

my Impatience to hear the mournful Tale, she had promis'd to relate. She took from her *Scrutore* the Picture I mention'd, and several Papers relating to her Amorous Affairs, and sitting down by me on the Couch, and casting a languishing Regard on the Picture, she gave two, or three sighs, and let fall a pearly showr of Tears, which added a new but a melancholly Beauty to her Face. I suck'd up the Balmy Drops with the greedy Thirst of Love, and smother'd the rising Sighs with the fury of my Kisses. When, *Ah ! my Charming Cupid*, said she, *far, far be this unfortunate Lovers Fate from thee ! behold a cruel Victim to these Beauties, for which he fell in a most barbarous manner ev'n in my Arms. Not by my severity but the bloody Revenge of my Uncle the Cardinal, who finding him in my Bed, with an Obduracy unheard of, was deaf to all my piteous Cryes, and Prayers for his Life.*

HERE again she wept a beautiful Flood, and fixt on the Picture a Thousand burning Kisses. *Ah ! Madam*, said I, *you make me envy his Fate, who ev'n beyond the Grave can give you this concern. Who wou'd not dye to be embalmed in those Tears ? and affect so inestimable a Heart in so tender a manner ? I swear to you, my divine Charmer, by your Beauty I grow jealous of that shadow, and beg your Generosity to lay it aside ; and if the Original*

E 3

must

must entertain your Thoughts, let it be by relating his glorious Catastrophe; for to fall for the most perfect of all Womankind, merits our Envy more, than our Pity. How many Greek and Trojan Heroes fell in the Ten Years Contest for Helen, who cou'd never be Mistress of Charms so commanding as Theresa discovers in e'ry Part. While the Cause, that they fought for, and the Valour she inspir'd, has given them an Immortal Fame among the Demi-Gods.

THOU sweet little Flatterer (said she) I have done; the Image of the poor unfortunate Casanatta shall rest in my Drawers, while I give thee the Tragical History of our Amours. But the Affairs of others being so intermixt with mine, that they cannot be separated without lameing the Narration, I can't help mingling their pleasant Adventures, with his, that are so melancholly.

C H A P. VII.

The History of Donna Theresa, of her Birth and Education, shewing her to be the Daughter, not Niece, of Cardinal Cantelmi, her Amour with Count Luciano, Son to the Duke of Metalone, one of the Academy of the Ardent of Naples, with the Letters and Verses that past betwixt them.

I MUST first inform thee, my dearest *Fantasio* (continued *Theresa*) that instead of being the *Cardinal's* Niece, I am his Daughter. For while he was yet Bishop of *Fermo*, a Ship of *Malta* brought into *Civita Vecchia* a *Turkish* Merchantman, which he had taken. Among the Captives of this Ship was my Mother, a beautiful *Greek* slave, that was passing from the *Morea* to *Egypt* to her Father, that was there a Factor. The Cardinal happen'd to be in that Port, on some Business of the Popes, and had no sooner cast his Eye on the Beautiful *Greek*, but he was wounded with Love, and soon agrees with the Captain of the *Maltese* for a Price. And having plac'd her at a convenient House in *Bononia*; he took such Opportunities of Conversation, that she yielded up her Charms, and received

the *Cardinal* by a kind of Duty, as her Master to her Bed. From whence sprung your *Theresa*. A few Years she bred me, and when she dy'd, the *Cardinal* loving my Mother extremely, took a particular care of the Daughter, the only Pledge of their Love. Being grown up to Twelve, and he now Archbishop of *Capua*, he took me home, as Daughter to his Sister, and his Niece. He spar'd no cost for my Instruction in all, that was fit for a Woman of Quality to learn; and was so fond of me, as to give up the Reins of my Conduct to my own Childish Will. But yet careful of protecting my Innocence from the Treachery, and surprize of those, whom my Beauty might inflame to the Assaults of my Honour; he plac'd as a Guardian, or Governant at a distance, an Old decrepit, antiquated Maid, who never having had Charms enow to provoke an Address in her Youth, was, as watchful as *Argus* to prevent the Pleasures she cou'd not enjoy in her Age.

SHE had a low Forehead, beetle Brows, great goggle Eyes, high thin Nose, and a Chin, that turned up to meet it, hollow Cheeks with the Bones sticking out like Excrescences, a Hunch Back, swarthy Skin, no Breasts, but in their place two flably empty yellow Bags that hung down before, one Leg shorter than the other, and a Breath, that wou'd kill at a distance. Yet with all these Defects and Deformities,

Deformities, her discourse was perpetually of her Virtue, and the Quondam Conquests of her Eyes, and the Resistance she had made against the most vigorous Onsets of a perpetual Succession of Lovers.

THO this Discourse were an infallible Argument of her Zeal for the Sex, yet the Vices, the Falshoods, the Treachery, and the Perjuries of Man, was the peroration of all her Harangues. The extravagance of her Humour wou'd sometimes entertain me, for I never admitted her but to divert me. For tho her charge was to be watchful of the Avenues of the Palace, her Commission extended not to invade my Privacies within, or to raise any uneasy Jealousie in me, that I was under any constraint,

I WAS now turning of Fourteen Years of Age, and full, as ripe for Love, as any of my Sex in *Italy*, drawing perhaps an Amorous Constitution from both my Father, and Mother. For those who are got in the Liberty of Desire, are doubtless more gay and more vigorous, than the dull Product of the Formal Embraces of a Husband, and Wife, which has given me a perpetual Aversion to that imperious Animal call'd a Husband, who as far, as my little Observation can lead me, seems like the Dog in the Manger, or the Misers of the Age, who fondly hoard

hoard up Bags of Gold from the World, which they have no capacity, nor will to enjoy.

THE *Cardinal* was now translated from *Capua* to *Naples*, and dignify'd with a *Cardinals* Hat, which drew several considerable Persons to apply for my Heart. Among the rest I was persecuted with the Addreses of the Count *Luciano*, Son to the Duke of *Metalone*, who is no disagreeable Person, as you may remember, having seen him at the Church *de la Pace*, where I first was charmed with the pretty *Fantasio*, little thinking what a Snake I warm'd in my Bosom. His Person is inclin'd to the larger size of Men, his Hair brown, his Face manly, his Age about Twenty-five, his Wit allow'd by all the Vertuosi of all the *Italian* Academies, and himself a Member of that of the *Ardenti* in *Naples*. And had his Address been any thing but Matrimony, I believe he had been more successful. But that, which made him the more acceptable to the Cardinal, render'd him less so to me; Ambition had a share in his satisfaction, while mine was only in LOVE and LIBERTY.

THE First time he saw me was in the Chappel of the *Domo*, where the Cardinal sung Mass, and a great concourse of People were got together to see the miraculous liqui-
fying

fyng of the Blood of St. *Jannarius*. It happen'd that our Devotion, or Curiosity had plac'd us very near the Operation, and to take a fuller View I had discover'd my Face pretty plain; which I presently found had rival'd the Saint in the contemplation of Count *Luciano*.

THE next Day I received this Letter and Copy of Verses from him by a Messenger, which I believe may be worth your perusal; for tho I was not very fond of the Votary, I had some regard to the Victim.

THERESA thus gave me the following Letter, and Verses, which I read to this purpose.

LETTER I.

Love at First sight.

“ IF Madam you know your own Charms,
 “ which few Women are unacquainted
 “ with, you will not wonder that one sight
 “ of those conquering Eyes, shou'd engage
 “ a Heart so sensible of perfection, as mine.
 “ I confess, that I am not easily subdu'd;
 “ nay I with Vanity boast, that nothing less
 “ beautiful, than your self cou'd give me any
 “ concern; But not to be vanquish'd by
 “ you, is rebelling against Reason. Heaven
 has

“ has set so visible a Stamp of its self upon
“ you, that not to adore you wou’d be a
“ sort of Impiety. Consider your self well then,
“ Madam, and you’ll easily believe my pro-
“ fessions sincere; and that it is impossible
“ to see you, and not love you. —But alas
“ if you shou’d view your self with my Eyes,
“ if you shou’d really know your own Charms,
“ as well as I, it must be my Ruin; for you
“ then wou’d be sensible, that nothing Mor-
“ tal cou’d deserve you. Be like the Heavens
“ you represent, and let *Love* be your pur-
“ chase. If I might hope that, I cou’d not
“ long despair; for Oh! I love beyond all
“ Humane-kind! Peace has forsook my
“ Thoughts, Sleep has fled my Eyes, and no-
“ thing remains to keep Nature alive, but
“ the Reflection on those Charms, that ra-
“ vish’d my Eyes from the miraculous Blood.
“ As you are fairer, than all your Sex, so be
“ more just, and compassionate. ’Tis more
“ worthy the Excellence of your Beauty to
“ bestow Happyness, than Misery. Without
“ your Pity I am the most miserable of Men,
“ but with it I should not envy the Glory of
“ Crowns. But Words are too poor to ex-
“ press your Beauty, and my Love, and
“ nothing but Experience, and my Life
“ spent in your service, can ever let you
“ know the least Portion of my Passion.
“ Disdain not therefore a Love which none
“ but you cou’d inspire or reward, and only I
“ cou’d

“ cou’d receive. You know your Power, and
“ you know your Slave, let your Rule be as
“ pleasing as your Eyes, and then I shall be
“ fond of my Captivity, as long as I am
Madam,

Your devoted Slave,

Luciano.

In this were enclos’d the following Verses.

On the sight of *Donna Theresa.*

*T*HU S once astonish’d stood the Trojan Swain
(Confounded with the Pleasure, and the Pain)
When he beheld in the Idalian Grove
Minerva, Juno, and the Queen of Love.
But all these three bright Goddesses I find,
In Angelina’s nobler Form, combin’d.
Force, Majesty, and every softer Grace !
Whole Heav’n’s confess’d in her diviner Face.
All round she darts the Glories of her Skye,
Its Thunder, and its Lightning from her Eye,
And where the pointed Flashes fall, we dye. }
I felt the Bolt transfix my trembling Heart,
And still I feel the painful pleasing smart !
I who so long had arm’d my stubborn Breast,
And made the boasted Force of Eyes a Jest.
I who cou’d ne’r amidst the sparkling Round
Of Earthly Goddesses yet meet one Wound ;
I who through Crouds of Beauties past each Day,
survey’d

Survey'd unhurt the * Ring, the * Park, the * Play ;
 Where with design the haughty Dames resort,
 To vanquish Men, and make our Hearts their sport.
 I by one single Glance, and undesign'd
 The utmost Fury of Loves Anger find.
 Revengeful Cupid there in Ambush lay,
 Sure from those Eyes to make my Heart his Prey.
 The sullen Boy not with one Wound content,
 In that one Glance a Thousand Arrows sent.
 Which made a Thousand Breaches in my Heart,
 And fixt a fatal Shaft in every Part.
 From every part a Thousand Loves arise,
 Strong as her Beauty, charming as her Eyes,
 Hold Cupid, hold ! I can rebel no more
 Thy Royalty I own, confess thy Power !
 I never saw thee on thy Throne before !
 True, I have seen thy dubious shadow play
 And gambol in the inoffensive Ray
 Of feebler Eyes, the Twilight of her Day.
 The doubtful Light thy Deity conceal'd,
 And not till now was all the God reveal'd.
 Ah ! from such Eyes could'st thou still speed thy
 All wou'd confess thee Sovereign of all Hearts. (Darts
 All wou'd with Joy, thy willing Subjects prove,
 And all wou'd then be Peace, for all wou'd then
 (be Love.

HAVING done the Letter and Verses
 she pursued her discourse in this manner. I
 took no notice of the Letter, nor sent him

* In the Original it is the Corso, and the Church but I thought
 it more proper to make it English.

any Answer, till he had repeated the Impor-
tunity so often, that I sent him the follow-
ing *Billet*.

My Lord,

I WONDER at your Impertinence, that
to please your self shou'd take such a World of
Pains to be troublesome to me. If you think me
fond of Gallantries of this Nature, I can only
convince you of your Error, by assuring you that
yours has not found the way to be agreeable to me.
I therefore desire you to teize me no more, but
suffer me to enjoy my own innocent Pleasures
without any farther Interruption; which I be-
lieve you affect more to shew your Wit, than
your Love.

FINDING me still, in spite of all his
Billets and Poetry, very averse to his Amour,
he resolv'd on another Course: and causes
his Pretensions to be made known to the *Car-
dinal*, who was not a little satisfy'd with the
Honour, assuring him of all his Interest in the
Case; not that he would ever force my In-
clinations, but wou'd allow him a more, than
common Liberty of Access, to render his A-
mour the more easy passage to my Heart. I
was not a little surpriz'd to see the *Cardinal*
one Ev'ning introduce him, nor cou'd I be so
much Mistress of my Resentment as to hinder
an angry Blush from spreading o're my Face
on his approach. The *Cardinal* recommended
him

him as a Person fit for, and worthy of my Love, and with a Tone, that express'd both Authority, and Tendernefs, let me know, that to please him extreamly, I must endeavour to like the Noble Count *Luciano* for my Husband.

THE *Cardinal* left us together. And tho' the Treachery he had us'd in applying to the *Cardinal* to obtain, what his own Affiduities, and Services ought to have gain'd him, made me resolve never to have him, yet I gave him, as civil a Reception, as cou'd be expected at the first Interview.

THE Visit being over I retir'd to my Closet, and spent the rest of the Ev'ning in reading *Petrarch*, and *Guarinis Pastor-fidó*. Early the next Morning I received this Letter from the Count.

LETTER II.

For Love and Marriage.

“ IT is impossible to wait all this livelong
“ Day till the Ev'ning (before which I
“ am not to be so happy, as to see you) with-
“ out conversing with you by Letter. For
“ while I cannot hear the most charming
“ Tongue in the World, it is some amends
“ to entertain the most beautiful Eyes in
“ the

“ the Universe. If Madam, you cou’d really
“ have any doubt of my Passion on *One Sight* ;
“ sure ’tis impossible to continue so ground-
“ less an Incredulity, after I have had a nearer
“ and longer view of your Charms ; when
“ both my Eyes, and my Ears conspir’d to let
“ your Perfections of Body, and Mind into
“ my Heart by every Avenue. If *One* cou’d
“ not have been insufficient, yet a Force so
“ irresistible joining must render me the most
“ passionate of Men. To *see* you, is to view
“ the finest Copy of Heaven, that Nature
“ ever drew ; but to hear you is to partici-
“ pate of Heav’n it self. If my Soul felt
“ before the growing Pangs of a Love new-
“ ly born ; think now, and reflect what must
“ be the Agonies I feel. To see you without
“ *Desire is impossible*, but to desire without *Hope*
“ *insupportable*. Ah ! too charming, and too
“ cruel Maid ! how cou’d you continue so long
“ incredulous of a Passion too visible in my
“ Eyes, and too evident in my Confusion to
“ suffer you to be ignorant of it. *But you*
“ *tell me you cannot Love ; That you will*
“ *not marry*. Two hateful Barrs, I confess,
“ to my Happyness, which if I cannot re-
“ move I must remain the most *loving*, and
“ most *miserable* of Men. But, Madam, sure
“ you cannot be sufficiently acquainted with
“ the secrets of your Heart ; when in it you
“ discover no seeds of that Passion. Nature
“ cou’d never be so preposterous to make
“ you

“ you so every way for *Love*, and yet destroy
“ the very aim of her fine Workmanship by
“ denying you *Love*. Is it possible, Madam,
“ for any one to imagine, who is not your
“ Enemy, that you were made for the Curse
“ of Mankind, when we see you adorn’d with
“ all those Perfections, which only can make
“ up this *Blessing*? *LOVE*, my everlasting
“ Charmer, *LOVE* is *Natures Voice*; *the Soul*
“ *of the World, its Origin, and Preservation*.
“ Not to love therefore is an Impiety you
“ cannot be guilty of, since ’tis a sin against
“ Nature, against your own Charms, against
“ your own Happyness. For she, who never
“ lov’d, never knew the greatest Joy of Life,
“ it’s most solid, and most transporting Plea-
“ sure. She loses all the *fleeting*, and *never-*
“ *again-returning* Minutes of swift wing’d Time
“ in a dull insipid Circle of Trifles, unknowing
“ of the lively Joy of Hearts united.
“ You must therefore, Madam, nay you will
“ love, tho you love not *Me*. — ’Tis true,
“ and I confess it, a true, sincere Heart full of
“ you and full of Love is all the merit I have
“ to plead, I frankly own. I cannot deserve
“ your Person, or your Love; but then as
“ justly grant me, that those gay Qualities,
“ which usually make the Hearts of the Young,
“ and the Unexperienc’d their Prize, deserve
“ you less. *Love* has some claim to *Love*,
“ but those have none; yet ev’n my Love, tho
“ the greatest, that ever inspir’d Man, can-
“ not

“ not deserve you. No, no, Madam, when
“ ever you bestow your self it must be an Act
“ of *Generosity* not of *Right* in him that re-
“ ceives you. This Opinion Madam, is suf-
“ ficient to ensure your Happiness with me ;
“ for while I must be sensible, that I receive
“ you from your Generosity not my Desert,
“ I must always be paying a Gratitude for a
“ Benefit I am always enjoying. While he
“ that is so vain as to plead his own Merit,
“ will take you, as his due, and so exert a Do-
“ minion, which I shall ever be far from claim-
“ ing. — But since you must love, my dear
“ Charmer, receive the agreeable Passion, as
“ a *Blessing* not a *Curse*. If you refuse it when
“ *Young*, it will come on you with double
“ Violence when you are *Old* ; and if you
“ deny your Heart to *Sincerity* and *Truth*,
“ it will fall a Victim to *Perjury*, and *Hypo-*
“ *crisie*. You seem apprehensive, that Marri-
“ age wou’d be the period of your Freedom
“ of *Will*, indulg’d to you from a Child ; but
“ how can I ever think of opposing that *Will*,
“ to which I must owe all that is valuable in
“ the World. No, no, dear Charmer, you
“ have too strong an Ascendant over my Soul,
“ to fear any Period to your Empire but my
“ Life. — But you say you never will Mar-
“ ry — Good Heav’n avert the *infamous Omen* !
“ pray tell me why ? Sure you have look’d
“ on Marriage through the wrong end of the
“ *Perspective* ; turn it, view it better, and
“ you

“ you will like it better. — Consider, Madam,
“ is Life worth the Possession, without a
“ Partner in our Affairs? Joy is imperfect
“ while confin’d to one Breast, and Grief in-
“ supportable ; this wou’d be lessen’d and
“ that be exalted by imparting it to a true
“ Friend. But where can a true Friend be
“ found, but where Interest as well as Persons
“ are join’d. How many Tryals are every
“ day made in vain among the *Fair* for this
“ *Phoenix*? But in the midst of their dear
“ *Confidances* Levity, Jealousie, Interest, or
“ Revenge, bursts the *curious Web* asunder,
“ and then all the confided Secrets fall out in
“ their most hideous Form and Dress. But the
“ Innocent and Young, like you, are always
“ dealing with disadvantage ; while you bring
“ *undesigned* sincerity to barter with experi-
“ enc’d *Cunning*, and *Self-ends*. ’Till repeat-
“ ed Infidelities produce a Rupture, and you
“ are at last taught, at your own Cost, that
“ the Friend you have still sought in vain,
“ can only be found in *Marriage*. But shou’d
“ you choose a Male Friend, tho the corre-
“ spondence might be Innocent, yet will the
“ censorious World never allow those tender
“ Commerces, wholly disentangled from the
“ difference of Sex ; and desire first, or last
“ will be sure to blow up all the fine *Plato-*
“ *nic* Notions, while those made an easy
“ way to more criminal Engagements. Then
“ follow *Satiety*, *Inconstancy*, and a foolish
“ Repetition

“ Repetition of all the very same Infidelities”
“ and Follies an Hundred times over ; and all
“ to no purpose ; for no true, and lasting
“ Friendship is to be found till *Marriage* dis-
“ covers the agreeable Secret, and at once
“ comes in with the Quarry, which in the
“ long Chace we pursued to no purpose. The
“ Benefits of *Marriage* are too many to crowd
“ into this Letter ; but all centre in this —
“ If you choose a Man of Sense, and one that
“ loves *You*, you cannot miss a faithful Friend,
“ and an Empire perpetual. A Fool is ob-
“ stinate, and ungovernable, but Men of sense
“ have still been Vassals to the *Fair*. And
“ thus far I can put in my claim, that I shall
“ nevere aspire to more, than always to be

Your Faithful Slave.

I FOUND by his not coming that day some extraordinary Business had taken him up, which as I found was a Visit to his Mother, who was suddenly taken with a desperate Illness in her *Villa*, and expecting only Death sent for him immediately. But the next Morning on his return he cou'd not wait till his Visit in the Ev'ning, and therefore sent this Letter to prepare his Way.

L E T T E R III.

My adoreable Angel,

“ F O R you are too charming for any
“ thing *Mortal*. I wrote to you Yester-
“ day, and tho I design to throw my self at your
“ Feet this Ev’ning. yet it being an Age to that
“ time, I cannot delay talking to you so long. As
“ my Mind is ever full of you, so I cannot
“ be easy till I unburthen my Thoughts.
“ Ah! most charming, and most cruel of
“ your Sex, what will you do with me; for
“ ’tis only in your powr to dispose of my
“ Fate to Happiness or Misery; there is no
“ Medium, one or the other must be my share.
“ Why have you so many Beauties to destroy,
“ and so little pity to save? ’Tis impossible
“ any Man can love you more, than I, why
“ then shou’d you make any Man more Happy?
“ You must, nay you will yield all those
“ Beauties to the Arms of some One, who
“ will not, cannot love you, as I do. What
“ shall I say? What shall I do to make an
“ impression on your Obdurate Heart? Oh!
“ that I but knew the approaches to the ten-
“ dernesses of your Soul, that I might melt
“ you into compassion for him that sighs, and
“ dyes for you; for I cannot live without
“ you. No, dear charming Idol of my soul,
“ as I can have no Happiness but what you
“ give me; so can I have no other Life but
“ wha

“ what you bestow ; for what is *Life*, where
“ there is no Happiness, but a Torment, and
“ lingring Pain, which no Man of Spirit can
“ bear. Alas Madam, if you cannot afford a
“ reality, disguise your Cruelty so, that I may
“ flater my self, that you are not entirely
“ insensible — Ah no — be rather cruel, as
“ you can be, than appear what you are not ;
“ that would keep me in the Road of De-
“ spair ; but this wou’d shew a dawn of Hap-
“ piness, only to plunge me into greater
“ Wretchedness. Let me be rather all *wretch-*
“ *ed*, than half *blest*. But if you can
“ afford a Reality, Ah keep it not too long,
“ lest the effect shou’d be fruitless. Ah !
“ charming *Theresa* give me leave to live and
“ love, give me leave to hope, give me leave
“ to be as long as I live your faithful Vassal,

Luciano.

IT will be too tedious to tell you all the Progress of a Love so unsuccessful, it affords nothing surprising nor various, a persecution of odious Assiduities, and Attendance ; unheeded Vows, and Sighs make up the Narration. Let it suffice to know, that in some Months Address he cou’d not discover that he had made any Progress in my Heart. So that after a most passionate separation over Night, I received this Letter from him the next Morning.

L E T T E R IV.

“ O H ! my everlasting Charmer ! what will
“ be the Event of a Passion which I am
“ not able to bear, while you are cold and in-
“ different to all that I say ? I know very
“ well, that Prudence would teach me to stifle
“ so unhappy an Affection, but how is that
“ possible when you have already got possessi-
“ on of my Soul ? Yes, yes, you have not
“ only vanquish’d my Heart, but depriv’d me
“ of all desire of *Liberty* : I am pleas’d with
“ my Band, tho I know not how to bear
“ them ; ’tis a Torture to love you, and yet
“ it seems a greater to banish that *Love*, such is
“ the powerful Magic of your Charms. Strange
“ Witchery of *LOVE*, that when it allows
“ no Rest to its Votarys, it denies them all
“ Thought of deposing the Tyrant ; no, it
“ rather furnishes Excuses for the Slavery ;
“ and while we’re unable to bear the Rigour
“ of your Empire, compels us to make it more
“ firm and lasting. My Love is already grown
“ so much a part of me, that Life and that
“ must have but one End. Life that my hour-
“ ly Pains make a Burthen, is only desireable
“ in Hopes of your Pity. Alas ! I cannot live
“ without you, and yet know not how to per-
“ suade you to be mine. Those Advantages,
“ I once contemn’d, as the Qualifications of
“ Fools or *Beaux*, I now wish as agreeable Ac-
“ com-

“ accomplishments, too often endearing the Fop
“ to the Fair-One. What are you to me now
“ ye bright Ideas of Imagination? and you
“ sublime Disquisitions of Reason? What are
“ you to me but an aggravation of my Passi-
“ on? Why was I not made a gay thoughtless
“ Coxcomb, incapable of all the impressions
“ of *Love*, and so qualify'd to gratify all the
“ tranquil Emotions of my Heart? Cou'd I
“ have less Love I might have more Gallantry.
“ I might entertain the most charming of her
“ Sex more agreeably to the Gaiety of her
“ Temper. But the violence and sincerity of
“ my Passiou robs me of all the gay Arts of
“ engaging. Oh! my adorable Fair-One,
“ pity the Misery you have caused, have com-
“ passion on the Wretch, that you have made;
“ let me bless, not curse the Hour I saw you,
“ and wish you less charming, than I think you.
“ 'Tis worthy of your Beauty to raise the Di-
“ stress'd, and restore me to Hope from the
“ depth of Despair. Oh! no I find it is im-
“ possible for me to move her Heart, as cruel
“ as she is beautiful; yet in the midst of de-
“ spair I shall ever remain your Faithful Slave,

Luciano.

I DO confess, I believe the Count had per-
verted my Resolution, if an Accident had
not happen'd, which totally defeated all his
Hopes.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

*The Continuation of the History of Theresa's Life,
and her Amours, with the Baron Casanatta.*

ABOUT that Time came to *Naples* from *Rome* an old Acquaintance, and School-fellow of the *Cardinal's*, Signor *Carpegna* and his Lady, and in regard to their Intimacy, the *Cardinal's* Palace was their Place of Reception, during their abode at *Naples* ; soon after a nominal Relation from *Otranto*, in the Country of *Barri*, named *Faschinetti*, arriv'd with his Lady, a Man of Figure, and Quality in *Otranto*, and of proportionable Fortune.

CARPEGNA was a jolly, corpulent old Gentleman, of about Fifty odd, fresh colour'd, merry and amorous. He had a Wife very near Forty, but who discover'd more, than the Ruins of a good Face, and which gave Promises of Kindness upon a little Application. The Plumpness of her Person gave her a nearer Relation to Youth, than she cou'd claim in Reality ; altogether making a Figure desireable enough to a Man of the *Cardinal's* Age, who wanted not many Months of that of her Husband.

FAS-

FASCHINETTI was a meagre, sour, close designing Man, turning all things to the bent of his own Int'rest, and Desires. He was about Sixty, and his Wife turn'd of Thirty, gay, coquette, and talkative. She was by no means ugly, and yet cou'd boast no great Pretensions to Beauty ; yet had Fire enough in her Eyes to light up the Embers of Love in *Carpegna*.

T H E I R Age, Engagements, Relation, and living together, brought us to a frequent Conversation ; and as the odd Fates wou'd have it, my Eyes prov'd so flaming, as to set the Tinder of *Faschinetti's* old Heart on fire. He all along profess'd openly his Tenderness for me ; repeating daily Assurances, that having no Children, I shou'd be his Heiress ; he call'd me his Mistress, and ever was fiddling about me. But this pass'd for a sort of Paternal Indulgence ; and the Extravagance of his real Passion was so incredible, as not to be suspected ev'n by my self.

T H E R E was a young *Neapolitan* Baron call'd *Casanatta*, that had Marry'd *Carpegna's* Daughter, who was at his Country Seat in the *Abruzzo* when the Old Gentleman arriv'd. But being return'd to *Naples*, on Notice from his Father-in-law, he and his Lady made dayly Visits to the *Cardinal*, and his Guests. Being all but my self marry'd People, I had too frequent

quent Opportunities of converſing with *Casanatta*, both alone, and in Company.

CASANATTA was of the tallest ſize of little Men, exactly ſhap'd in Body, and Legs, the Down juſt on his Chin, Eyes full, and languishing, a delicate Complexion, and Hair that hung down to his Waſte: He ſung with abundance of Art, and Addreſs, with a Voice, that wou'd charm the dulleſt. His Utterance was ſoft, and piercing; his Words flow'd like Honey, and it was impoſſible to hear him, without finding a ſoft Emotion in your Boſom at every Syllable he utter'd. His Humour was agreeable, and gay, and his Temper open, and generous. But his Wife was juſt his Reverse; Young ſhe was indeed, but had no tolerable thing to recommend her, but the Wealth ſhe had, and was like to bring, as the Heireſs of *Carpegna*. She was deform'd in her Perſon, and crooked in her Conditions; reſerv'd, cenſorious, envious, ill-natur'd and ſickly: And one wou'd wonder that ſo jolly a Humour in the Father, ſhou'd in no meaſure be convey'd to the Daughter. But ſo it was, and his good Lady only cou'd tell how far ſhe was indebted to him for any Part, or Quality about her. But ſhe was at Reſt with her Fathers, and *Carpegna* poſſeſs'd of another, whoſe Character I have given you already.

I COU'D not but pity the hard Fate of so fine a Gentleman as *Casanatta*, to be confin'd for Life to so odious a Creature ; and often wish'd him in Don *Luciano's* Place, or that he had yet been at Liberty to make as honourable an Address. I found in me that Tendernefs for him that he wou'd not have been so indifferently receiv'd, as *Luciano*, tho his Suit had been with the same disagreeable view ; for I thought the Beauties of his Person, and those of his Humour, wou'd really hold out thro' the long tedious Journey of Matrimony it self.

FULL of these kind Thoughts for him, I was so happy as to make Impressions as great on his Heart. He sought all Opportunities of conversing with me, that he cou'd take without Suspicion : and mutual Inclinations soon made our short meetings more frequent. Several Things contributed to the Success of the Beginning of this Amour, at least enough to betray us to a Passion, which neither of us cou'd much longer command.

THE *Cardinal* was taken up in bringing about his Affair with *Carpegna's* Wife, and he was too busy in pursuing his with the Lady *Faschinetti*. But *Faschinetti* himself, his hands being free from any Engagement, but what he conceal'd under the pretended Fatherly Affection for me, alarm'd with Jealousy, and push'd on

on by Desire, oftner interrupted our agreeable Commerce, than either of us lik'd. For when we had often been left alone by the rest of the Company, he only remain'd to curb our Inclinations, sufficiently known to each other by our Eyes, tho yet we had not had an Opportunity to proceed to a plainer discovery.

BUT the Baron uneasy at this Curb to our Pleasures, let not his Invention lie idle to get him out of the way. For as we were sitting all three together, a Footman comes, and brings *Faschinetti* a Billet from a Lady, pretending to be in Love with him, but was hinder'd by Modesty from revealing her Passion. In short, so many Hints were given, that seem'd to lean towards me, that he verily and vainly believ'd the Letter sent by me ; and promis'd to be ready in the Ev'ning to go with him in the Chair, as desir'd. I was surpriz'd that I had lost the *Argus* of my Conduct, and that the Baron and I were left alone, his Wife in one of her good Humours refusing to come with him ; he told me what he had done with *Faschinetti*, to get this Opportunity of telling me how miserable I had made him, by inspiring a Passion from which he cou'd hope nothing but Destruction ; but that it was no longer in his Power to resist it ; and it being impossible for him to vanquish it, he had given over all Endeavours that way ; yet that he cou'd not leave this World without

without letting me know, that he fell the glorious Sacrifice of my Eyes.

H E R E he paus'd, and I blush'd betwixt Anger and Pleasure, the Pleasure I was oblig'd to conceal, while a false Anger usurp'd my Tongue, and bely'd the soft Sentiments of my Heart. I forc'd a weak Frown, and some seeming harsh words on his Presumption of declaring so criminal a Passion; so injurious to my Honour, and destructive of my Vertue. That since he knew no better how to make use of the innocent Freedoms I gave him, I shou'd immediately retrench them, and fly from so dangerous a Conversation. He press'd my Hand, and gave it ten thousand Kisses, beg'd as many Pardons, threw himself on his Knees, embrac'd my Legs, and made such an Assault for *Pity* and *Love*, that unable to bear the Attaque, trembling all over with Fear, and Desire, I broke from him and ran to my Chamber.

H E was not so bashful a Lover, or so ignorant of Woman, as to have his Passion defeated by the first Repulse; or not to understand the sure Symptoms of Love from my Eyes, and my Blushes, and the Tremblings he found when he press'd me with Kisses, and tender Caresses. He follow'd me therefore, and finding my Chamber-door open, came to my Closet, knock'd gently at the Door, which when I open'd to see who it was, he rush'd in, and

and seiz'd me in his amorous Arms, and betwixt Kisses, and Embraces, would not suffer me to cry out. I must confess the Opportunity was so agreeable, and the Lover so pleasing, and my Desires so heighten'd, I cou'd not resolve to deny my own Satisfaction, to punish the Rudeness, and Force, that I found so transporting. In his Arms I sunk down on the Couch, and with a faint Resistance suffer'd him to gain a Victory in which our Triumph was equal.

AFTER a little Respit, and a gentle Accusation of his cruel Kindness in sacrificing my Honour, I advis'd him to retire, lest the *Governante* shou'd find him; for tho he had secur'd one Spy in *Faschinetti*, yet the Envy of the old *Governante* might be as prejudicial to our Affairs, on which his Life, and my Reputation depended. My lovely Charmer, said the Baron, *think not that I have been so improvident of this moment of Pleasure, which cou'd only save my Life, and which I have long'd for with all the Impatience of Love, as not to provide against that Evil. Know then, that long since I have prepar'd my Way there, by taking up her Thoughts with an Employment of the same Nature. For I have in my Retinue a Frenchman call'd La Mime, who for a Reward undertook to win her to his Arms, and so lull asleep those watchful Eyes, that might else interrupt our Enjoyments. Impossible, said I, 'tis impossible*

ble, that any one can sink so far below the Nature of Man to attempt any such Affair with a Monster so confess'd. The French, Madam (reply'd the Baron) are a People, that will undertake any thing for Money ; and I can assure you, the Opportunities of waiting on me so frequently here, has furnish'd him with such Means to make his Address, that he has for some time been in possession of the peculiar Happiness of her Embraces.

I COU'D not give Credit, I told him, to his Assurances, unless he cou'd so contrive it, that I should surprize them in the midst of their Dalliance : which besides the Diversion might be of use in the carrying on of our Intrigue. He promis'd the Discovery, and having improv'd the Minutes, his Policy had procur'd us, in all the Endearments of Love, I dismiss'd him till another Opportunity.

C H A P. IX.

A Continuation of Donna Theresa's Intrigue with Casanatta, and its Tragical Event. With the diverting Adventures of those of Faschinetti, Carpegna, their Wives, and the Cardinal.

BUT giving a Cessation to the first Raptures of our Love, I must tell you the
G
Fortune

Fortune of *Faschinetti*. The Footman having got him into the Chair, made him pass through several Streets, Allyes and Lanes, and by different, and by-ways, brings him back again to the *Cardinal's* Palace, and stopping under a Balcone, ready with a Ladder, plac'd there for that Purpose, mounted the Knight Adventurer to his exalted Post of Love, assuring him he wou'd go, and give the Signal to the amorous Lady.

THE Ladder is taken away, and *Faschinetti* left alone, full of jond Impatience for the pleasing Encounter. He had not waited long before he heard, in the Apartment, a Voice which he thought himself well acquainted with. For he imagin'd he heard his Wife in an amorous Commerce, with one, who seem'd by his Tone to be *Signor Carpegna*. But as he was attempting to look into the Window to make the discovery, he was suddenly diverted by the Approach of several People beneath the *Balcone*, where he stood. Which made him cower down, to hide himself from the Flambeaux, till they were past. But, to his great surprize, they took up their Station exactly underneath the Balcone where he stood, beginning immediately to tune their Instruments, which when in order, one of the Company sung this Serenade.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

*A*H bright Belinda hither fly,
And such a Light discover,
As may the absent Sun supply,
And cheer the drooping Lover.

2.

Arise my Day, with speed arise,
And all my Sorrows banish
Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes
All gloomy Terrors vanish.

3.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
And curse the boarded Treasure :
Why shou'd you Love to give us Pain,
When you were made for Pleasure ?

4.

The petty Pow'rs of Hell destroy,
To save's the Pride of Heaven :
To you the first, if you prove Coy ;
If Kind, the last is given.

5.

The Choice then sure's not hard to make
Betwixt a Good, and Evil :
Which Title had you rather take,
My Goddess, or my Devil ?

AFTER the Song they play'd some Symphonies on their Instruments, on which *Faschinetti's* Lady opens the Balcone-door to grace the

the Solemnity, and own the Devotion ; being told by *Carpegna*, that it was a Sacrifice of his Love to her, but that either the Pleasure of her Conversation, or the Haste of the Musicians, had prevented his Attendance. On which he presently took his leave, and went directly to join them ; and she then open'd the door, as I have told you, to accept the Gallantry of her Lover. But the Door was no sooner open'd but *Faschinetti* tumbled into the Room, and his pious Lady affrighted, cry'd out, *the DEVIL, the DEVIL* ; which with the Noise of the Fall, made the Fiddlers all vanish in an Instant.

FASCHINETTI getting up, was no less affrighted, than his Lady, who was fled to the Apartment of *Carpegna*, where she surpriz'd her Gallant's Wife, and the *Cardinal*, in a Posture not very canonical, which confirm'd the Grounds of her former Suspicions. But all things were hush'd, and a mutual Confidence made, by a Discovery of each others Inclinations.

THE first Confusion being over, the *Cardinal*, and Madam *Carpegna*, accompany'd her to see what the matter was in her Room, which had given her this Alarm, and them this Interruption. But fearing, that it might be some Thief, who had waited there an Opportunity of robbing the House, the Servants were call'd
up

up ; who with Arms in their Hands ready charg'd, guarded the Company to see the Adventure ; and I being call'd by the Noise from my Room, join'd the Brigade in the desperate Discovery.

IN the mean while *Faschinetti*, coming a little to himself, got up from the Floor, where we left him, and casting his Eyes all around, was amaz'd to find himself in his own Chamber, but cou'd scarce credit his Sight, in the Testimony it gave him of every particular thing, that shou'd convince him, it cou'd be no other Place. The hearing the House in an Alarm, awak'd him from his Trance into a Concern what course to take. The Balcone was too high for the Attempt of his Escape by that way ; and being forc'd to take a sudden Resolve, he steer'd his course, in the Hurry, directly to my Chamber ; which he easily attain'd before our formidable Posse cou'd arrive at his Apartment. Where when we were come we found no living Creature but the Paraquet, and the doors of the Room and Balcone wide open. The Servants, by order, searc'd every nook and corner, but cou'd find nothing at all, that they sought for. But the *Cardinal* cautious of his own Security, order'd them to look into every Room in the House, lest the Thief shou'd have convey'd himself into some other place to perfect his wicked Designs.

THE Noise of this Alarm made me run out of my Closet, and leave the door open, and a Copy of Verses I had just been making on my Lover, my self, and the happy Moments we had so lately enjoy'd, lay on the Table. *Faschinetti* escaping into my Lodgings, and finding the Closet unlock'd, took the Freedom to pass into it as the securest Place from a sudden Discovery, or immediate Surprize, and where he might have time to compose his Disorder, before the Company cou'd find him. There he found and seiz'd my amorous Ejaculations, reading them over with Envy, and Content; for he was pleas'd to find, that I was not impregnable; but fretted to the Soul to think, that any one had been happier, than himself. I'll venture, my dear *Fantasio*, to shew you the Verses inspir'd by Love, without the Assistance of any of the Ladies of *Parnassus*.

*AH! how transporting do the moments prove,
When we'r enjoyed by him we fondly love.
Who with an equal Warmth and Ardour fir'd,
Returns the Passion, that his Eyes inspir'd.
What words can paint the fierce invading flame,
That seiz'd each Fibre of my trembling frame,
When to my Arms the lovely Hero came?
Nor was the fire less strong, that warm'd his Breast,
Which he a thousand tender ways express't:
His sparkling Eyes shot flames of humid fire,
And his pleas'd Soul was tun'd to gay Desire.*

Close

*Close to my Face his feaverish Lips he join'd,
And with wild Transport round my Body twin'd,
Fearful of Joy, yet willing to be prest,
I strove a while, then class'd him to my Breast.
Who can the Raptures of our Loves declare ?
Ye Gods ! how soft our warm Embraces were.
We hug'd, we kiss'd, and at each am'rous close,
Up to our Mouths our Souls together rose :
Till with the Bliss o'rcome we dy'd away,
And for a while in speechless Raptures lay.
What's all the Pleasures of a World to this,
But gaudy Trifles and a Shew of Bliss ?
Why are our Lives prolong'd to Seventy Years,
Thin sown with Love, but cram'd with Plagues and
(Cares ?*

*And since we only can be said to live,
When we to Love our pleasing Moments give.
Instead of that long Age of anxious time,
Give me ye Gods now in my blooming prime,
So many minutes in Amintors Arms,
Whose matchless form my ravish'd Fancy charms ;
And on his Bosom gladly I'd expire,
Like the rich Phenix in her od'rous fire.*

YOU find these Verses too plainly confess the happy Hours I had past, and in my own Hand too perfectly known to *Faschinetti*, for me to deny it. I was only pleas'd, that I had lock'd up those, which the Baron had given me, and made on me, when he little thought of the Success that he met with.

I.

*AH! charmion shroud those killing Eyes,
That dart th' Extreams of Pleasure!
Else Celadon, tho favour'd dyes,
As well as him, whom you despise,
Tho in this different Measure.
While he with lingring Pangs drags on his Fate,
Dispatch is all th' advantage of my State:
For oh! you kill with Love as well as Hate.*

2.

*Abate thy Luxury of Charms,
And only Part discover:
Thy Tongue as well as Eyes have Charms,
To do a Thousand fatal Harms,
To the poor list'ning Lover.
Thy Glories shou'd like Heav'ns be
Conceal'd beneath the Veil of Mystery;
For to behold them in full force we die.*

IN our search we found, to our surprize,
Faschinetti in my Closet, and to my confusion,
when I remembered my Paper. He told us,
that being just come in, and hearing a Noise,
he had, as he came up, stept into my Apart-
ment, to see if any thing ail'd me; but being
entertain'd with the Pictures, and Books he had
found in my Cabinet, he had stay'd there lon-
ger, than he intended,

HAVING

HAVING search'd all the Palace, and Supper being ended I retir'd to my Closet, and to my Confusion found my Verses taken away : and remembering by what *Faschinetti* had whisper'd, his Looks, and Behaviour, that he had discover'd the fatal Secret, all my Invention was employ'd to contrive the Recovery of my Verses, and to abuse him with the persuasion of his Error.

THE next Morning he enter'd my Chamber with an Air too assuming, and just going to add Words to his Looks on a Subject I cou'd not suffer him to go upon, I began prudentially with him, and setting my Forehead in an angry Frown, with some Rage, I demanded my Verses, wondring at his assurance of not only entring my Closet, but of reading my Papers, and taking them thence. *You have reason Madam*, said he, with a malicious smile, *to be angry at a Discovery, which your Honour is so much interested to conceal. But, Madam, it is in your Power, to have it yet a Secret, provided you look on me with Eyes more favourable to my Wishes. You may easily believe, that it is not one Conquest that your Charms are confin'd too ; for the Miracles of your Beauty are not content to rouse the hot Blood of the Young, made an easy Trophy to the Impression of every Face by their Heat, and their Vigour, but they inspire a YOUTH into*
OLD-AGE

OLD-AGE *it self, giving a fresh Spring of Desire in the Autumn of Life.*

I MUST *avow* (continued he without giving me time to answer him) *that I speak by Experience ; for not all my Reserve, the Sullenness and Severity of my Temper, not the Debility of my Years have been able to avoid the terrible Blow. And I bless this Occasion, which has given me assurance, that I speak not to a Lady insensible of Love, and all its most soft, and tender Endearments.*

HOLD — said I in a Fury, Signor Fascinetti ; *this Language is insufferable, and I must tell you, that tho I am a Woman, I shall find means to revenge the Affront. I am oblig'd to your Folly for the discovery of your Passion, and shall acquaint the Cardinal, my Uncle, with your honourable Pretensions, who does not use to pass over Contempts of this Nature, as peccadillo's not worth the minding. Because by your rude Intrusion you have surpriz'd a Copy of some Verses, which I have transcrib'd from a Translation of Ovid, by a Member of the Academy of the Ardent, you presume upon them to this Insolence, as if they were my own. But Sir, I must tell you, that unless you immediately return my Paper, and leave my Room, I shall seek a Remedy less agreeable to your Interest.*

I SPOKE with that assurance, that *Faschinetti* was astonish'd, and really believing what I said to be true, return'd my Verses, and left my Chamber, begging a Thousand Pardons, and assuring me of all the modest respect of one, who must own the highest regard for my Good, and my Happiness.

BUT tho the confidence of my Action, the plausibility of my Pretence, and the Guilt of his Declaration had cast a Cloud on his Understanding, and given him a tumultuary satisfaction ; yet the Hurry, and Consternation being over, and coming on his Bed to consider, fresh Doubts alarm'd his Fears, and roused up his curiosity for a farther discovery. For several Corrections, and Blots in the Paper were evident Proofs of its being an Original.

THIS made him so watchful, especially of the *Baron*, that in spite of our caution, he observ'd several conscious Glances, which tho no evidence of our Guilt, was some of our Inclinations. He kept us always in sight ; nor ever left us alone, which gave us both a mutual uneasiness ; For our Souls thirsting for a Conversation more near and endearing, than cou'd be found in this Constraint, Blushes and kind Looks were perfectly extorted from us. The pleasure of seeing each other, and being
so

so near together heighten'd our Desire of a closer Conjunction.

IT happen'd that he was oblig'd to leave us a few Moments to go to a Visitor about Earnest Business, tho with the utmost Reluctance ; we improv'd the fleeting Minutes with Caresses, and Kisses, exchanging our Amorous Souls at our Mouths. He spar'd only time to tell me, that I shou'd retire to the Governants Chamber, and that in a quarter of an Hour I shou'd be entertain'd with the pleasant Adventure, he had promis'd me ; on which he founded the means of obtaining more frequent, and uninterrupted Opportunities of a nearer, and dearer Conversation.

I RETIR'D to the Rendezvouz of these comical Lovers, and the Baron to *Faschinetti* and his Company, that he might not alarm him with any farther suspicions, finding by my Account what had happen'd. I was scarce got into a corner of the Room, that was dark, and obscure, when the Governant, and *La Mime* softly steal in, and without any previous Ceremony of Fondness threw themselves down on the Bed ; and in a little time I came forward, and throwing open the Curtins seized her in the Fact. You may better imagine, than I describe, the Consternation she was in, and with what struggles she endeavour'd to

to make her escape ; but I held her too fast, while *La Mime*, glad of the relief, stole gently away, and left us together. I reproach'd her abominable and monstrous Lust, that on the very Verge of Mortality, Sapless, and Dry, cou'd admit the criminal Embraces of a Lusty Young Frenchman. In short I said all in an imitated Rage, that a real one cou'd prompt ; vowing that I wou'd immediately tell all to the *Cardinal*, and have her discarded.

SHE fell on her Knees, embrac'd my Feet, beg'd with all the moisture Age cou'd supply her Eyes with, and promis'd no more to be guilty. *Shou'd I, in my Youth, said I, in the full flowing of my Blood be drawn into such a Folly, you wou'd be the first to oppose my Desires, put Obstacles in my Way, or betray the Affair. Try me, my dear Lady, said she, I will venture the Life you give me to satisfy your Pleasures ; If any young Lord has pleas'd your Eye, and rais'd your Desire, I will promote your Satisfaction with all my Industry and Cunning.*

I N short, after some parley on this Head, we came to an agreement, and by the Capitulation she was to possess her *La Mime* as long as she cou'd, while I had the Master. But the difficulties of my Amour were greater, than in hers, to whom Age, Deformity, and Neglect

lect gave a liberty of Acting without Observation. Whereas I had the Eyes of too many to deceive, to bring my Affairs about with so much ease. But the dear *Casanatta*, had by his fertil Invention, smooth'd the rugged way to our Joys, by this contrivance. He had provided himself of the Habit, and Cargo of one of those Women, who sell Pomatums, Washes, Paste and the like, to the Ladies for their Hands, and their Faces ; in this Attire the Governant was to introduce him to my Closet, which was the next Ev'ning effected ; where I held him in my Arms without fear or constraint for many Hours.

NOW was our Amour in its greatest Tranquility, while secure from all danger we indulge our Enjoyments. This made me have no longer any regard to, or keep any measures with the Count *Luciano*, who still persecuted me at my Hours of Retirement. I therefore beg'd the *Cardinal*, if he valu'd my Repose, not to let me be any longer tormented with the Visits of a Man, that was my aversion. The Cardinal cou'd not deny me what I ask'd with some Earnestness, but taking a convenient Opportunity, inform'd him of my Sentiments in as soft and tender a manner as he possibly cou'd, and desir'd him to forbear the Visits for the future, assuring him, that notwithstanding my severity on
his

his Account, he wou'd do him all the good Offices with me, except a constraint, which he never wou'd use.

ABOUT this time, the Old Prince of *Ascoli* having some secret Negotiations with the Cardinal, was more frequently at his Palace, than formerly. Which gave life to a Report that I was the Business of his Visits. This Rumour reaching the Ears of *Luciano*, persuaded him to believe himself sacrificed to the *Cardinal's* Ambition. Nay, he was told this Amour had been of some standing, and that we had been some time really contracted.

HE therefore resolv'd to retire into *Spain*, and go to the Wars against *Portugal*, but sent me this Letter, and these Verses, e're he left *Naples*.

L E T T E R V.

“ **Y**OU may venture, cruel Maid, to read
“ this Letter without being offended with
“ too much of my *Love* ; it being the last,
“ I believe, I shall trouble you with. That
“ I have lov'd you, nay, that I love you still
“ with the sincerest of Passions, witness all ye
“ Pow'rs, that govern our Actions, and dis-
“ pose of our Fates. Had I known, Madam,
“ that your Heart and your Honour were
engag'd

“ engag’d to another, I wou’d never have
“ troubled you with the Pains, and Agonies
“ you have caus’d. I shou’d have endea-
“ vour’d to stifle so unhappy a Flame in its
“ Birth, and never have given head to a
“ Fire which now I fear too strong for me to
“ master. However since it is impossible for
“ me to be happy in your Arms, I shall learn
“ from despair to banish all those agreeable
“ Fantoms, which haunted my Thoughts with
“ the bewitching Scenes of Pleasure, I ne’r
“ can obtain. I am, Madam, very sensible, nay
“ I have a most terrible *Idea*, of the struggle
“ I must go through ; but since like Death it
“ must be past, *I* must arm my self with the
“ strongest Resolution *I* am able. Tho *Death*
“ wou’d be a Thousand times more support-
“ able ; that being but the separation of Soul
“ and Body, this the division of the Soul,
“ the Death of *Love* ; an Agony, that none
“ but he, who loves like me can tell. It is
“ no small aggravation of my Woe, to think,
“ that you must share in my misfortune. Par-
“ don me charming Maid, *I* do not suppose,
“ that the loss of so great a Wretch as *I* am,
“ can be the least pain to your Heart ; but
“ when *I* consider my happy Rivals impotence
“ and Age, it is plain he can never adore
“ you like me and you will miss abundance
“ of Happiness, which my Zeal wou’d have
“ procur’d you. Ah ! cruel and fantastic
“ Fate

“ Fate, that ordains me not only to lose
“ you, but to see you lost in the cold wi-
“ ther’d Arms of Age; to see all those ex-
“ cessive Beauties, worthy all the Changes
“ of *Jupiter*, confin’d to the Grave, ev’n in
“ their Blossom of Youth. Hear me, Ma-
“ dam, hear me, and remember, that you had
“ an Adorer, that loved you faithfully, nay
“ that lov’d you equal to the vast Extent of
“ your Merits; that when he was in the
“ midst of Despair, in all the Agonies of an
“ unlucky Passion; in misery deriv’d on-
“ ly from your Eyes, pray’d for your Hap-
“ piness without regard to his own; who
“ thus implor’d Heaven for you. May rea-
“ dily success still meet your Desires, may the
“ sincerity of your Friends prove worthy
“ your Innocent Confidence in them. May
“ the Charms of your Body be as lasting as
“ those of your Mind; may no Pain inter-
“ rupt your Ease, nor misfortune your Feli-
“ city; but as you are the most charming of
“ your Sex so may you be the most happy;
“ may your Husband’s Love be like mine,
“ and since you are bound to the feeble
“ Arms of Old-Age, may yours like the
“ Charms of *Medea* renew his Youth; or
“ what is next to it, and not much more
“ possible, may you never know what *Love*
“ is, or may you think him as amiable as he
H “ must

“ must think you. But shou’d I follow the
“ dictates of my Heart, whilst it is pouring
“ out Blessings upon you, I might tire you,
“ but never the Zeal of my Love. Having
“ thus made the Will of my dying Hopes,
“ I will trouble you no longer; but let them
“ in silence expire.

Luciano.

An Adieu to LOVE.

A S O N G.

1.

NO longer such a Slave I’ll be
To Eyes regardless of my Pain;
Her Cruelty has set me free,
And broke the stubborn Chain.
Belinda you, that made me sigh in vain,
Now give the Cure by your unjust disdain.

2.

Thou visionary Bliss farewell!
Thou Dream of Love adieu!
Too many are the Pangs we feel,
But oh! the Joys so few!
Glory a Brighter Mistress I’ll pursue,
Glory can never prove so coy, as you.

3. The

3.
*The Din of War my Soul shall wake
And all thy Charms remove:
The wanton Boy his Flight shall take,
And meaner Conquests prove.
Through Fire and Sword secure of Fate I'll move,
Safe from all Harms, while I am safe from
(Love.*

AS he expected no Answer, so he set out of *Naples* the next day, and I was left without any molestation from that side, to enjoy my dear Baron. But young Lovers have never any Prudence, or Mean in their Enjoyments. *Casanatta's* Publick Visits were now too rare, and his Private Ones too frequent always to avoid the discovery of a jealous-fighted Lover. The *Cardinal* was too much taken up with Affairs of State, or his Amour, to give us much disturbance, and the Governant, who was left to watch over my Honour, was too strongly engag'd in our Party to interrupt our Pleasures, but *Faschinetti* was too vigilant, and too full of suspicion, and desire, not to unravel a Mystery, we were not cautious enough of concealing.

HE had Information from his Spyes, that almost every Ev'ning a Woman was admitted

to me under pretence of selling me Perfumes, and Pomatums, and that she seldom staid less, than an Hour, or two in my Apartment; a suspicion too pregnant of the Messenger of a favour'd Lover, or the Lover himself in that disguise. This recall'd to his remembrance my Verses, and the silent Language of the Baron's Eyes, and mine, which he had more, than once interrupted. He was fully satisfi'd, that to let himself into this Secret was the only way, that he cou'd ever hope to pass to his Wishes. Having therefore intelligence of the Baron's being with me, the Governant being securely retir'd to *La Mime, Faschinetti* gently steals into my Room, and finding none there creeps close to the Closet, with the utmost attention listening, and frequently putting his Eye to the Key-hole to make the discovery, that to him was both painful, and pleasant. Here he plainly saw us in the height of our Raptures, and observ'd me with Rage meeting him with equal Fire; while with mutual Murmurings we dissolv'd in each others Arms.

NOT satisfi'd with this he listen'd to our discourse, and so perfectly unravell'd the Mystery. However he thought good to suppress his Resentment, and not to come tip-
on

on me with too sudden a Surprise ; gently therefore retiring, he re-enters the Room with some Noise, which warn'd us to put our selves in a Condition of not being discover'd in any suspicious Appearance. The Fardel was open'd, and we began to chaffer for a Price, till he knock'd at the Door, which without any Concern immediately I open'd, and proceeded in my Bargain with the suppos'd Female-Merchant ; he humour'd the Deceit, and bought some Paste for the Hands ; and as the Baron went out, under Pretence of Kissing so pretty a young Trader, had a full View of his Face, which his Disguise was not sufficient to alter so much as Suspicion was to reveal. He had order'd him however to be dog'd, and the Information was brought him, that he enter'd a Perfumer's, and in a little Time after came out in a Cloak muffled up, so went directly to the Back-gate of his own Garden.

H E said nothing till the next day, waiting the same Hour for his Approach, at my Chamber-door ; but the Baron was secretly convey'd up the Back-stairs to my Cabinet. His Spy brought him word, the false Merchandess was with me ; so *Faschinetti*, with his usual Liberty comes into my Room, but was stopt by the Governant who was there,

who told him I was busy with a Lady of my Acquaintance, and wou'd not be disturb'd; he reply'd his Business was earnest, as coming from the *Cardinal*, and, therefore, wou'd not be deny'd. So he came forward to the Closet, which I immediately set open without any Fear. As soon as he saw the *Baron* there again — *Ha! Madam*, said he, *I fear you design to interlope on the Trade of the Perfumers, since you are so frequent a Customer to this fair Merchantess.*

T H E *Baron* pretended he had brought me a Pattern of some new *Roman* Gloves, which occasion'd his giving me this Trouble so soon; I told him I lik'd the Sample, and bid him bring me a Dozen Pair; and so I dismiss'd him without the least guilty Concern. He was no sooner gone, but *Faschinetti* seizing me in his Arms, forc'd a Kiss from me, which when I resented, he desir'd me to be more calm, since it was now in his Power to ruin my Affairs, and that Despair might make him do things we all might repent, unless I resolv'd to be more indulgent to his Passion, and yield to him what I so freely dispos'd of to the *Baron Casanatta*. To this he added an Account of all he had discover'd, as what he had seen, what he had heard, and that he not only knew him by

by his Face, tho in the Disguise of a Woman, but had had him trac'd ev'n to his own House.

I WAS in some Confusion at his Discourse, but utterly deny'd the Truth of his Charge. However I thought it not amiss to seem a little more plyable to his Dotage, and allow'd him by degrees the Liberty of kissing my Hands, my Lips, and my Bosom; which was Encouragement enough to hope greater Favours, which he press'd with some Earnestness, and added some Force. But I pacify'd his Eagerness with a Promise that he shou'd not always sigh in vain; that the Risque was too great, to venture in that manner a Surprise, that might ruin us both; and that he must contrive some way more secret, and less dangerous, to gratify his Wishes.

A P P E A S 'D with these Reasons, and highly pleas'd with his Success, he retir'd to contrive the Means of arriving at Possession, without which, he told me, it was impossible he should live. His odious Addresses, and nauseous Caresses, and his filthy Kisses, which then I had been oblig'd to endure, gave me a Resolution of at once punishing his Insolence,

lence, and destroying the Credit of his Discovery, on his Disappointment.

HIS barren Head cou'd devise no way, but what he had seen put in Practice by *Casanatta*, and so hop'd in the Womans Disguise to pass the whole Night in my Arms. The Night is appointed, and I am prepar'd for the happy Rencontre. I order'd therefore the Governant to conduct him in, and up Stairs to my Chamber. When he came there, I cou'd not but laugh at the very ridiculous Figure he made, which bearing a while, he press'd my retiring with him to the Closet. I told him the Night had happy hours enough in store for the whole extent of his Passion. It now being near Bed-time, and *Faschinetti* just setting down to undress him, the Governant, by my Order, came running in and told me, the Cardinal was coming to me before he went to Bed. I express'd all the Concern imaginable for his Safety, and Life. I assur'd him, his Disguise, which cou'd not conceal him, was much worse, than if he had been there at that time without any ; he propos'd the Closet ; that I told him was the Place, where we always retir'd, but looking about, as by Chance, I discover'd a great Chest (I had order'd to be plac'd

plac'd there) and advis'd him to get into it, for the Cardinal wou'd not stay above a quarter of an Hour, and then I wou'd enlarge him into my Arms ; so giving him a treacherous Embrace, we tumbled him quickly into the Chest ; and lock'd him fast in, and order'd Porters to carry it to his Apartment, and deliver it to his Wife, as sent Home from him.

T H E Porters convey'd it with admirable dexterity, and found in *Faschinetti's* Apartment *Carpegna* with his Wife, and setting down the Chest, they went away about their Business. I waited the Event with some Pleasure, and Satisfaction, finding then no small Relish of the *Italian* Maxim — —

Dolcissima Mortali, é la Vendetta.

Revenge is the sweetest Pleasure of us Mortals.

T H E coming of the Porters had a little interrupted *Carpegna's* Affair ; but now pushing her on the Chest, he was very near Possession of a Happiness he had known before, when *Faschinetti* hearing what was going about, and being unwilling to be so near a Witness of his own Cuckoldom, forgetting his own pleasant Accoutrements, began to

to make a Noise, and knock, and bounce at the Chest, till he had beat one end of it out. This *noisy* Inhabitant of the Chest had frightened the Lady so, as to make her scream out ; which drew my self, ready for the Alarm, and *Carpegna's* Wife, and the *Cardinal* to the Place of Distress ; our coming stop'd *Carpegna* to see what the matter had been. We found *Faschinetti* just disengag'd from his amorous Mouse-Trap. The Company now divided betwixt Wonder and Laughter, at his Ridiculous Dress ; nor cou'd I conceal my Satisfaction, or hinder my Mirth at his Disaster, which highly provok'd him, tho the Company now visibly finding him out join'd in the Laughter, while every one had his Jest on his Comical Figure. His Passion cou'd not bear *Carpegna's* Triumph, and threaten'd, that moment, Death to his Spouse. But half pacify'd by me for fear of a farther discovery of his Attempts, he turn'd the Railery on *Carpegna*, and that he was sorry, his *Erolie* had interrupted the *Cardinal's* diversion with his Wife.

FROM this, Words arose ; for the *Cardinal* resented the Reflection, and protested on *Verbo Sacerdotis*, that he was wrongfully accus'd. I enjoy'd but a short time the Pleasure of my Revenge ; for matters were come
to

to that height, that *Faschinetti*, resolving to leave the Palace with his Lady that moment, wou'd not suffer me to triumph in his Disgrace, but gave the *Cardinal* some Hints, that he was not the only sufferer in the Honour of his Family ; and plainly told him, that I had sacrific'd mine to the Baron.

T H I S put me on a Necessity of telling the whole Company the Adventure, and his infamous Sollicitations of my Honour, for which I had punish'd him in that manner. That his Rage, at a Disappointment, had made him forge so ridiculous a Story. The Governant was at hand to justify what I said, which render'd his Sincerity so suspected, that his Evidence was slighted by the whole Company. In a Rage at these Insults, he threw off his Habit, and immediately left the Palace, with his Lady, who found the Art afterwards to wheedle him into a good Opinion of her Vertue, persuading him, that all the Circumstances only prov'd a Villainous Attempt of *Carpegna*. Who soon after returning to *Rome* with his Wife, left the *Cardinal* more at leisure to consider of what *Faschinetti* had told him of the Baron. Some Circumstances were too positive to merit his Neglect ; and he concluded that he wou'd never have had Assurance enough

nough to attempt my Embraces, but by some certain discovery of my Adventures.

H E plac'd some new Spies on my Actions, and so soon was inform'd of the frequent Access of this Woman. For the troublesome domestic Spy being remov'd, we took the more Liberty in our Amour, and frequently pass'd the whole Night unsuspected in one anothers Arms.

O N E fatal Night, when tir'd with the Repetition of our mutual Caresses, Sleep had seal'd up both our Eyes, Death came and ravish'd him from my Arms. The Governants Chamber was betwixt mine, and the *Cardinal's*, which he entring with a Dagger, and dark Lanthorn, *La Mime* on the Noise leapt out of Window, and breaking his Leg was taken by the Watch. But the *Cardinal* stay'd not to examine that matter, least he should lose the Aim of his Vengeance, the sweet charming Thief, that rifled his Honour on my Bosom. My Chamber on that side was unlock'd, as dreading no Danger ; so coming directly to my Bed-side, he gaz'd on us a while, as fast lock'd in each others Arms as in Sleep ; I first wak'd by the Light of the Lanthorn, and seeing him going to pierce the dear Breast, that I doated on, I cry'd
out

out so loud, that the *Baron* awak'd, but not time enough to prevent the first Stab ; which tho not immediately Death, yet made him fall back in the Bed, almost drown'd in his own Gore. I seiz'd the *Cardinal's* Hand, beg'd him to dispatch me with the lovely Youth. But deaf to my Prayers, and my Tears, snatching his Hand away, with another Blow sent his poor Soul a wandring with the Dead.

'TIS in vain to tell you the Extravagance of my Passion, not considering the naked Condition I was in, I threw my self out of Bed, and beg'd Death at his Hands, and which I thought once he wou'd have given me ; but Nature prevail'd, and throwing my Cloaths about me, he made me quit the Room, and retire to another Apartment. And then order'd the Body to be thrown out of Window into the Sea, that on that side beat on the Walls of the Palace.

I T was long e'r I cou'd be brought to eat, or drink, or bear with any Patience the Light of the Day, much less the sight of the *Cardinal* himself. Who imagining that the Place, might still keep my Grief fresh and lasting, he remov'd me to *Rome*. And here took a peculiar Care to wean me from
my

my Sorrows, by all the Diversions, this City afforded.

A Y E A R was now past, and Youth, and other Objects, had thrown out a Guest so injurious to my Pleasure, and Beauty ; when Don *Luciano* returning from *Spain*, and finding me at *Rome*, by the *Cardinal's* Permission renew'd his Addresses ; and it was he, who gave me the *Vespers*, and *Mass*, where his usual ill Fortune threw thee in the way to his Happiness. Not that I ever wou'd have Marry'd him, but yet I might have thought so much due to his Constancy, as not to let him sigh always in vain.

H E R E she ended her Narration, which was indeed very diverting by its extraordinary Variety of Events Pleasant, and Melancholly. But the Bloody *Catastrophe* of the Baron, gave me Pain for my self, least that shou'd be my Fate one day or other.

The End of the First B O O K.



The New Metamorphosis :

O R,

The Pleasant Transformation.

The Second B O O K.

C H A P. I.

Containing an Account of Theresa's Argument against Marriage ; the terrible Death of the Marquess of Ancona, and young Bentivoglio her Gallant : The Intrigue of a grave Matron of Sienna with Fryar Rinaldo : And of an old Sicilian Physician's Wife with a Fryar Minorette ; the Advantages of Intriguing with the Clergy.

IT was now time to dress against Dinner, and having taken my Repast, and run through the Pleasures of the Day, the Night returning gave me again to the dear Arms of the charming *Theresa*, letting me into the
brightest

brightest Field of Love, where, without any check, I might run my full carier.

T H U S Night past after Night, and nothing but Pleasure and *Love* : till now she found her self with Child, and was not a little concern'd at the discovery, yet she appeas'd all my Fears with Assurances of my Safety, when the Secret cou'd no longer be conceal'd. I press'd her to Marry Don *Luciano*, by that Means the better to secure her Reputation, and me. But she told me, that was a Sacrifice too great to make to my Security, when there was no such necessity apparent. I ask'd her whence proceeded her Aversion to Marriage, which other young Ladies seem so forward to embrace.

I'LL tell thee my Cupid, said she, and I tell thee sincerely ; I know my self too well to run the Risque of a Husband, who when he has once paid his Liberty for Possession, lays a cruel Extortion on the Wife all her Life for the transitory Pleasure of a few Nights Enjoyment, ever after confining her Delights to his Neglect of her Charms. I am of an amorous Constitution, and shou'd strive to do my self that Justice my Husband deny'd me. Besides, I cannot promise for my Constancy in that Case ; I know not but

I might be weary of him sooner, than he wou'd be of me, and then to be oblig'd to his disgustful Embraces, is a Confinement I never can endure, or think of with Patience. The Lovers Humours are subject to me, the Husband's must command me. Nor can I ever forget the Fate of a dear Friend of mine, who Marry'd the Marquis of *Ancona*. She was Young, she was Beautiful, and stor'd with the little Frailties of our Sex. She was courted, she was won by the zealous Affiduties of the Marquis. In short, she was Marry'd, and too soon discover'd the Change of her Condition. His ill Humours grew insupportable ; his Follies without number ; his Insolence not to be born. No Interval of Quiet, till now she hated him more, than ever she lov'd him. What then remain'd, but that finding no Pleasure at home, she shou'd seek it abroad. The Church, the Rendezvous of the Young, and the Charming, soon furnish'd her with an Object worthy her Desires, in the Person of young *Bentivoglio*. By the Help of her Creature, she soon gain'd her End ; for he was too gallant a Man to suffer a fair Lady to sigh long in vain, and she too Charming not to find a Return. In short, they lov'd, and were belov'd ; were happy, and so had remain'd, had it not been for the cruel Imper-

tinence of the Husband, who, tho he found no Delight in her himself, nor cou'd afford her any Pleasure, enviously deny'd any other the Possession of what he cou'd not enjoy. A Discovery is made of the Intrigue ; the unfortunate *Lovers* found in the Fact ; the Gallant presently seiz'd, and the Wife, and the Assistant of her Amour, forc'd to strangle the unlucky *Bentivoglio*. Then with the dead Body of her Lover, they were both immur'd betwixt the Stone Walls, and she perish'd by degrees, on the cold Bosom of her Gallant. And this Barbarous Murther with our wise Magistrates, met with no Punishment, but was highly applauded, as an exact piece of Justice.

W H O then wou'd Marry to give up her Liberty, and all her Delights to the Will of a Man, that will have no Regard to them? No, no, the *Cardinal* is too fond of me to hurt me for what ever Liberty I shall fancy to take ; and all the Care, that remains on me is to secure the Person, that administers to my Pleasure.

T H E Fate of the Marchioness of *Ancona*, I confess (said I) my adorable Mistress, is an Instance too melancholly of the Tyranny of Husbands. But it must certainly be

be the ill Conduct of the Wives, who suffer such Discoveries ; or want of Address in wheedling the Foibles of their Lords. For every Man has his blind side, and Folly, which manag'd with Discretion, a Woman may easily turn to her Pleasure, and Security. Their Humour, Temper, Circumstances, Inclinations, Passions, every thing affords a Woman of Judgment the Means of her Satisfaction, with no more Hazard, than wou'd serve to heighten the Enjoyment. This is plain from the following Story.

T H E R E was a Woman near *Florence the fair*, who after a long Intrigue was a Bed with her Gallant, when her Husband was knocking at the Door. But having Presence of Mind in this streight, she clap'd her Lover under the Bed, and immediately run to let in her Cuckold. Whose Entrance she receiv'd with the small Shot of her Tongue, for venturing Home at a Time, when the Serjeants were in the House in search of his Person. The *Wittal* surprized at the imagin'd Disaster, beg'd her Advice what was to be done, the Gates of the Town being already shut up. After a little Pause — *Come make haste*, said she, *and slip softly into the Dove Coat, there only I believe you can be with Safety, that having been search'd by them already.* On all

the wings of Fear he mounted the Ladder, which the Wife of his Bosom as speedily removing, return'd to her Lover, whom, to frighten her Husband the more, she made act the Serjeant, and then retire with her to Bed without fear of Interruption ; in the Morning dismissing him with Security and Joy.

BUT if the Gallant be of the Church, a very Bungler may give a Loose to her Wishes without Apprehension : as will plainly appear from the following Adventures.

A SOBER Matron of *Sienna* had an Intrigue with a good jolly Fryar call'd *Rinaldo*, of so long a Continuance, that one wou'd think they shou'd not have been so greedy, as to run the Risque of any Discovery. It happen'd however, that while the Fryar was with her, and his Companion overhead with the Maid, her Husband unexpected comes thundring at the Door, and made her cry out she was undone. But recollecting her Thoughts, she bid the Fryar dress himself with all speed, and he shou'd see how cleverly she wou'd bubble her Husband. And having given him Instructions what Part he was to play in this Pageant, she ran to the Door, and let in her Husband, having laid the Child in the Place where she and the Fryar

Fryar had been dallying. Oh ! *my Dear*, said she, *I had little thought of seeing this Hour, that we shou'd be in danger of losing our little Son and Heir ! But had not it been for Fryar Rinaldo, (whom the Lord sent hither in the critical Minute) I am certain we never had seen the dear little Creature again.* The Husband, with some Concern, desir'd her to tell him what the matter was, and what the Child ail'd. *Alas ! my dear Husband, (reply'd the cunning Gypsie) at first I was almost dead my self to see the poor Child swoon away in the manner he did ; for I thought he immediately wou'd have given up the Ghost ; nor cou'd I tell what in the World to do. When at that very Instant Fryar Rinaldo came in, and taking the sweet Babe in his Arms, said Gossip, the Child is sick of the Chest-worms, which gnaw on his Stomach, and will be his Death, unless speedy Remedy be apply'd. But be not cast down, I will exorcise them in such a manner, that I'll warrant I cure him, and leave him as well as ever he was in his Life when I go hence. And because we wanted you to say certain Prayers, and you were not to be found, he prevail'd with his Companion to go up over-head, and say them according to order. Fryar Rinaldo, and I having shut our selves into the Room, because none but the Mother of the Child must be present at this Mystery, which*

*oblig'd me to let you wait so long at the Door. The Child, I believe, is still in the Fryar's Arms, and if his Companion had but finish'd his Prayers all wou'd be over, the Boy being perfectly recover'd already. The simple Cuckold bamboosled with this Story, fetching many a deep Sigh from his Heart, desir'd to see the poor Infant ; but she stop'd him, with assurance that his going in wou'd spoil all the Cure ; that she wou'd see if the Operation were over, and call him then to the Joy. The Fryar by this means, had time to dress him at leisure, and hearing what she had said, call'd out aloud, *Do I not hear your Husband ?* He replying yes, very demurely, the Fryar having compos'd himself to much Gravity, bid him come in ; and thus with a solemn sanctify'd Countenance address'd himself to him. *Here take your little Son, whom by the help of St. Ambrose I have perfectly recover'd, tho when first I saw him I cou'd not believe cou'd have liv'd till Night. Therefore hear me good Sir, you must set up a waxen Image of your Childs bigness, before the Image of St. Ambrose, through whose Merits this Favour is bestow'd on your Family.* The Father then taking up the Child in his Arms, as if he had rais'd him out of his Grave, began to kiss him, and to thank the good Fryar for the wonderful Cure. In the mean
time*

time Fryar *Rinaldo's* Companion (that he might play his part in this Farce which he had heard) came down Stairs, and told Father *Rinaldo*, that he had said the four Prayers he had enjoin'd him. Which done, the Poor Husband made them a Banquet, with store of Preserves, and other Sweetmeats, and the Best of his Wine; and waiting on them out of the House with a great deal of Devotion, recommended his Family to St. *Ambrose*, by the Prayer of good Fryar *Rinaldo*, and causing his Childs Image immediately to be made in Wax, set it up before the Image of St. *Ambrose*, as a Testimony of the Miracle.

T H E Young Wife of an Old Physician, call'd *Agatho*, in *Messina* in *Sicily*, made Choice of a brisk *Fryar Minorette*, for her Confessor. And in her Confession she took care to discover her Mind in some measure, and her gay Inclinations to supply the Defects of Matrimonial Duty in her Husband; and that she long'd for a change of Pasture, where she might find some better feeding. Before he gave her Absolution he enjoin'd her the next day to feign her self ill of Fits of the Mother (to which she was subject) when the Doctor was gone out to visit his Patients; and call on St. *Bernardine*, and his

Reliques, for her Cure. She follow'd his Instructions, and this *Minorette* was entreated to bring the Saints Reliques, and apply them to the Patient. The Fryar finding his Plot succeed so well, came near the Bed to her, and seeing too many Witnesses in the Room, told them he must begin the Operation with holy Confession, which was enough to make the whole Company withdraw, so that there only remain'd his Companion, and the Gentlewomans Maid. The Company remov'd, the Maid, and the Mistress found other Work to do, than Confession. In the midst of their Employment, who shou'd come home but the poor Old Physician, not giving the Fryar time to slip on his Breeches, but just to leap out of Bed. But finding these two Father Confessors so near his Wife, he began to scratch his Head where it did not itch, not daring to speak what he thought. But that which most aggravated his Woe, he found the Fryar's Breeches under his Wives Pillow; but she presently preventing his Resentment, said, Sweet Husband, because the Reliques of Blessed St. *Bernardine* have recover'd me, I desir'd the good Father to leave them with me, fearing a Relapse. The Fryar being inform'd by the Maid of the Trick her Mistress had put on her Husband, resolving to make the Catastrophe of a piece with the Comedy, return'd

return'd with Croffes, and Bells, and Singing, with the Prior of the Fraternity, and the chief of the Convent in Proceſſion, to fetch home his Breeches. And taking them out of a fair Linnen Cloath (in which the poor ſick Soul had wrap'd them) he made all the ſtanders by, the Cuckold and all, to kiſs them, and having laid them up in a Shrine, carry'd home this wonder-working Relique in Triumph.

I N ſhort, Madam, all that can be deſir'd by a Woman of Pleaſure in a Gallant, may be found in an Eccleſiaſtical Lover. The Church has taken Care, that they ſhall be every way agreeable, in excluding all *Eunuchs*, and deform'd from the Clergy. And as they are ſo well qualify'd in Perſon, ſo their Character obliges them to have ſome Regard to Decorum and Secrecy, and furniſhes Opportunity, and Security.

THERESA liſten'd very attentively to what I ſaid, but I was not then ſenſible, that I was pleading againſt my own Int'reſt, in offering her a new view of Intrigue, which yet ſhe had not experienc'd, and ſo agreeable to the fickle Inconſtancy of her Nature. But I ſoon found I had not preach'd to the Deaf, or advanc'd a Doctrine to a Scholar incapable of what I taught.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Theresa's Amour with a Dominican Fryar, and the pleasant ill Luck of the Fryar's Attempts puts an End to the Affair. Fantasio's Fears for himself from her Inconstancy, and the Cardinal's brutal Love to him, prevails with him to make his Escape in Woman's Cloaths.

THERE is a Monastery of *Dominicans* in *Rome*, not a little celebrated, and frequented for the fraternity of the *Rosary of the Blessed Virgin* ; at which Church *Donna Theresa* very often paid her Devotions. Among the many Jolly Priests of this House, she had cast her Eye upon one every way qualify'd for her design. He was young, strong, and handsome, his Colour fresh, his Eye black, and full, Lips ruddy, and Teeth white as Ivory. On this *Fryar* she fixt first for her Confessor ; by that means letting him into the secret of her Inclinations. As she was extreamly beautiful, and form'd to give Pleasure in its height, so Nature had given her an Appetite capacious of receiving all the satisfaction, and transports of Enjoyment in their utmost Extent. And as the
Fryar's

Fryar's Person was sufficient to raise great Desires in a Person of her Amorous Constitution, so he promis'd an Ability of fully gratifying what he rais'd.

THERESA was not satisfi'd with a meer Infidelity to me, but impos'd the odious Task on me of accomplishing her falsehood, to whom she was yet too dear to let me be indifferent in such an Employment.

FANTASIO (said she one day) *do you love me? you might as well ask me* (replied I) *whether I lov'd Happiness, Honour, and the greatest Pleasure a Man is capable of receiving; is it possible for any one to see you, and not love you? Is it possible for any Man to possess such Charms, and not be infinitely fond of you? Yes Madam, assure your self that I can love nothing like you, and that in comparison of you, Life it self is less desirable.*

BUT Fantasio (assum'd she again) *do you love me for my sake or your own? I must confess Madam* (returned I) *my own satisfaction has been so mingled in my fortunate Passion, that it is a difficult matter in what's past to separate you from my self, but if you wou'd put my Love for you to the Test, com-*
mand

mand me to do any thing, where my Life may be in competition with your Will.

I A M willing to believe you (said she) but a Proof wou'd confirm that Belief grounded on more, than meer Inclination. If you love me more, than your self, you will promote my Pleasure in opposition to your own. In confidence therefore of the truth of your professions I shall now make tryal of their Reality. Know then I have seen a Man, who has made an Impression on my Heart ; and without the possession of whom I am perfectly miserable. I have no body I can trust in the important secret but your self. He knows my Inclinations, and feels the same Desires, and Opportunity alone is wanting to make me Mistress of all my Wishes. Now you alone must be the obliging Instrument of my satisfaction. Why do you start at the only way, you can convince me that you love me ? Ah Madam (said I with a deep sigh) what have I done to provoke your Indignation so far as to command me the only thing in which I can disobey you. For this is to destroy the very being of my Happiness, and giving a certain Proof that I do not love you. For how can a Man that loves endeavour the delivering her, whom he loves into the Arms of another ?

IMPO-

IMPOTENT in her Desires she cou'd not bear my refusal, but with a Thousand Reproaches told me, that she wou'd employ some body else, while the secret shou'd die with me under her Resentment, by making a discovery of me to the Cardinal. I was struck dumb with that Terror, and immediately reflecting, that being employ'd in the Affair, I might find means of secretly disappointing the Success; and to secure my self till I cou'd find some way of making my Escape, from a Family, where I cou'd expect nothing but continual Fears, and certain Ruin in the End, after a pathetical Reproach of her Inconstancy, and Vows of my Love and Fidelity, I assur'd her, that her Pleasure alone cou'd engage me, since Life was no longer valuable since I had lost her Heart.

SHE taking my compliance on any Consideration sufficient for her use, order'd me to go to the Fryar, and appoint him to come the following Night about Twelve, and assure him that a Ladder of Ropes, shou'd be let down for him out of the adjacent Window, on which he shou'd mount to Happiness. I obey'd, and found the Fryar transported at the Assignment. But I took care before I came home to engage two, or three Friends to be near the Place at the Hour appointed, yet

yet so conceal'd, that they shou'd not hinder the Fryar from beginning to mount the Ladder. And so I returned home with my Ladder of Ropes, which I procur'd, and hid till the Hour of Action.

EVERY thing being thus in order for his Reception, it is impossible to express the Impatience of *Theresa* for his Arrival. I was at my Post, let down the Ladder, at the signal and held the End fast in the Window. The Fryar having fixt the End in the Street was mounting Three or Four Steps, when my Friends, punctual to their Agreement, pretend to stumble at the Foot of the Ladder, and then to sieze the Fryar, as a Thief attempting the Cardinal's Palace. The Noise was my, *Que*, and I let go the Ladder; down tumbles the Priest, and in his fall beats my two Friends to the Ground; and so being uppermost nimbly leaps up first, and chose to trust to his Heels for his Safety. They were not long after him, and pursued him so close, that he was forc'd to take shelter in the Public *Privy*, nor thinking himself there secure throws himself into it, which falling into the Common-shoar, through all that Filth he made his way to the *Tiber*; and so his Pursuers lost scent of him.

IN this woful Pickle our Ecclesiastical Lover got to the Monastery, and soon to his Bed. *Theresa* was too uneasie at the Adventure not to send me the next Morning to know what was become of him. I found him in a most lamentable Condition, and he gave me an Account of his Narrow Escape in all its Circumstances. I found a secret satisfaction at his ill Fortune ; but gave my Lady a faithful Relation of all he had told me : Which tho it gave her a sensible Affliction, yet bated not a whit of her Inclination to attempt that satisfaction which now had been disappointed.

I T was some time e'r the good Fryar had recover'd this scurvy Adventure so far, as to be able to make another assignation. And being now well again there seem'd too much hazard in whoring abroad, and therefore he appoints the Rendezvouz at home in the Sacristy of his Monastery, ordering her to be the next Night at the Festival of the *Rosary*, and to place her self incognito in that part of the Church next the Sacristy ; which he knew wou'd be pretty well crouded, and he wou'd find a means of her retiring from the Croud without any Notice ; and then with more security they might finish their Loves.

I WAS to attend her at the Sacristy-door, and not to appear in the Church, whence she easily retreated to the Field of Battle. I saw her go in with a heavy Heart, but without any means of disappointing them again. To discover it I durst not, nor appear to have any Hand in any delay of their curs'd Satisfaction. Patience was all the Remedy I had, and venting secret Curfes on the *Priest*, and *Theresa*. But while these melancholly Reflections took up my Thoughts, Chance and the Priest's Folly were more my Friends, than I expected. For of a sudden I heard the Voice of a Woman in a Passion, too loud for the Place and the Time. My surprize was scarce over, when I heard the door open, and saw my Lady come out in much haste veil'd, and pursu'd by another Woman, whose Violence was restrain'd by the force of the Fryar's Arms. My Lady and I made all our speed away, and by the most secret, and round about Streets got home safe.

BEING come to her self, and now in security, she told me she was disappointed by a very odd Accident, and the Heedlessnes of the Fryar, who had appointed her his usual Rendezvouz with another Woman: who waiting as she had often done before, for his

his retiring to do her Justice, was in an obscure Corner fallen asleep. But the Fryar proceeding to the cause of the meeting, threw her Head into the expecting Ladies Lap, which wak'd her from her sleep into Rage; and that occasion'd that Noise, and her Flight from the Virago, she durst not Encounter, for she was not a little mov'd at the Fryar's Infidelity; but had sufficiently reveng'd it on *Theresa*, had not the Fryar interpos'd. *And this my dear Fantasio*, said she, *I take to be a Judgment on my Falshood to thee*. I cou'd not but shew my satisfaction at that Thought, and in vigorous Embraces endeavour'd to regain a Heart, that was of too volatile a Nature to be long preserv'd. She never express'd so much Fire in the first opening of our Amour, as she discover'd that Night, and I lost all my former Disquiets in her Arms.

BUT the heat of Desire being over, and finding her grow every day bigger and bigger, I had serious thoughts of securing myself by a speedy Escape. But that, which hasten'd the Execution of my Design, was the streight I was in by the Cardinal's Addresses, which had reduc'd me to that, that I must feel the weight of his Resentment, or yield

K. to

to the gratifying his infamous Lust the next Night.

I ALWAYS had the Liberty of *Theresa's* Closet, and Wardrobe, and being pretty well furnish'd with the Money, I had got in this service, she having left me alone to go about some Affair, in which she had no Occasion of me, I found a Suit of hers of two Years standing, that fitted me very well. Having that day provided Horses (for I wou'd not venture with the *Procaccio*, or a *Vetturino*) for the next Morning I dress'd my self in Womens Apparel, and taking my Money I got out of *Rome* as soon as the Gate was open, taking my Road directly to the Province of *Barri*, where I had a Relation, who would take care of me till I got to some other Part of the World.

MY Fears made me hasten my Journey, and we rid very hard till coming near the *Appenines* in the *Abruzzo*, we saw a Party of Horse almost crossing our Road at some distance; but I little thought they were *Banditti*, as we afterwards found them.

C H A P. III.

Of Signor Fantasio's being taken by the Banditti, and the Adventure of the two Franciscan Fryars, who were severely whipt, and turn'd out of Door naked for using the fair Ladies, their Host had provided for them.

MY Guide was not so ignorant, as myself, but as yet uncertain of the Truth made a Halt, and told me, he was afraid they wou'd prove a Gang of *Banditti*. Their confus'd, and irregular March, as well as their Dress persuaded us, that they were no Soldiers, and yet we plainly discover'd that they were arm'd not only with Swords, and Pistols, but with Fuffees. This growing e'ry Moment more plain, my Guide wheel'd about, and turning his Horse towards *Portello* and *Rome*, advis'd me to follow him, with my utmost speed. Not staying for my Answer, but setting Spurs to his Horse he never look'd back till he was out of sight. But I was too much distracted betwixt two such Extreams, to fix with Resolution on either. So losing my Guide with an easy but unwilling Gallop, I followed at a distance.

I cou'd not but dread falling into the Hands of the *Cardinal*, when I reflected on the lamentable Fate of *Casanatta* ; on the other hand, the present Danger was too terrible to suffer me to be indifferent. In the midst of this Distraction I came to a By-Road, that turn'd off from the direct way to *Rome*, and in all probability might enable me to escape this Gang of the *Banditti*. Whipping, therefore, my Horse with all my force and Strength, I made all the speed forward, I cou'd, till hearing my self pursu'd with the Sound of many Horses I kept on my Pace till I found my self surrounded with half a score *Banditti*, who seizing my Horse, and rifling my Pockets, commanded me to go with them without more ado, assuring me, that if I attempted to make my Escape, they wou'd send such a Volley of Bullets along with me, as shou'd soon put a stop to my Journey.

I GAVE them all the fair Words in the World, and hop'd, as they were Men of Honour, they wou'd have some Regard to my Sex, and content themselves with what I had, without acting any thing to the Prejudice of my Virtue, or Safety. The Mode, and Matter of my Cloaths were too fashionable, and rich, not to inspire them with the
hope

hope of a considerable Ransom for my Person, as promising a Woman of the first Figure, and Quality. They therefore assur'd me, that I might be as easie, as in my own House, my Virtue, and Life being not what they sought, but the Money, which I must procure for my Liberty. Unable to appease this first Frown of Fortune, I bore it with a Patience, that made my Captivity easie, and according to their Command, I rode briskly on with them as gay and good humour'd, as if nothing had happen'd.

WE had not travell'd far towards the Foot of the *Appenines*, but coming into a wild solitary Thicket, we at a little distance discover'd two Men lying extended beneath an Olive-shade, stark naked, and all bloody, tho visibly alive. One of the Company rid up full speed to hinder their Escape till we got up to them, being willing to know the cause of their Condition. We soon found by their shav'd Heads they were a Brace of jolly *Franciscans*, one about five and Twenty, the other near Forty. On our Enquiry how they came into that woful Condition, the Elder assur'd us, that they had been set upon by Robbers, spoil'd of their Habits, and whipt in that manner because they had no Money. When the other still lying on

his Belly cry'd out, why dost thou add a Lye to thy other Crimes, into which thou hast drawn the Frailty of my Youth.

THIS contradiction betwixt the Fryars rais'd their Curiosity to hear the Truth of the Story ; which on some Importunity, and adding some Threats, the younger Fryar thus began to relate.

WITHIN a few Miles of this Place there lives an Impious Knight in a solitary Castle, fit for the Darknes of his Crimes, and Dissoluteness of his Life ; always it seems remarkable for his Enmity to our Order. But ignorant of his Malice in our Journey from *Rome* to our Monastery, we repair'd to his Dwelling, as we commonly do to good Catholics, for the charitable Support of a Nights Lodging. The Hypocrite receiv'd us with all the respect, and pious Veneration of a good Christian, and a firm Devote to St. *Francis*. He first refresh'd us with the finest choice Wine in his Castle, then set us to a Table plentifully furnish'd with the most curious Viands of the Season. Still more earnest to please us, the Dishes remov'd he push'd round the Glass, which being tir'd with a hot and tedious Journey we drank with an innocent Freedom. The Ev'ning came on he

he shew'd us to our Chamber, and concluding, as we imagin'd, with a Glass to our Repose. He then with a Thousand Caresses and a Face full of Sincerity told us, that he thought his Entertainment far from compleat, if he deny'd us any benefit of his House, which, with a *Roman* Hospitality he bestow'd on his Friends. That since we had Eat and Drank freely, it was to be suppos'd a beautiful young Girl wou'd be no ill Digestion, and that he had one for each, as Charming, and Compliant, as we cou'd desire. Not yet yielding to the Temptation, I told him, with all the humble Resentment due to our past Obligations, that those were Pleasures we had forsworn by a solemn Vow of Chastity. But drinking round another Glass, he apply'd himself thus to my Brother, assuring him he might be free with him as a firm Devote to our Order ; that he was sensible, that Flesh, and Blood were not put off with the Form of a few Words ; and that Nature requir'd a Vent, where she admitted a Repletion ; that Religious Vows and Oaths were Matters of Form, and of use to the Service of Religion, but not so binding to Particulars, as never to find a temporary Breach. So waiting for no Answer, on ringing a Bell Two Beautiful young Ladies enter'd the Room ; they were in a charming

loose Undress, with their swelling Bosoms all bewitchingly expos'd to the Eye, and sitting down by us, provok'd us to Freedoms which they wou'd not resist. First stealing our Hands to their snowy white Bosoms, they set us in such a confusion, that our Blood flying into our Cheeks, discover'd desire too much in our Eyes. The Gentleman withdraws, and leaves us to our selves, to act what we pleas'd, without any Witness but the Actors in the Pleasures. Being now left alone, my experienc'd Brother threw off his Habit, and Virtue at once, and meeting no Resistance, soon arriv'd at the Joy he desir'd. But I not yet us'd to Affairs of this Nature, with a bashful Ignorance proceeded no further, than Kisses and Caresses, while he reproaching my Coldness wou'd fain have diverted my Lady in the same manner. But then rais'd by Desire, and push'd on by Jealousie, and authoriz'd by Example, I attempted with fear what she gave without any. Having in these Amorous Engagements now past at least an Hour, and being fast lock'd in one anothers Arms, the Doors bursting open, the Knight and his Servants entering, seized on us as we were all Naked, they whipt us with Cords as long as they were able, each Minute upbraiding us in this manner. O ! *ye wicked Hypocrites* (said the Knight) *is*
this

this your singular Vow of Chastity? Is it thus, that you use to conquer your Temptations? Had these been my Wife, and my Daughters, thus you had us'd them. Tir'd now with Reproaches and Blows, thus bloody and naked as we are, he turn'd us out of Doors.

T H E Company seem'd diverted with the honest Confession of the Young Fryar, and on his desire of some old Cloak, or Ragg, to cover their Nakedness, till they reach'd their Convent, and better Accoutrements, assuring them of a plenary Indulgence for all their Transgression, from their singular Patroness, the *Blessed Virgin Mary*; one of the youngest of the Gang satisfy'd with the Bribe, and the Young Fryar's Ingenuity, threw him a Piece of an old Mantle, but charg'd him not to give his Brother any bit of it, who had put such a Scandal on their Profession, as to say he had been rob'd by the *Banditti*.

W H E N leaving them to their Shifts we gallop'd amain, till through various By-ways, unbeaten Paths, solitary Woods, Lanes, and Commons, we arriv'd at the foot of a prodigious high craggy Mountain, that seem'd to kiss the very Skies, and overlook the Clouds, that hung down around it, hiding its lower Parts from the Eye of the Sun.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

An Account of Fantasio's arriving at the Banditti's Castle. The Relation of their robbing Cardinal Fourbin. And the ill Success they met with in personating Cardinal Sermonezzi.

TH E Mountain was terrible to behold for its vast, abrupt, and steepy height, while the brown shades of the Forrests, that overspread the whole Hill, struck a Horror into the beholder, our Way was through frequent, and little narrow deep Valleys, rugged with numerous, and hollow Ditches, e'ry where beset and over-grown with thorny Bushes, and Brambles, which cross'd over the blind Road from side to side, and with the sharp and inaccessible Rocks which flank'd the Paths on each side of this Hollow, yielded a natural Defence, as it surrounded the steep of the Hill. From the very Summit of which boil'd up, in many large bubbling Springs, a plentiful Fountain of Water, which tumbling down the Precipices of the Hill, disembogu'd the silver Flood in vast, and natural Cascades ; whence being dispers'd in abundance of little Rivulets, and wat'ring those

those Valleys with a sort of standing Pools, like pacific Seas, or sluggish Streams, invested the whole.

T H E high Tower, or Castle of their Abode, rose up on the very Brow of a hideous Precipice, setting out its sides e'ry way beyond the Margin of the Hill. Before the Entrance, instead of Bulwarks, were various little By-paths, and Mounds of Earth in small Mazes, defending the Avenues by Cunning and Force. This Place we may call the Court of the *Banditti*, large enough for the Reception of themselves, their Horses, their Prisoners, and Spoil. There was nothing like a Habitation near it, but a little Hut cover'd with Straw, plac'd on the Neck of the *Isthmus*, as I may call it, that join'd the Plan of the Castle to the rest of the Mountain; where the Rogues by their Lots keep Centinel every Night to prevent a Surprize.

W E L L loaded with Plunder our Party has Admission; and coming into the Court, they with Volleys of Oaths call out an old decrepit Hagg, who alone seem'd to have the Care of the Health, and Repast of such a Number of Men. *Where art thou, thou old Hagg? Thou Property of the Grave; thou Af-front to Life; out-cast of Hell; must only you*
and

and be damn'd enjoy your self at home ; and not get us our Supper, in order to refresh us after our Toils and Fatigues all the day ? What art thou born only for thy ungodly Belly ? doing nothing Day nor Night but guzzle down our Wine, and devour our Food, with an avaricious Thirst, and Hunger, that can't be maintain'd ? Turn out you Hell-dam. The poor old Wretch, now trembling with Age, in a thin squeaking Voice, and fearful Tone, try'd to pacify their causeless Rage, and customary Belinsgate. Be not in a Passion my Heroes, my brave Boys, my Hearts of Oak, and Lungs of Leather, your Supper is ready, well season'd, and plentiful, Bread in abundance, your Bowls well clean'd, and replenish'd with Wine, a good Fire to warm you, and Water to wash you.

T H I S wise Discourse being over, and their eager Stomach's appeas'd with the Assurance of an immediate Supply, they convey their Plunder to their Storehouse, wash, and warm themselves, and the Provision being plac'd on the Table, every one soon threw himself into the Seat, that was next him. They were scarce yet seated, when in comes another much larger Troop of young Fellows ; whom we might easily perceive to be of some Society of the Pad, since they brought in their Prey of Gold, and Silver Vessels,

Vessels, Rich Silks, Brocadod Cloaths of Gold, and the like ; and having wash'd, and warm'd themselves, they scamper to the Table *higglede pigglede*. They eat, and they drank, without Order, or Decorum ; voraciously devouring, not eating their Meat, throwing down whole Cargoes of Potage, Mountains of Bread, and Oceans of Liquor. Their Mirth was Clamour, their Singing Noise, their Railery Abuse ; and the general Confusion and Hurry, gave an Image of what the Poets feign of the Feasts of the Wild *Lapithæ*, and *Centaur*s. The Old Woman and my self, in the mean while, were by Favour or Contempt plac'd at a side Table, or rather Stool, very indifferently set out. The Fury of their Stomachs being now pretty well appeas'd, one of the Gang, that seem'd of something more Authority than the rest, thus began.

I THINK my Bullies, we who storm'd the House of the old Miser Arpino of Mola, came off with as much Success, as Courage, since our Vertue has not only brought off Riches in Abundance, but restor'd us to our Entrenchments entire, and without the Loss of a Man, sine Clade Victores ; nay, if it be any Advantage, we have come home six feet stronger, than we went out. But you who made your Excursions into the Cities of the Campagna di Roma, lessen'd

lessen'd by the Loss of your brave Leader Spadavoni, have brought home thin and broken Squadrons, whose Lives, and Safety, I shou'd have prefer'd to all the rich Plunder, and Booty, you have by your Valour added to our Treasure. But the brave Spadavoni, by whatever way, or means, his excessive and enterprizing Vertue destroy'd him, as the Memory of so great a Man deserves, shall ever be celebrated among the Illustrious Princes and Commanders, who have been eminent in the Glories of the Field.

BUT while he fell in some brave Exploit, you I suppose, being provident Rogues, and Thieves of Discretion, were on the sure Lay, pilfering little Thefts among the Mob, fearfully Nimring a Cloak, or rifling some Old Womans Bulk of a Stock to set up a Piece-Broker's Shop.

IN the midst of this Learned Harangue, one of the Gang, that came home last, took him up very pertly in this manner. Thou art indeed a Thief of great Knowledge, who only art ignorant, that the Houses of Men of Quality, are broke open with more Safety, and less Difficulty, than those of a lower degree. For tho in a Nobleman's Palace there are a greater number of People, and those spread

spread over every part of the House, yet being Servants, they have always more Regard to their own Security, than to their Masters Goods, and Riches. Whereas the solitary, and thrifty Men, who have only themselves to look to their little Stocks, are more wary, and resolute, careful in defending their small Fortune, or their secret Wealth dissembled in an artificial Poverty. with the Hazard, and Expence of their Blood, and their Lives. An Example will confirm the Truth of my Assertion in the Person of our great, and regretted *Spadavoni*.

W H I L E our Party was dispers'd about the Patrimony of *St. Peter*, *Spadavoni*, myself, and four more continu'd at *Roma la Sancta*, to try if in the midst of all her great Holiness, we cou'd find Opportunity of supplying our Occasions. *Cardinal Fourbin*, made a splendid Entertainment for all the *French Faction*, to which a great many resorted of the first Quality, whose Servants walk'd without in the *Anti-chambers*, or *anti-chamber*, while their Lords were enjoying the Cardinal's Wine within. The Servants of the Family were retir'd to their own Supper, while *Spadavoni* equipt in a Cassock, like a Steward, enter'd the Ante-chamber with a Torch before him, and we drest like Porters attending

attending him ; he desir'd those, who sat on a Chest of Plate that stood there to rise up, that he might remove it. They were no sooner got up, but he order'd us Porters to take it up, and carry it away ; which we did without any Hind'rance or Molestation, by any of the numerous Train, that attended, or of any of the *Cardinal's* Servants, who were more intent on their Supper, than their Master's Security. Being got out of the Palace, we convey'd it to our Confederate Hosts near the *Tiber*, where disposing the Plate into more secret Repositories, we soon alter'd the Property of the Chest by the Help of the Fire.

HOWEVER to avoid meeting any of the Company, who might have observ'd us in the *Anti-chamera*, having engag'd a Fellow that was the very Picture of Cardinal *Sernonetti*, and having procur'd a Cardinal's Habit, and counterfeited a Bull, empowering him to gather in the Tithes of the *Marca d' Ancona*, and hir'd two or three Servants on our way, we set out of *Rome*, and past with our Train with all the Respect, and Success, we cou'd hope, or desire. We took care indeed to avoid all great Towns, for fear of a Discovery of our Imposture. But having had good Success in all our Attempts (every
one

one taking our false *Cardinal* for the true *Sermonetti*) we past through *Romagna*, and came too near to *Bononia* for our Advantage. For the Bishop of *Fermo* (who was the Pope's Vice-Legat in that City) hearing of our Transactions, sent a Gentleman of his, who had formerly been a Servant in the Family of *Sermonetti*, to pay us his Complement ; who on his Return to the Bishop, assur'd him, that it was not the Cardinal himself, but some Rogue that went in his Habit ; this Assurance of his Gentleman concurring with our ignorant, and uncautious Cardinals not having observ'd the usual Ceremonies and Solemnities, which Men of his Post, and Dignity, us'd to observe, he deputed the same Gentleman with a Party of Soldiers, and a Commission, to bring our Cardinal, and his Accomplices before him ; provided he was sure, that he was not the Person whose Name he assum'd.

SPADAVONI on the first Message from the Bishop, and the dubious Words of the Messenger, concluded this Scene near an End ; wherefore having taken care of great part of the Cargo, with one, or two of our Gang, made his way to our Place of Rendezvous, with Orders for me, and another to stay, and attend the Event ; and if Danger ensu'd, and the Enemy should be too strong

strong for us, to make a timely Retreat ; to bring off the imaginary Cardinal, if possible, he being a Man of such admirable Parts, and Address, and of Courage equal to *Hannibal*, or *Cæsar* ; but if that were not practicable, that, having the Strangers with him, we shou'd make the best of our way to our appointed place of meeting.

SPADAVONI was not long gone, but the Bishop's Gentleman returns with a Troop of Horse, whose Commander he order'd to seize the Impostor ; which he acting, with a Severity, and Resolution extraordinary asserted his Authority, charg'd them *to take heed what they did*, thund'ring out Threats at 'em all in so terrible a manner, as made them all tremble at his *Anathema's*, and bearing it out in as high, and lofty Terms, as any of the Proudest Cardinal in *Rome*, cou'd have done on such a Violence offer'd. The Soldiers (who made no small Scruple to assault him, their Captain leading the way, and pulling off his Cardinal's Cap, discover'd his want of Ears, which he had lost in some noble Exploit) now press in upon him, and carry him Prisoner to *Bononia*, with two of his Men, who knew nothing of the Cheat, while I and my Fellows in the croud made our Escape. I ventur'd in disguise

guise to observe the Event of this Affair, and to try if any Means wou'd offer to set him at Liberty.

H E was too well guarded, and too nicely watched, for us to bring him any Assistance ; for being condemn'd by the Vice-Legat, we saw him hang'd in a Cardinal's Habit at St. *Petronio's* Gate, wearing on his Head a Mitre of Paper, and this Inscription over him, *Il Re di Lardi* ; that is, *The King of Thieves*. He had six Thousand Crowns in Gold about him, which was nothing to what *Spadavoni*, and the rest of us carry'd away.

C H A P. V.

The Robbers continue their Relations : The unfortunate End of their Leader Spadavoni, in his Attempt to get into an old Banker's House : The same ill Fate of Aquino, in his Pillaging an old Woman's, who by a Stratagem threw him out of Window. Francisquinos Exploits at Sienna, and his Death. Their notable Design on the House of a Florentine Marquiss in the shape of a Bear, in which Sparapani perish'd most manfully.

AFTER this unhappy Catastrophe of our new Associate, we all of us repair'd to our Leader ; and having dispos'd of our Purchase in Places of Security, we set out in Quest of new Adventures. For changing our Habits we return'd to Rome, safer there than any where else, by the Largeness, and Populousness of that City. Our first Business was, and which is the Master-piece of our Art, to enquire out the People of Popular Fame for their Riches. In which Enquiry, a wretched old Miser call'd *Ceano*, escap'd not our Knowledge. This Man was Master of an incredible Wealth, and a Banker by Trade, who for fear of Public Offices, and Payments,

Payments, with an abundance of Art conceal'd Abundance of Money. He liv'd solitarily alone in a little, but strongly fortify'd House, in that part of the City, that is call'd *La Isola*, or *the Island*; where in a Habit beggarly, and patch'd, he sat continually brooding o'r his Bags of Silver, and Gold. In a Council of War, it was therefore agreed to begin our Campaign with this *Banker*, because our destin'd Combat being but against one, we flatter'd our selves with the Success of a speedy Possession of vast hoarded Treasure. So without any delay, we set our selves on the Watch in the beginning of the Ev'ning about his suspicious Doors. Which, the Night being advanc'd, we durst not attempt to force off the Hinges, or burst open, least the Noise of the Assault shou'd alarm the Neighbourhood to our Destruction; our generous, and brave Leader *Spadavoni*, full of his wonted, and eminent Vertue, endeavour'd by Stratagem to compass our Ends. There was a little Wicket in the Door, by which the Miser gave Answers in the Ev'nings, and receiv'd any Message sent him about Business, never opening the Door to his nearest Acquaintance, after it was once fasten'd; by wondrous Art, and Dexterity, *Spadavoni* pick'd the Lock, yet cou'd not get it wide enough for an easy Pursuit of his Enterprize,

by reason of a small Chain, that went behind it. However bearing his Arm, he by force thrust it in to reach the Bar of the Door, and manage it by degrees from the Place it was fixt in. But that worst of two-footed Dogs old *Ceano*, too wakeful with Fear of his God in his Bags, had plainly observ'd all, that was done, and with profound Silence, and careful soft Steps steals up to the Door, with a great Nail in one Hand, and a Hammer in the other, and with one sound, and sudden Blow, nails the Hand of our unfortunate Leader to the Bar of the Door, and getting up to the Top of his little Sty, as we may call it, he began to cry out Fire as loud as he cou'd, calling e'ry Neighbour by Name to come to his Assistance for their own sakes. The nearness of the Evil soon rous'd all the People to his Rescue, whom else they wou'd never have stir'd one foot to preserve.

BEING now in a Wood what to do, and every way surrounded with Danger and Disgrace, either of falling into their Hands all together, or of leaving our Noble Fellow-soldier in the Briars, we by his Consent, from the present Necessity of our Affairs, took the middle Course betwixt these Extreams. We therefore, with an admirable
Dex-

Dexterity, cut off his Arm close to his Shoulder, and clapping all the Linnen we had to the Wound, that we might not be trac'd by the Blood, march'd off the Ground with our utmost speed, bearing *Spadavoni* in our Arms, and leaving only his Arm, a Spoil too noble for the Miser. The growing Tumult was too near, his Weakness too great to keep pace with our Necessary Flight, which by supporting him must needs be much retarded, he Master of an Heroic Mind, and Vertue extraordinary, having in vain beg'd us with his utmost Earnestness, by our Military Oath, and the common Tyes of Society, to deliver him from Tortures, and Captivity, urging that it was too ignoble a Fate for a *Banditti* of Courage, to outlive the Loss of his Arm, by which only he cou'd rob, and cut the Throats of Rogues richer, than we, and that he shou'd be happy to dye by the hands of his Friends: finding all his Arguments cou'd not prevail with any of us to be guilty of so voluntary a Parricide, taking out his Sword in that Hand, which yet remain'd, and fixing many a Warlike Kiss upon it, with one bold, and home Stroke, he pierc'd his Manly Heart. Then paying a profound Veneration to the Exemplar Vertue of our Leader, we soon commit his Body to the *Tiber*. He gave himself indeed a Death wor-

thy the Heroic Exploits of his Life, and had the most famous River in the World for his Grave.

AQUINO in the mean while, with happy Beginnings, having endeavour'd to repair this Loss in *La Isola*, near the Gate *del Populo*, met with a no less sinister Event. With equal Address, and Safety, having got into the House of an Old Woman, without so much as waking her, by the false step of not first dispatching her, was depriv'd of the Triumph of his Prowess ; for coming into her Chamber, and having thrown great part of her Goods out at Window down to us, and having now pretty well finish'd his Work without any Discovery, he wou'd needs take the Bed from under the Old Hagg, which wak'd her, and brought her on her Knees to him, as he was going to throw it out of the Window after the rest ; I beg you my Son, said this wheedling Old Beldam to Aquino, Tell me why you take the poor patched Coverlets from a wretched Old Woman, to give them to my Wealthy Neighbour, into whose Garden this Window directly conveys them.

AQUINO deceiv'd with this subtle Pretence, believing that she told him nothing but Truth, least what he had already thrown
out,

out, and what yet remain'd, shou'd fall into the hands of Strangers, not his Companions, the Night being dark, he hung himself out of the Window, to the utmost stretch of his Arms, to examine exactly the Truth of the Matter, and take a narrow Observation of the next House, which she had told him wou'd carry off all his Plunder. Which while he was performing with his utmost Care, and last Imprudence, the Old Womans Stratagem took effect, who tho weak with Age, yet now strengthen'd with Fear, and Despair, with one sudden, and unexpected Thrust, she sent him down headlong to the Ground. The height which he fell, and a vast Stone that receiv'd him, broke several of his Ribs, and made such a mortal Contusion in his Body, that vomiting up Rivulets of Blood, only able to tell us what had past in the midst of the most dreadful Pains in the World, expir'd on the spot. We immediately gave him the same manner of Burial we had began, and sent him a Follower to his Noble Leader *Spadavoni*.

B E I N G wounded thus with a double Blow, in the Loss of our two brave Companions, weary of this *Roman* Expedition, we left that City, and took our Course towards *Florence*, on a Design noble, as dangerous ;

gerous ; yet what, if we had not lost the brave young *Rinaldo* in, we shou'd not blush at relating. We were oblig'd to make some stay at *Sienna*, in order to prepare our Machines for our Opera, which wou'd take up some Weeks to bring to Perfection. But not to lose our Time, and to secure our selves from Suspicion, *Francisquino*, a Man of the best Figure, and Address among us, is set out like a Man of Quality, taking one of the best Houses in the City ; and most of our Gang pass for his Servants. His Bounty, and Magnificence, made him soon taken Notice of, and he kept open House for all Gentlemen, and Persons of Quality to game at. By this means, and his good Address in the Art, he made a tolerable shift to defray his Expences ; but that not being sufficient for the End we propos'd, on the Arrival of any Strangers of Figure, he invited them to his House ; and having enter'd them at Play, on their second Visit, we took care decently to cut their Throats, and bestow their Bodies in the Privy.

OUR Machine being ready, the best part of us departed a by-way towards *Ligorn*, to fall into the Road from that Town to *Fla-rence*, having hired a close Cart, and a couple of Mules to draw it. *Francisquino* soon took

took other Servants in our Places, which afterwards was the cause of his Ruine. For they not being in the Secret, and sent away to Bed when the Company was yet at play, took care to watch the matter more closely, and discovering the Exploits of *Francisquino*, and our Comrades, gives secret Information of the matter to the Magistrates, who coming in the Night seizes the suppos'd Master, and all his Confederates, except *Tancredo*, who made his escape to us to *Florence*, while *Francisquino* and the rest were cruelly put to Death in the most rigorous and ignominious manner in the World, after they had trod on the Necks of Fourteen Scoundrels, and had now in the House Fourteen Thousand Florins, all seiz'd and lost with them.

BUT to pass from this melancholly Loss to our Journey to *Florence*, you must know, that the Great Duke has a place near his Stables, which is call'd the *Seraglio*, where the Wild Beasts were kept, which are often made to fight with one another ; there are Lyons, Leopards, Tygers, Wolves, Wild-Boars, and Foxes, all which they let out severally at the Doors of their several Dens into a fair Court to fight ; when they have fought, as long as the Duke pleases, a Man

enclos'd

enclos'd in a Wooden Green Dragon, putting Lights at his Eyes, and moving it on Wheels, frights them all into their Dens again. The Prince, and Court in the mean time standing above in security, see all the Combat.

THE overseer of these Sports was the Marquis *Horatio Balalti Nerli*, a Person of great Magnificence and Fortune, whose House was adjoining to the *Seraglio*; he liv'd in a splendour worthy his Fortune, and gave ample Rewards to all such, as brought any Wild Beast to present him, or the Grand Duke. It happen'd about this time, that there was a sort of Mortality among the Beasts, which had very much reduc'd their Number, either by the Heat of the Weather, or want of that Air and Liberty their Captivity deny'd them. This Ruin of their Sports gave us a Happy Opportunity of accomplishing our Designs. For having made a Machine with admirable Art at *Sienna*, enclos'd in the Skin of a Bear of monstrous size, in which we left room for a Man to place himself, so as to move all the Parts of the Beast, with an Action and Motion equal to the Life. We then propos'd a common Oath of Secrecie, and Fidelity, and that some one of our Company, more Excellent for the Courage of his Mind, than Strength of his Body,

Body, shou'd voluntarily, and freely, of his own Motion, be inclos'd in this Machine, and execute the Person, and Offices of the Bear ; by which means being receiv'd into the Marquis's House, he shou'd in the Night let in his Comrades.

THIS admirable Invention being, as exactly perform'd, as thought of, and generally approv'd, not a few of our Gang were ambitious of the Charge ; but among the Candidates , with a *Nemine Contradicente*, the choice fell on *Prospero Sparapani*. Who immediately with a Countenance serene and intrepid takes possession of the new Form, and by a speedy *Metamorphosis* was chang'd into a formidable Bear, convenient and imperceptible Holes being made for his Sight, and Respiration. Thus transfigur'd into a Beast, with admirable Courage, and Nimbleness he gets into the Cart, which having brought at last into the Road from *Ligorn* to *Florence*, we drove directly along to that City. Having thus artfully laid the first Grounds of our subtle Design, our Progress was succeeded by no less happy Impostures. For having found by Enquiry, that there was one *Niccoli*, a Merchant of *Ligorn*, who had often Correspondence with the Marquis on these Occasions, we forge a Letter from *Signor Niccoli*,
importing

importing, *that he had sent the Grand Duke a Present, that wou'd in some Measure make amends for his Loss, in a Bear of no common Magnitude.*

THE Ev'ning being now pretty well advanc'd, we take the advantage of the dusky Hour to bring *Prospero*, with *Niccoli's* Letter, to the House of the Marquis. Who admiring the noble largeness of the Beast, and pleas'd with the Present of his Friend, so well tim'd, order'd us immediately to be paid Twenty Pieces for our Pains. Then, as is usual on such Occasions, abundance of People full of Wonder, and Amaze flock round the Bear, out of curiosity to view a Sight so new and so pleasing; whose too near and inquisitive Eyes, *Sparapani* forbid by his frequent minacious Looks, and Actions.

THE Marquis immediately commanded the Beast to be had to his Den, and gave order that peculiar care shou'd be taken of his Food, and Litter. This was the Que for me to interpose, which I did in this manner. *My Lord, said I, give me leave to inform you, that it is not safe to commit this Noble Beast, now tir'd with the Heat, and Fatigue of a long Journey to the common Dens of the Rest, especially since, as I understand, there has been a*
Sickness

Sickness among them, from whom this being fresh may the more easily draw in the Infection; you had better, my Lord, allow him some cool Place in your House near some fresh Water; for your Lordship must know that it is the Nature of these Creatures to sleep in Groves, or over cold Springs. By this means you may have his Den well-wash'd, and air'd all this Night, and put him with more safety in to morrow.

THE Marquis was a little startled at what I said, and remembering what a Number had already been lost, he suffer'd us with ease to place the Wooden Cage (in which we had enclos'd him) in what manner we pleas'd. We offer'd our Service to watch him all Night, to give him his Meat, and his Drink, according to his custom, and do every thing, that was necessary to his weary Condition. There is no need, reply'd the Marquis, to give you that Trouble. I have Men enough, who have been us'd to these Creatures, to do all that is necessary. So taking our leaves we departed, and made the best of our way to an Old ruin'd Monastery, in which we found a dark Cave, or burying Place, much out of the Way; where we open the Coffins, empty now of all but some few Ashes, and Remains of the Dead, which we remov'd to make room for the future Plunder

Plunder we promis'd our selves from a Design so well concerted, and hitherto so prosperous. Observing the true Discipline of our Order, we take the Advantage of the Moonless Night, and of the Dead Season, when the First Sleep with the greatest Force, and Firmness, invades the Eyes of Men ; And with Swords in our Hands our hardy Brigade took their Post near the Gate of the Marquis, as a certain, and promising Omen of our successful Expilation of so valuable a Fortrefs.

SPARAPANI was not idle in his Post, but in the deep Silence of the Night steals out of his Cage, and with a Sword kills all his Keepers, now fast asleep, double Captives to *Morphæus* and *Bacchus*, and little suspecting any such matter ; then decently dispatching the Porter of the House, he softly opens the Door and lets in our Squadron. To whom now receiv'd into the Bosom of the Palace, he shews the Place where he had observ'd the Massy Piles of Plate had been laid up the Ev'ning before. Which being broke open, our Order was with speed to bear off our Plunder of Silver and Gold to the secret Repositories of the Dead, I have mention'd, and then to come back with our utmost Expedition for a fresh Cargo ;

while

while I alone, as that is still my Office, was left to attend at the Door, and carefully to watch all Accidents till their sudden return. We thought, that the running about of the Bear, as got loose, wou'd be our sufficient Protection from any Interruption; for who wou'd not rather fly, than approach a Creature of that Pierce Nature, if any one shou'd happen to be awake, or rous'd by the Noise? and rather with more Industry fasten his Doors, than set them open for so terrible an Encounter. But notwithstanding all these Politic Precautions, our prosperous Beginnings brought forth a sinister Event.

WHILE I wait at the Door the return of my Companions, a venturous bold Rogue and Servant of the Marquis, awak'd by the Noise, steals softly towards it, and seeing the Bear running loose about the House, makes a silent Retreat, and alarms all the House, and lets them know what he has seen. In a Moment the numerous Family is in Arms, and the gloomy Shades of Night are banish'd by Candles, Links, and Flambeaux, nor was any one unarm'd of all that appear'd some had Clubs, some Pikes, some drawn Swords to stop, and defend the Avenues against the Bear. To these were added Hounds, and vast Dogs us'd to hunt such

M

despe-

desperate Game, whom with all their Endeavours they halloo'd to the Onset.

WHILE this Tumult is rising, I speed my flight out of the House, yet so as I cou'd without, through the Door, perceive the miserable Combate *Sparapaxi* was forc'd to maintain with the Dogs. For tho he was desperate of all Hopes of Safety, and sure of being a Sacrifice to his malicious Fortune, yet mindful of himself, us, and his Ancient Virtue, like another *Hercules* he grapled with so many *Cerberus's* at once. Keeping therefore that shape which he had so manfully assum'd, now flying, now resisting, with the various Motions and Turns of his Body he gets out of the House. But alas, tho he had with such Bravery, and Dexterity gain'd the Liberty of the Street, it was not in the Fates, that he shou'd save himself by Flight. For all the Dogs in the Kennels now joining those, that pursu'd him out of the House, press'd him too close for all hopes of Escape. I beheld the miserable melancholly fight, the Valorous *Sparapaxi* besieg'd round by whole Squadrons of Dogs, and e'ry Minute in danger of the Weapons of his eager Pursuers. Too impatient any longer to be a tame looker on, I join'd myself to the Croud of People, that surrounded him, hoping so to bring my distress'd Fellow

low

low Soldier all the secret help I cou'd devise. Thus therefore I spoke to the Pursuers, *'Tis a shame we shou'd rob the Great Duke of so noble a Beast, by a too violent Assault on his Life.* But the People were too eager to mind what I said, and a tall lusty young Fellow coming out of the House thrust his Spear into the very Breast of the Bear, another shot off his Piece at his Head, and e'ry one encouraging the other, they all sheath'd their Pikes, and Swords in his Body.

ON the other side, *Sparapani* the Glory and Honour of our Tribe, as worthy of Immortality for his Patience, as great Spirit, betray'd not the Faith, and Religion of his Oath by the least Cry, or Groan: but being now rent and torn by the Teeth of the Dogs, mangled with Pikes, and Swords, and pierc'd through with Bullets, bearing the Tenor of his present Case, with a generous Vigour, with a ferine sort of Noise he gave up the Ghost. His wonderful Defence had struck such a Terror into the Company, that none durst venture to touch him till the next Morning, when a Butcher, much bolder, than the rest, adventured with his Knife, tho not without Fear, to uncase the noble Thief from out of the Bear-skin.

C H A P. VI.

An Account of the Banditti's Excursion, and bringing home a Beautiful Virgin call'd Camilla, from her Mother's Arms, the very Night before her Day of Marriage. The Excess of her Grief; her Ominous Dream, and favourable Interpretation of it. Fantasio's Persuasions to ease her Sorrows; and his going to Bed with her; and the dangerous Temptations he past with her that Night.

THUS fell our brave *Sparapani*, but fell not without great Glory. On the first Discovery our careful Companions got our Horses to the place where the trusty Dead had preserv'd our plunder for us, with all the Speed they cou'd make they posted to the Mountains, and there in the Solitudes of the *Appenines*, waited my Arrival with the News of the Catastrophe of the Tragedy I have told you. As we journey'd the Hills, and was getting out of the Confines of *Florence*, the Loss we had sustain'd, furnish'd us with Reflections on the brittle State of Human Affairs, how little Trust there was to be re-
pos'd

pos'd in this frail Life, and how little difference Fortune pays to the most consummate Virtue. We were not a little concern'd lest our dear Friend departed shou'd quit this Life with any unjust Thoughts of our Conduct, and impute our not succouring him in his Distress, to our Treachery, not want of Power.

THUS taking in our Prey at our several Haunts, tyr'd with the fatigue of the Expedition, with the Loss of so many worthy Comrades, we, that remain have brought you home the Purchase you have seen.

AFTER this Discourse, the Bowl went round to the Pious and Immortal Memory of the Slain ; and having driven away these melancholly Reflections on the Dead, with good store of Rich Wine, they all go to Rest. The Old Hagg, that was their House-keeper had me up two or three Steps into a little Room strongly barricado'd, in which was a tolerable Bed ; in which without undressing I laid me down to take some repose, if my Thoughts on my present Condition cou'd allow me any Intervals of Rest. I had tortur'd my self for some time with vain Considerations, which afford no relief, till

now quite overcome with the weary Toil of the Day, Sleep with the auxiliary Force of the Night, seal'd down my reluctant Eye-lids.

BUT I had not long enjoy'd this Repose, before I was wak'd with great confus'd Noise of Curses, and Oaths, and leaping off the Bed, I apply'd my Eye to the Key-hole of the Door, and found it was a tumultuary Preparation of the Rogues for some new Enterprize, who at Midnight were going out of their Den in pursuit of some Prize; Swords, Pistols and Vizors they were all furnish'd with, when leading their Horses out of the Court they all departed but the Old Woman, and my self. It was now almost Morning, when the Robbers return with no other Purchase, but a Beautiful young Virgin, whom they guarded with Pistols, and Swords in their Hands. Her Dress discover'd her to be a Lady of the first Quality of that Country, and her Passion was so extream, as must have mov'd any, but such bloody, and barbarous Rogues, who had lost all Humanity in a perpetual course of Murther, and Rapine.

SHE tore her Hair, and rent her Garments, and fill'd all the place with pitiful Com-

Complaints. They to appease the Rage of her Grief give her assurance, *that she might be secure of her Life, and her Virtue, desiring her to allow a little Patience to their Advantage, whom Necessity had driven to a Trade so inhumane.* Your Parents (continued they) *tho avaritious to a fault, yet out of such Riches, and Possessions will soon give us a Ransom for you, to both our Contents.* But all they cou'd say, cou'd not put a stop to the young Lady's Complaining, for reclining her lovely Head on her snowy white Bosom, she let fall whole Showers of Bright Tears, that might have mollified the Hearts of any but them. So calling the Old Woman, they gave her in charge to her, with Orders to place us together, since Companions in distress might alleviate her Sorrows. But all the Old Woman, and I cou'd urge for her Comfort, had little Effect, while she answer'd our Discourse with Tears, Groans, and these mournful plaintive Words. *How can I cease to weep (said she, with a penetrating sigh) or even endure the Burthen of Life in my present Condition! Wretch, that I am, born of a Family so Illustrious, ravish'd away from Parents so Pious, and so Indulgent; depriv'd of my faithful, and loving Servants, and made the unhappy Prey of Rapine, slavishly confin'd to this hideous stone Prison, the Innocent Pleasures, I was*

born and bred to, is now banish'd all from me, who lye under the terrible Uncertainty of Torments, and Life, and Horrour in the Hands of such a Number of Banditti, the horrid uncouth People of Violence, and the Sword.

IN the midst of these Lamentations, her Spirits being quite spent by the Agitation of her Mind, and the weariness of her Body, she was forc'd to let her fair Eye-lids fall together, and allow to Sleep a short Interval in her Woe. But her Repose was not long, but starting on a sudden in a wild manner from her Sleep, her Grief had a fresh and more violent Rise. She beat her beautiful Bosom, and charming Face with her Hands ; and thus she answer'd with a torrent of Sighs, our Enquiry into the cause of this unexpected Emotion. — *Now alas ! I utterly perish indeed ! now I renounce all hopes of my Delivery, and Life ; give me, some means of a speedy Death, pierce, pierce this Breast with some Sword or Dagger, or let me throw my self down some horrid Precipice.*

THE Old Woman at this put on a Countenance of Anger, and with menacing Looks demanded the Cause of her new Grief, and what, since her Sleep, cou'd make her burst out into so unreasonable an Extravagance?

gance ? What, you have a mind (continu'd the Old Hagg) to deprive my brave Young Masters of the Benefit of your Redemption, if you continue thus obstinate long, in spite of your Tears, which the *Banditti* have seldom any Regard to, you shall be burn'd alive.

CAMILLA (for that was her Name) being terrify'd with a Threat so intolerable, taking hold of the Old Womans Hand, she kiss'd her rivell'd Flesh, or rather Skin, with her Vermilion Lips, and thus in a tender pathetique Tone address'd her self to her. Ah ! reverend Mother (said she) forgive me ; forgive the Severity of my Fortune, and calling to your Mind the Duties of common Humanity, which sure can never entirely quit the Breast of a Woman, have a little Patience with my Distress. Take but a view of the Scene of my Calamity, and if Pity be not wholly dry'd up in your venerable Age, you will not deny me your Compassion.

T H E R E lives in the City of *Fundi*, a Young Gentleman, of equal Beauty, and Vertue, as Chief of that Place by his Quality, so by common Vote of the People, the Public Son of the City ; by Birth my Relation,

tion, exceeding me but three Years in Age, bred always together in the same House, the same Room, with mutual Affections growing up with our Persons, betroth'd to me by the Consent of our Parents to share the same Bed ; the Day now come when in the Church he waits to confirm the Public Vows, and crown both his and mine by the holy Nuptial Tye, attended with his Friends, Followers and Servants, he waits with Impatience to receive me from my Mother. But alas! while my Mother press'd me in her Bosom, adorning my Body with her own Hand, and fixing frequent Kisses on my Cheek, full of Joy, and hope of the Blessing of Granchildren, on a sudden there breaks into the House, and so into the Chamber where I was, none of the coward Family making any Resistance, a Band of arm'd Men with their Swords drawn, and Pistols in their Hands, and tearing me away from my dear Mothers Arms, from her Bosom panting with Fear, and Concern, half dead with Terror, and almost breathless with the Agony of so terrible a Surprize ; and thus are my Nuptials like those of *Atis*, and *Protefilaus*, disturb'd and disappointed by Fate insupportable.

BUT

BUT as if my past Ills were insufficient to make me most wretched, I was no sooner got to Sleep, but this Scene full of Horror renew'd, and redoubl'd my Misfortunes. Methought I was born with Violence away from my Apartment, nay, from my very Nuptial Bed, calling on my miserable Husband for Help, as I was hurry'd through the devious, and untrodden Ways of a Wilderness; while he all crown'd with Wreaths of Flowers, and odoriferous with sweet Waters, immediately pursu'd my steps, flying on Feet not my own; and as he past along, in the midst of his Complaints for the Loss of his dear, and beautiful Wife, he implor'd the Peoples Assistance to her Rescue; when one of the Robbers, that was bearing me away, provok'd with Indignation at so obstinate a Pursuit, taking up a vast Stone, threw it at my Husband, and dash'd out his Brains. This Dream, so dismal, threw me into such a Grief, that it burst the Bands of Sleep in the manner you saw.

THE Old Woman on this, seeming to indulge her Sorrows, addresses her self to her in the following manner: Be of good Heart, my charming Young Daughter, and not torment your sweet self in so barbarous a manner, at the vain Terrors and false Omens of
a meer

a meer idle Dream. For besides, that in the Day time false Images of Things are naturally represented, so even those of the Night always prognosticate by Contraries. For to weep, to sigh, to groan, and complain, and some times to be wounded to Death in our Dreams, are certain Promises of advantageous and lucky Events. On the other side, to laugh, and be merry, to fill ones Belly with delicious Food, or to come to Venereal Enjoyments, foretel either Grief of Mind, or Languor of Body, or other Losses, or Damages. Give therefore no more heed to such faint Shadows of Evil, which if they signify any thing, assure you of good Fortune, and a speedy Delivery.

T H E Rogues being again setting out for more Mischief, the Old Hagg left *Camilla*, and me alone ; all Spies being remov'd, and the Rage of her Grief a little abated ; like the Sun breaking out of a Cloud after a Show'r of Rain, she began with half shorn Beams to shine out upon me. My Captivity had not yet so far mortify'd my Appetite, or restor'd that Vertue the Cardinal's Family had destroy'd, or at least oppress'd, but that I found no small Satisfaction in viewing her Face, her Arms, her Breasts every where exactly proportion'd, and perfectly Beautiful. She

She was of the taller sort of Women, with a Majesty in her Mien, and Face so mingled with Softness, that it at once aw'd, and invited. My Heart being thus full of tender Sentiments for *Camilla*, I cou'd not omit any thing I thought conducive to her Ease, or the banishing those Cares from her Bosom, which gave her so much Pain.

W H E R E F O R E after some previous Discourses of the Eagerness of her Passion, and Grief for the Loss of her destin'd Husband, I by degrees slid into the Disadvantages of Marriage to the Ladies, a Topic I had often heard elegantly manag'd by *Donna Theresa*. Madam, said I, *I am afraid your Ignorance of the natural Inconstancy of Man; and the despotic Authority of his Reign, when once he is Master of his momentary Wishes; that you represent to your self the Loss of a Husband, as an Evil so insupportable. Certainly a Woman, who in Italy is fond of being Marry'd, has a peculiar Inclination to Captivity, and Slavery. For however obsequious the Men of this Country may be in the Chace of his Pleasure, he grows a meer Tyrant, when Possession has only left him the Person without the Desire. For believe me, all the gay Day-dreams which fill Lovers Fancies, of Pleasures, and Joys in the Arms of each other, pass off*

off like a Dream, when we are wak'd by Enjoyment, few Men sinking by degrees from their Heat to Indifference, and thence to Aversion; the major part starting at once from Raptures to Torments, from Love to Hate, or Disgust. Women, therefore, shou'd not have so vain a Confidence in their Charms, or their Vertue, as to think the first can keep the Husband's Warmth always alive; or the latter, her own Desires confin'd to an ill-natur'd Master.

“ C A M I L L A, in some Passion, de-
 “ fir'd me to be silent, or not abuse her Ears
 “ with Reflections as impious, as false; that
 “ there were no General Maxims to be drawn
 “ from the depravity of Particulars, who
 “ wou'd obtrude their own vicious Inclina-
 “ tions on all the World besides, out of an
 “ over-weening Partiality to their own Sense,
 “ Judgment, or Vertue: That how frail so
 “ ever I may have found my self in the
 “ Adventures of Love, she found Security
 “ enough within her against any of those
 “ Fears, I promoted by my Arguments.
 “ Fortune had befriended her Vertue, in
 “ giving her a Person approv'd of by all,
 “ as the most accomplish'd of Men, that
 “ when her Choice was so publickly ap-
 “ prov'd, and their Love had grown up
 “ with each other, their Tempers known as
 “ well

“ well as Persons, there cou’d not be any
“ Doubt of a Happiness, equal to what ever
“ Imagination cou’d form. She therefore
“ beg’d of me, if I wou’d not render my
“ self more odious, than the Rogues, to de-
“ sist from so vain and injurious a Discourse,
“ and unbefitting indeed the Mouth of a
“ Lady, that pretended to any Remains of
“ Modesty or Honour.

T H I S was a terrible Shock to my Hopes,
and I was puzzl’d to bring off my self from
any criminal Imputation, from a Vertue so
nice and severe, as I found hers, at least
fortify’d by a Love not yet arriv’d to En-
joyment.

“ M A D A M, (said I, with a bashful Con-
“ fusion) If what I have said proceeded from
“ the Sentiments of my Heart, I shou’d have
“ Reason to fear your Reproaches with Ju-
“ stice ; since, I confess, they are not the
“ Maxims of Youth, and unexperienc’d In-
“ nocence and Vertue. But willing to drive
“ away this hostile Grief, that thus invades
“ your Repose, I attack’d it that way, that
“ I thought most effectual ; for he that re-
“ moves the Cause, takes away the Effect.
“ I found Love, and Constancy to the be-
“ lov’d Youth was the greatest Source of
“ your

“ your Tears; cou’d I therefore have brought
“ you to other Sentiments of Men, I bid
“ fair for the appeasing a Sorrow which too
“ much affected ev’n me, who have Evils of
“ my own of a sufficient Importance and
“ Greatness, to take up my Concern. But
“ tho I have mistaken my first Medicine, I
“ hope a fresh Tryal may supply that De-
“ fect, when I apply one more agreeable to
“ your Constitution. And that is only in
“ short to consider, that by giving Way to
“ a Grief so impetuous, you endeavour to
“ prevent the Indulgence of Providence,
“ and disappoint, by your Sorrows, the
“ Joys you desire. The Wheel of Fortune
“ is in a perpetual Revolution; by an anxi-
“ ous and unruly Rage of Passion you per-
“ vert the happy Issue of your Affairs,
“ which otherwise, in the Vicissitudes of
“ Fate, wou’d ensue. To give your self up
“ to the disposal of any Passion, without
“ the Direction and Counsel of Reason, is
“ a Sin against your Reason, and your self;
“ and while you continue a Slave to that,
“ you suffer those Pains and Torments, which
“ this wou’d soon deliver you from. Your
“ Charms, your Beauties, your Health, your
“ Life is your Lover’s, and you wrong him
“ while you let any of them be empair’d by
“ any Enemy of their Being; and there is a
“ fort

“ sort of Falshood in suffering any Passion
 “ to possess a Heart, that ought only to be
 “ full of Love. Now Love is all Joy and
 “ Rapture, it sinks and grows languid in
 “ Sorrow, and Misery ; so that by indulg-
 “ ing these, you prepare the way for the
 “ driving of Love quite out of your Heart.
 “ Think of this, and sigh any longer if you
 “ can ; think of this, and drown your love-
 “ ly Eyes in Tears, till they assume a hostile
 “ red, if you think fit ; think of this, and
 “ beat that downy Bosom, and heavenly
 “ Face, with those fine Hands any more, if
 “ you have so little Regard to him whose
 “ Right to them is avow’d.

CAMILLA listen’d with much more
 Pleasure, and Attention to this Discourse,
 than the former. She immediately calm’d
 the Storm of her Sighs, and shut up the
 Sources of her Show’rs of Tears ; and her
 Eyes now cast a more serene and bright Shine,
 not yet free from a watry Cast. *You have*
vanquish’d, Madam, said she, the Obstinacy of
my Woe, and my Baldinotti’s Right to me has
Pow’r to restrain the Rage of my Passion. The
Reason of your Argument is too fine, and too
surprizing, conveys too much Satisfaction, for
me to resist the Return of Repose. I have a
Confidence in my Innocence, and Assurance in

Providence, and Hopes in my Lover, that all conspiring may soon deliver me from this odious Captivity.

T H E *Banditti*, in the mean while, were gone out in Quest of new Plunder, and no Body left to guard their Castle, but the Old Woman, who then repairing to us, was not a little pleased to find *Camilla's* Languishment, and Tears so well remov'd, and her Face discover a Content she little expected. Providing therefore a small Repast for her Guests, we satisfy'd our Humour, and were left to go to Bed together. I confess the Opportunity was the Mother of a great deal of Pleasure, and Fear. *Camilla* undressing her self without Apprehension of being seen by a Man, discover'd such Beauties, as were sufficient to fire an Hermit, if we suppose him possess'd with all that Stoical Indifference he pretends to. Her Breasts being set at Liberty from the Prison of her Stays, seem'd like two beautiful Globes, firm and round, and frequently heaving with Thoughts of her Lover; her Skin was whiter than the finest *Parian* Marble, but not of so cold and uniform a Colour; the White of the Lilly, that e'ry where was seen, was suffus'd with the faint, but warm Blush of the Rose; her Legs were most delicately turn'd, and verify'd the

the Promise of her Arms. Her Hair, now dishevel'd on her Shoulders, reach'd down in loose Ringlets to her very Waste, shining like the purest Gold. In short, Imagination cou'd not rise above her Perfection ; and entering the Bed, she seem'd a Prize worthy a God. Had *Helen* her Charms, it was no wonder, that the *Greeks*, and the *Trojans*, had contended for her with so obstinate a Fury. It was not long e'r I threw my self down by her side ; tho' scarce able freely to breath, by the Excess of the Pleasure of approaching so much Beauty in so advantageous a manner. However, tho' my Desires were mounted to their Height, Fear mingled with my Thoughts, and her Prepossession for another, made me cautious of endeavouring to gratify a Passion, which requir'd greater Vertue, than I had learn'd in the Cardinal's Family, to resist. While Desire, and Prudence were contending within me, Sleep by the Cares and Fatigues of the past Day grown more strong, had laid his Leaden Scepter on the Eyes of *Camilla*. I waited with Impatience to be sure that it was so ; and first gently press'd her Arm, that was thrown quite over her Head, with soft gentle Kisses ; which failing to wake her, I cou'd not forbear to proceed farther, and throwing aside the Cloaths, the Lamp in the Room

N 2

casting

casting yet a full Light, I with a trembling Hand withdrew all the Linnen, that hid from my Eyes those secret Beauties devoted to *Baldinotti*. In her Sleep she had turn'd her self on her Back, so that I easily view'd all her Naked Charms, and with Pleasure, and Transport, let my amorous Hand and Lips wander over her Body.

NATURE cou'd not be controul'd at this Sight ; it was impossible, having seen so much as I had, not to venture for the Ease of that Pain, which such Beauties had rais'd ; yet still afraid to have all my Joys vanish in her waking, I was careful not to yield to the Impulse of my Wishes ; but placing my self as close as possible, I cou'd not help pressing my Body to hers, till, on the sudden, she clasp'd me in her Arms, and not yet freed from the Chains of kind Sleep, she mutter'd in broken Sounds, my dear *Baldinotti*. Oh ! the Rapture, that ensu'd this tender Embrace ! and how I pray'd my good Stars, to double her drowsie Captivity, that I might attempt some fuller Satisfaction. Softly therefore creeping on her lovely Bosom, and now approaching the very Haven of Bliss, I perceiv'd her to waken, while with imperfect Joy, I speedily shrunk to my Place, casting gently over her the Cloaths of the Bed.

SHE

S H E ask'd me what disturb'd me, and made me so uneasy, as to wake her from so pleasing a Dream ? I complain'd of an Illness, that forc'd me from the Bed, and was sorry it had wak'd her from her Repose. And after a little Discourse we both seem'd to return to the Arms of Sleep. But I cou'd not yet compass so good a Relief from Desires too troublesome near their so powerful Cause. Again I renew'd the View, which only serv'd to renew my Uneasiness ; again ran over the Beauties I durst not attempt to enjoy. Again I attempted what again I was depriv'd of. For just as I thought my self in the very Road to Bliss, and Sleep, the faithful Guardian of my Pleasures, kept her fast in his Arms, a sudden loud and clamorous Noise made me fly from the Arms of *Camilla*, who with it awak'd in a panick Fear and Trembling. The Agony I was in furnish'd me with the easy Means of counterfeiting the like. Till hearing their Oaths, and Imprecations, we found it the Return of the Robbers to their Castle.

A T their Prefence I was recall'd from my airy Visions of Pleasure, by Fear, to reflect how near my Folly had brought me to my undoing ; since from her Resentment

and the Barbarity of the Rogues, present Death was the least I had to expect.

C H A P. VII.

In the Absence of the Thieves, Fantasio, and Camilla, attempt their Escape, and get from the Old Woman their Guardian, some way from the Castle ; but being met by the Robbers, with opprobrious Language are driven back again, and find, at their Return, the Old Woman hang'd by her own Hands. They cast them into Chains, and deliberate of their Punishment, which is defer'd till the next Morning.

THE Banditti had met with a vigorous Opposition, and brought home several of their Gang pretty much wounded ; whom, with their Plunder, leaving at home, the rest, having made a kind of running Banquet, went out again to fetch from a by Cave, where they had left it, the Remains of their Prize. Fear, and Avarice of their Neighbour's Goods, gave wings to their Journey ; for soon after Day-break they were
all

all return'd with their Booty. They were some Days before they thought of going abroad again, and spent their Time in Revelling, and Eating, and making Disguises for their future Adventures; but their Companions being now perfectly recover'd, and all tir'd by an Inactivity in Roguery, which they were not accusom'd to, they set out, with their usual Noise, and Confusion, leaving only at Home the Old Woman, a Horse, they had lam'd in their last Expedition, and our selves.

W H I L E *Camilla* and I, some Hours after, sitting at a Loop-hole, or blind Window that survey'd all the Precipice, heard suddenly the Old Woman cry out in a pitiful manner; it happen'd she had left, by Chance, our Door open, and we both ran out to see what was the matter. When we found her on the Ground, holding the Bridle of the Horse with all her force, who drag'd her about the Court. *Camilla* took the Hint; Behold, said she, Fortune now offers an Opportunity of our Escape, which we did not expect. The Castle is without Guard, the Old Woman too much bruised by the Horse to oppose us, and the Beast ready to receive us, to bear us from our Enemies.

WE stay'd not long to debate on the matter, but wresting the Bridle out of her Hand, with our utmost Expedition we led him out of the Inclosure, and getting both on his Back, and passing with Pain, and no small Danger down the Height of the Mountain, we push'd on our Journey with all the little speed, the lame Creature cou'd make. While I was considering our present Condition, and what wou'd be our Fate shou'd we again fall into the Hands of the Robbers, *Camilla* was not less solicitous in her Thoughts about our Safety, and Escape, while sighing, and turning up her charming Eyes to Heaven — *Oh ! ye supream Powers, said she, and thou, Oh ! Virgin Patroness of my Youth, Oh ! now at length bring Help to your Votary in the great Extremity of her Affairs ! And thou, O cruel Fortune ! cease thy barbarous Persecution of the Innocent, and let thy Fury cease its impetuous Rage ; for sure thou art sufficiently glutted with the Excess of my Miseries past. And thou mute Minister of my Delivery, bear me safe Home, restore me to the dear Arms of my mourning Parents, and my beautiful Husband, and Bucephalus shall be less famous ; for there shall be no Bounds to the Honours I'll pay thee, or the Provender I'll allow thee.*

THE Horse, as if sensible of the Bribe, that was offer'd, forgetting his Lameness, bore us briskly along till we came to a Place where three Ways met ; uncertain which to take, by Ghess we took that, which turn'd to the Right, as leading directly to *Camilla's* Father's House, tho much against the Inclinations of the Beast, as if he had been sensible of what immediately happen'd. For we had not rode far, but we met, on full speed, a Party of the Gang, returning with their Prey. They knew us at a distance, and full of a deriding Laughter call'd out to us ; *Whither away so fast our good Guests ? What need you be in such Haste ? Are you not afraid of your Maiden-heads, travelling thus alone ? Nor of the Goblins, and Fairies, that haunt these Woods, and By-ways ? And you my bashful young Virgin, are you stealing a Visit to your Parents ? Alas ! you are ignorant of the Way, let us be your Guards against the Injuries of the Road, and conduct you the nearest Way to your Journey's end.*

AT this word seizing our Horse's Bridle, they turn us back again. Our Melancholly, and Grief may easily be imagin'd at this fatal Disappointment ; and the very Animal that carry'd us, seem'd to partake of our Sorrow ; for as if he had known where he
was

was going his former Lameness returns, and he limp'd along in a most slow, and dismal manner. *What*, says he, (who had stop't our Flight to the Horse, laying about him most unmercifully) *do you begin your Old Tricks ? do those Feet of yours only know how to flie away ? but now when we met you, you cou'd equal the Flight of Pegasus, but now you go homeward, you'd lose the Race to a Snail.* With these Words he renew'd the Blows, and drove us along before him, till now arriving at the Castle Gate, we found on the Branch of a Cypress Tree, hung the pendulous Old Woman, now quite past recovery, and dead. One of the Gang taking her down, tying her up in her own Halter, threw her immediately down the Precipice without any concern ; then putting us both into Chains, with ravenous Appetites they fell aboard the last Supper, the Old Woman cou'd ever provide for them.

HAVING pretty well devour'd their Food, and the Edge of their Hunger well abated, they began to consider of our Punishment, and their Revenge. Variety of Opinions cou'd not be avoided in so tumultuary an Assembly. The first who deliver'd his Sentence, was for burning us Alive ; the second for exposing us to Wild Beasts ;

Beasts ; the third for hanging us ; the fourth for having us expire in Torments ; but how differing in the manner, the Votes of the whole Company agreed in Death. When all being now silent, one of the Gang began with a very demure and calm Countenance, in this manner.

IT is not agreeable to the Grandeur, and Equity of our Colledge, or the Moderation of e'ry particular Member, or my own Modesty, to suffer your Indignation to rage beyond the Measure and Guilt of the Crime. I must needs tell you, Gentlemen, that I am by no means for exposing them to Wild Beasts, consuming them with Fire, or suspending them in the Air, nor crushing them with Torments, or for seeking so swift a dispatch of their Lives by Deaths so speedy as these. If therefore you follow my humble Advice, you will give the Ladies their Lives, but yet such Lives, as they only deserve. You remember that Horse always sluggish, a great Feeder, and now a Lyar, while in his Flight he flew with all his Feet, but in his Return counterfeiting Lameness, he halted on all Four, the plotted Companion and Minister of their Escape, worthy therefore to share their Fate, and afford us something towards their Punishment. Let us therefore to morrow Morning cut his Throat,
and

and taking out his Entrails, and stripping the Two Ladies naked, sow them into the Horse, where having only their Heads out, the rest of their Bodies shall be imprison'd in his Carcase. Then fix the stuff'd Beast on a gravelly Stone, against the most fervent Rays of the Sun. Thus will all endure what you have rightfully determin'd of all; the Horse, the Death he has long ago merited, and they the biting of the Wild Beasts, when the Worms shall gnaw their live Bowels; the Flames of burning, when the direct and furious Beams of the Sun shall beat on their Heads; and the Gallows, and Torments, when the Dogs, and Birds of the Air shall tear away their Eyes, and their Entrails. In short, to sum up the Account of their Torments, alive they will enter the dead Body of the Beast, the stench of whose Carcase will be a perpetual Nosegay to their Smell, and they shall perish piecemeal, and starve with a lingring Fate, which they will have no Hands at Liberty to hasten by a desperate Blow.

THIS barbarous Speech was receiv'd with the general and noisy Applause of the whole Gang, who not only clapp'd their Hands by way of Approbation, but sent forth a Volly of *Huzzas* at the end of his Speech. We had no reason to doubt of our Fate the next Morning, and therefore resolv'd

ved to prepare for it that Night ; when yet to aggravate the malice of our Fortune, especially that of the weeping *Camilla*, there rose up another, and spoke in the following manner, the Hurry and Noise being quash'd to attend him.

MY Fellow-Soldiers, and Comrades, tho I must allow the Member who spoke last, to have come to the point, yet I cannot but offer my Opinion, which I doubt not but will meet with a general Approbation, because it tends to a general Benefit. For our little state is not govern'd with so narrow a Spirit, as to suffer any one of us to have any Regard to himself in competition with the Good of the Public. What I have to say is not to destroy what my Brother has advanc'd, but only to propose some previous Preparation to so solemn a Fate. You all know, that our Old Woman has thought fit most decently to hang her self, and leave us destitute of any Female to take care of our House, and prepare us our Meals. Besides this, Gentlemen, in the strictness of our Justice we shou'd sprinkle a little Mercy. These two are, I suppose, at least seem to be Maids, and it wou'd be but manly, in some of us Young Fellows, to let them know what Man is before they leave the World ; and she that is most obsequious in the Pleasure may be pardon'd

don'd this Execution, to serve us hereafter at bed and at board. One will be a sufficient Instance of your Justice, which will keep the Survivor still in her Duty. The Proposal I make, I hope my Fellow-Soldiers, includes both Pleasure and Profit.

THIS Proposal was but too agreeable to Men, who in the Lustyhood of their Youth, having long thrown off all Check of Conscience, had nothing to curb their headlong Desires : And I had that Hour been the Victim of their Rage, on the discovery of my Sex, and *Camilla* of their Lust, had not their Wine and Precedence confounded the Event. As all were agreed to the Rape, and the Murther, so every one thought himself the worthiest to lead the way in the Lady's Embraces. We were in Appearance but Two, and they above Fifty. In this dispute the Goblet went round, and as their Blood warm'd, the Contest grew higher, and immediate Confusion had brought in Destruction, had not *Philipizeno*, one of Authority among them, parted the Fray, and prevail'd with them to determine nothing of the matter that Night in their Cups, but after kind Sleep had restor'd their sound Judgment, the Morrow might put an End to their Controversy,

versy, either by the death of both Prisoners, or the Precedence decided by Lot.

THIS moderate Advice of *Philipizeno* seeming reasonable, they all submitted to his Opinion, and after some Cups of Reconciliation, each pigg'd to his Pallet; *Camilla* and I fast chained, as we were left to sleep in our Cloaths, if Sleep wou'd vouchsafe to make us a Visit. The alteration of our Fortunes from bad to ten-times worse, had banish'd all the Thoughts of those beautiful Visions, I had entertain'd my self with the Night before: Sighs, Tears, and the chaste Kisses of speedy fellow Sufferers wore out the Night, which scarce afforded us the broken slumber of a Moment for our Refreshment.

C H A P. VIII.

The arrival of one of the Banditti with Scarpilegia, whom they unanimously choose for their Captain, after he has given an Account of his Exploits, and Robberies in the Alps, and in France. The cause of the Ladies is reviv'd; he adjudges them to be sold to the Brothels of Turkey. The Arrival of a Fryar, and his Account of his Love, and the Murthers he committed for it. The destruction of the Banditti, and the delivery of Fantasio, and Camilla, by the admirable Stratagem of Baldinotti.

AS soon as the dusky shades of Night were withdrawn, and the dawning Morning began to brighten the Skyes, and the glorious Chariot of the Sun, mounting aloft, had spread his radiant Beams all around, one of the Gang of *Banditti* arrives, as was plain from their mutual Joys, and satisfaction. After first Salutations he pull'd out a Thousand Crowns for the Public Stock, which he having pillag'd from Travellers, as he assur'd them, had sow'd up in his Cloaths for convenience, of
Carriage

Carriage and security from Discovery. Having dispos'd of his Effects, he began to enquire after the rest of his Comrades, whom he found not then present, he was inform'd, that they were fallen in the Noble Exploits of their Vocation, with Honour and Glory. On which he persuades them for a while to lay aside their Nocturnal, and Diurnal Excursions, and making a Truce with their Arms, to apply themselves providently to the recruiting their thin Bands, and filling up those Numbers, which had been lost by the Fortune of War. That they shou'd consider, that a Company of fresh-water Soldiers, will require some time to be perfect in Discipline ; and that Threats and Force wou'd list some, while others wou'd become Volunteers, if they knew but the means of finding Entertainment ; and others might be won by Promises, and Reward ; that there were not a few, who hating their servile Life, under the Tyranny of their Lords, or their Masters, wou'd with Joy join themselves to their Gang. That he had for some time, convers'd with a young Fellow in the Flower of his Youth, tall in his Person, vast in his Body, and strong in his Limbs, and had prevail'd with him, to apply his Hands, grown dull and heavy for want of use, to a more beneficial, and provident Office ; that

O

he

he wou'd enjoy, while he can, the advantage of good Health ; and debase not his Robustness, and Vigour to the manuring of Dirt, which was given him, to wrest the ill-gotten Treasures of the Wealthy from their Impious Hands.

THIS Discourse seem'd highly reasonable to the Company, who by a general Vote, depute the Person, who had been discouraging, for the young Fellow he had mention'd, resolving by the first means they cou'd to fill up their Number, Having for some time withdrawn, he return'd, bringing with him a Lusty and Beautiful Youth, whose Chin was but just cover'd with the very first Down, excelling all the Company in Person, and Height ; for besides the proportionable Bulk of his Body, his Head lifted it self up above all the Rest. But his graceful Body was but half cover'd over with Rags of various Colours, and sorts ; his Breast and his Belly was thickest cloath'd with Patches, and Rags. Coming in to the Company with a Boldness undaunted, thus address'd himself to them.

“ All hail ! ye brave Clients, and Companions of *Mars* ! and now my faithful,
 “ and loving Fellow-Soldiers, I hope you receive

“ ceive a Mind resolv’d, and bold into your
“ Brigade, with as much Joy as I join my
“ self to that. I am a Man, Gentlemen,
“ who had rather take a Wound in my Bo-
“ dy, than a Purse in my Hand : One,
“ that wou’d go with pleasure in the Face
“ of that Death, which is so terrible to
“ others. Think me not poor, or abject,
“ nor form your Opinion of me by the
“ Appearance I make ; nor judge of my
“ Virtues by my Patches. For I have been
“ at the Head of a formidable Band, and
“ have laid Waste, whole Provinces of
“ *France*. I am a Robber of no little Fame
“ about the *Alps*, and tho a Native of *Na-*
“ *ples*, the *French* have been sensible of the
“ Terror of my Arms. I am that *Scarpile-*
“ *gia*, at whose very Name, whole King-
“ doms have trembled.

“ I derive an hereditary Virtue from my
“ Father, the great *Bonaccorsi*, a Thief of
“ Illustrious Memory ; for, nourish’d in
“ Human Flood, and brought up in the
“ very Tents of the *Banditti*, I prov’d the
“ Heir, and Rival of my Father’s Virtue.
“ But Fate, that bears an Arbitrary Sway
“ over all Human Things, by a capricious
“ Turn, has rob’d me, not only of my
“ Wealthy Acquisitions, but of all my No-
“ ble

“ ble Companions, who lov’d me as a Bro-
“ ther, rever’d me as a Father, and obey’d
“ me as a Commander. Flush’d with a long
“ series of success, we thought nothing
“ ought to stand against our Assaults. But
“ I must tell you all things in their due
“ Order.

“ THERE was a Man eminent in the
“ *French* Court for his Dignity and Offices, as
“ well as the share he had in the favour of the
“ King. Great Power contracts Envy, and Ma-
“ lice, manag’d with Cunning, and Address, of-
“ ten undermines the most Politic, and Fortu-
“ nate. By Means of such as these, this No-
“ ble Person was thrown from the favour of
“ the King, and sent into Banishment. His
“ Wife, a Woman of uncommon Fidelity,
“ and singular Modesty, (the Mother of Ten
“ Children) contemning the Luxury of *Pa-*
“ *ris*, and the Court, went the Companion
“ of his Exile, and Mate of his Misfortune,
“ in the disguise of a Man, cutting off her
“ fine long Hair, and sowing into her
“ Cloaths the best of her Jewels, intrepid in
“ the midst of his Guards with their Naked
“ Swords, not only sharing in all his Dan-
“ gers, but ever preserving a watchful Eye
“ o’r his Safety, sustaining with more, than a
“ Masculine Courage, the dayly Fatigues she
“ was

“ was oblig’d to undergo. After she had
“ now past the difficulty of many days Jour-
“ ney, she with her Husband lay at a Vil-
“ lage near *Antibes*, where we ventur’d to
“ make them a Visit in the Night, and bear
“ away all that they had of Rich, and pre-
“ cious with them ; but not without much
“ Hazard, and Danger. The Lady was a-
“ larm’d at the first noise we made of breaking
“ the Chamber-Door ; she fill’d the whole
“ House with her Clamour and Noise, cal-
“ ling to the Soldiers, and her Servants, by
“ Name, and summoning the Neighbours
“ to come to their Assistance ; but whether
“ Wine or Fear, restrain’d them I know not,
“ we got off clear without any damage.

“ IMMEDIATELY the Pious Lady (for
“ Truth must be spoken) singular in Fidelity,
“ and gracious in good Arts, returning to
“ Court, apply’d her self to the King, and ob-
“ tain’d a speedy return for her Husband
“ to *France*, and his former Favour, with a
“ full Power to revenge our Assault. In
“ short, *Lewis* wou’d not that the glorious
“ Band of *Scarpilegia* shou’d continue, and
“ so it immediately found a fatal period ; so
“ much can even the Nod of a mighty Prince
“ perform. The whole Party being there-
“ fore furrounded by Soldiers, were cut to
“ Pieces,

O 3

“ Pieces, I only escaping the grisly Jaws of
“ Death, by Stratagem, more than Bravery,
“ in this manner I had just time to dress
“ my self in a Country Woman’s Apparel,
“ and sitting on a Mule loaden with Wheat-
“ straw, I pass’d thro the hostile Bands ; for ta-
“ king me for a poor trading Woman, my Face
“ being then not cover’d with the least Down
“ to betray the Imposture, they let me pass
“ freely through all their Troops. Nor did
“ I lose any thing of my Paternal or pro-
“ per Glory, but rode through the Points
“ of my Enemy’s Swords, with the highest
“ Confidence and Intrepidity. But hid un-
“ der the Fallacy of a Habit not my own,
“ by attacking the Villages, and Country
“ Seats, I made shift to pick up a tolerable
“ Viaticum.

“ TRAVELLING through the Heart
“ *France*, I came into *Picardy*, and purchasing
“ Handsome and Cavalier Accoutrements,
“ as good Cloaths, a fine Horse, my Pistols,
“ and Fusée, I took my station in the Road
“ that leads from *Calais* to *Paris*, much
“ frequented by the *English* that resorted to
“ that Metropolis of the Great Monarch,
“ for Breeding or Pleasure. The manner
“ of this Passage, is either in the Coach,
“ by the Messenger, or the Sash-marine. The
“ last

“ last being the poorest way of Travel, af-
“ forded me no motive of Assault, and the
“ Coaches were generally too well arm’d
“ for one Man’s Attaque. How I manag’d
“ the other, you shall hear by one Adven-
“ ture. There were at this time with the
“ Messenger about Fifty Horse, e’ry one of
“ which, give him such a Price for Provisi-
“ on, and Horses, betwixt *Calais* and *Paris*,
“ some Miles on this side *Bulloin*, I join’d
“ my self to them, and found them all
“ arm’d with Pistols before them. However
“ I was resolved, not to let them pass with-
“ out paying me some Toll; so that com-
“ ing now into a wide, and lonely Plain, I
“ set Spurs to my Horse, and in a Minute
“ was got a quarter of a Mile from them,
“ when turning about, and cocking my
“ Fusee; I told them, they must either put
“ me down in such a Place, their Two Pi-
“ stols a piece, or I wou’d shoot among
“ them. At first, they look’d on me with
“ a scornful smile, that cou’d presume, that
“ Fifty such brave Fellows shou’d be rob’d
“ by One Man; but having discharg’d my
“ Piece among them, turning my Horse’s
“ Head, I was in a Moment at too great a
“ distance for their Pistols to reach me, and
“ too well mounted, to fear they cou’d so
“ much as pursue me with such wretched

“ Jades, as the Messenger generally furnishes
“ his Travellers with, charging my Fusée
“ again, and riding up to them, not yet
“ able to bring them to yield to my De-
“ mands, I shoot the second time among
“ them, and wound some in their Legs, and
“ others in their Thighs ; for I shot with
“ Five or Six Plugs at a time. Thus I re-
“ new’d my Demands, and Execution, till
“ consulting among themselves, about the
“ inequality of the Fight, in which, while
“ they all lay expos’d to my Fire, they cou’d
“ none of them do me any Harm : They
“ agreed to lay down two Pistols a Man,
“ which when they were rid far enough
“ from the Place, I alighted, and took up,
“ Then like an Arrow from a Bow, I shot
“ my self into the Woods.

“ THIS daring Exploit alarm’d the
“ Country ; so disposing of my Horse, and
“ Accoutrements, I purchased these Rags,
“ and by long and painful Journeys got
“ into *Italy*, and every where improving
“ my Time, I at last fell into the Noble
“ Acquaintance, who introduc’d me to this
“ Valorous Society.

THE N unbinding his Patches, and his
Rags, he laid down before them above two
Thousand

Thousand Crowns in Gold. Behold, said he, I offer my self for your Leader, if you think fit, and this small Parcel of Money, as a Donative on my Inauguration ; assuring you, that in a little Time, I will make this Stone-house of yours all of pure Gold.

T H E R E was no Delay in their Resolutions, nor Debate of the Matter, but all with one Voice pronounce him their Captain ; bringing instantly to him a Noble Suit of Cloaths. Being thus reform'd in his Dress, and seated on their Throne, they perform his Inauguration, with solemn quaffing plentiful bowls. They begin his Reign with an Information against us, and a particular Account of the several Punishments propos'd for our Offence of endeavouring our Escape. He demanding to see us, he was conducted into our Chamber, where turning short, and throwing up his Nose in Contempt, he departed again. And being once more seated in his black Chair of State, he began in this manner.

MY Fellow-Soldiers, and Brothers, said he, I won'd not have you imagine me so dull in my Apprehension, or so rash in my Judgment, as to seek to disappoint the Execution of your just Decree ; great States-men having thought, especially

especially in a Government of Violence, and depending on the Will, that Severity is the safest Maxim to go upon. Yet I shou'd sin against my Honour, and your Confidence in me, and ever be haunted by the Stings of an ill Conscience, shou'd I hide, or conceal any thing, that I have the least Reason to think may be beneficial to our Society. I shall therefore, most earnestly desire you to be thoroughly convinc'd of a Truth so inviolable, that I have the Will to be, to my Power, serviceable to your Cause; which to support I wou'd let out all the Blood in these Veins; and you may besides, if my Advice prove not agreeable, at last have Recourse to the Horse.

IT is my Opinion, Gentlemen, that Banditti, who rightly consider their Affairs, ought to prefer Nothing to their Int'rest, and Gain; no, not even Revenge, which too violently pursu'd has often been of fatal Consequence to them as well as others. If therefore you fix these two Virgins in the Body of the Horse, all the Advantage you will reap from the Execution, will only be the fleeting Gratification of your Indignation, without any Profit to the Public Treasury. In my Opinion, Gentlemen, we ought rather to carry them to some Port, or other, where we may sell them to some Agent of the Ottoman Bawds, who I have reason to believe
will

will give a good Price for Two such Young and Beautiful Maids. Where being expos'd in their Brothels, they will not be able to make their Escape, and will, in a Life so full of Contempt, give a more ample Satisfaction to your Revenge. This, Gentlemen is only my Opinion, which my Zeal for your Profit cou'd only wrest from me, but you are, and must be the best Judges of your own Resolves.

THUS by consulting the Advantage of the Rogues Coffers, the new chosen Captain, by a happy Address preserv'd us for sudden Disgrace, and Ruine. Wherefore after a short Consultation among themselves, they unanimously agree to the Judgment of their Leader, immediately untying our Bands, and telling us the change of our Destiny by his Wisdom. *Camilla* seeing *Scarpilegia*, and hearing his Sentence of the Brothel, discover'd her Pleasure, and Satisfaction in her Smiles, and in her Eyes. I cou'd not, but in my self condemn the whole Sex for her sake; who so lately having acted so wonderful a Grief, and a Passion so violent, for the Honourable Consort of her Chast Nuptial Bed, cou'd already betray a guilty delight in her Doom to the filthy and fordid Life in a Brothel, pleas'd with the Embraces of the circumcis'd Infidels of *Turkey*. How often
did

did I curse my Fear and my Folly, in losing so charming an Opportunity of Possession; when by her Conduct, I found the surprize might have prov'd as agreeable to her, as it had formerly done to *Theresa*.

AFTER a little Pause to hear their Resolves, the young Leader thus began again. *This Day being the First of my fortunate Advancement, let us my Fellow Soldiers, indulge it to Joy; and over our Liquor, we'll consult how to fill up our Squadron the most speedy and effectual way. And I doubt not, but soon to have so powerful a Brigade, as shall make the Adjacent Country stand in awe of us; great Monarchy's e'r now having had less promising Beginnings. If your Stores of Wine, and Provision be low, make a Draught of Ten of your Company, and marching to the next Village, I doubt not to bring you Wine and good Food in abundance. They pick out ten of the stoutest among them, and mounting their Horses, and taking their Arms, they follow'd their Leader with assurance of success in their Eyes.*

THIS Party being gone, while the rest make up a good Fire, and put all their Utensils in order for their Feast, there comes to the Gate of the Castle, a lusty young Fellow

Fellow dress'd in the Habit of a Fryar, and desires admittance, about Business of Importance to their service. He being single cou'd give them no Fear ; being therefore admitted, he address'd himself to the Company in this manner.

“ THO Gentlemen, I'm a stranger to
“ your Persons, your Fame has drawn me
“ hither from Parts something distant, with
“ an ambitious Desire of uniting my self to
“ Heroes so noble, and so useful to my
“ Revenge, and my Profit. Yes, Gentlemen,
“ I shall shew you, that I shall be yours in
“ the securest Band of common Interest.
“ Know then, that I, am a *Franciscan* Fryar, by
“ my Profession, for such my Parents were
“ pleas'd to make me. I liv'd in a Convent
“ of ours, in the pleasant Country of *Carn-*
“ *pania Felix*. Not far from this Convent,
“ liv'd a Gentleman of some Quality, and
“ Wealth, whose Avarice wou'd not allow
“ him Servants in proportion to his Estate,
“ and Degree ; the only good Qualities I
“ know he had, was a Beautiful Young
“ Wife, and a Biggotry to our Order ; to
“ which he was very beneficial, in Hopes
“ by that means to have a large share in
“ our good Works, and our Fasts, and our
“ Prayers ; but those were a Merchandize
“ our

“ our Convent ne’r dealt in. Among the
“ many jolly Fryars of our House, he was
“ pleas’d to have a particular regard to me,
“ making choice of me for his Confessour,
“ giving me full Power, and Authority over
“ his Family.

“ THIS cursed Benefit which he be-
“ stow’d was the cause of my Ruine, which
“ nothing can repair but my admission into
“ your Society, in which I dare venture as
“ far as any Man of you all. But to pro-
“ ceed in my Story. This Gentleman had
“ a Wife the most Beautiful of her Sex, and
“ her Charms receiv’d no small Addition
“ from her Modesty. But what avail’d her
“ Vertues, they only added Fewel to my
“ Fire, till unable any longer to bear a
“ Torture so unsupportable, as the violence
“ of Love in the midst of Despair, I re-
“ solv’d by the first Law of Nature, to
“ seek first my own Preservation ; and since
“ I cou’d not live, without possessing this
“ charming Wife of my Patron, I was re-
“ solvd, no Consideration, or Obstacle, shou’d
“ hinder my Embraces.

“ FATE one day propitious to my
“ Vows, led me to this House, when the
“ Husband was absent, and design’d to be
“ so

“ so two or three Days, as his Lady, on
“ my Enquiry, inform’d me, telling me, that
“ if I wanted any thing with him, she wou’d
“ send a Messenger to call him back. I
“ was not so desirous of his Return ; but
“ quite distracted in my Thoughts, I cou’d
“ not conceal my confusion from her Eyes,
“ but retiring into a Court of the House,
“ where walking with the same Agitation
“ of Body, as I had in my Mind, she sent
“ one of her Maids to me, to know if I
“ wanted any thing ; I told her I did ; and
“ leading her to a private Corner, with my
“ Dagger hid in my Sleeve, in a Moment
“ without Noise I dispatched her : In the
“ mean while, a Tenant of the Gentlewo-
“ man’s entring the Court on Horse-back,
“ with the Rent of his Farm, and as soon as
“ he alighted paid his Devotion to me,
“ when instead of a Blessing, I stab’d him
“ to the Heart through the Back, and dis-
“ posing him out of the way, I lock’d the
“ Castle Gate against any more such Intru-
“ ders. The Lady wondring her Maid staid
“ so long, sent another to enquire after
“ her : I answer’d her Query by the
“ same silencing Dagger, and laid her with
“ her fellow-Servant.

“ NONE now being left in the House
“ but the Lady, and my self, I went direct-
“ ly

“ ly to her, and told her, that I had long
“ been languishing in a hopeless Passion for
“ her, but unable to support it any longer,
“ the time now was come, when she ought,
“ and must in Justice reward all my Sufferings,
“ by yielding to my Embraces. Surpriz’d
“ at my discourse, and not crediting her
“ Ears, or doubting my Reality, she re-
“ ply’d in this manner. *Good Father, I am*
“ *persuaded, (said she) that were I so lewdly*
“ *inclin’d, you wou’d be the first that wou’d*
“ *accuse my Impiety.* I assur’d her of her
“ Mistake, and that nothing cou’d give me a
“ days Life without her. To convince her
“ Incredulity, I desir’d her to walk down
“ into the Court, to see what the fury of my
“ Love had perform’d. This sight had so
“ frighten’d her, that she scarce was able to
“ get into the House ; when falling on a
“ Chair, she was some time in a Swcon ; but
“ coming to her self, I bid her not be afraid,
“ that her Beauty was her protection, and
“ merited more than *Helen’s*, a Thousand
“ such bloody Sacrifices. Nothing can pro-
“ voke my Hand to do you any Violence,
“ but your obstinate Resistance of my De-
“ fires.

“ WITH that, pulling off my Upper
“ Habit, I took off a shorter, which I gave
“ to

“ to the Lady, bidding her with the utmost
“ dispatch put it on, least any bad Accident
“ shou’d rob me of that Nights Joys in her
“ Arms. Fear made her obey me, and be-
“ gin to undress her Head, but in so dila-
“ tory a manner, as shew’d she hop’d to gain
“ time till some-body shou’d come to her
“ Rescue; but her fine Length of Hair hanging
“ now down her shoulders, I was oblig’d to
“ cut it off with my own Hands, since unfit
“ for the Cover she was to wear. Now stript
“ to her shift, I cou’d not but press her
“ charming Body, tho with some struggle,
“ and had not fear of Interruption, and a
“ desire of a more full and perfect Enjoy-
“ ment prevented my immediate pleasure, I
“ had not been now without any satisfaction
“ for all I had done to compass it. But
“ dreading a surprize, I soon cloath’d her
“ in the less Habit, like a Novice of our
“ Order, and clapping my own on again,
“ and taking in my Hand a long Pole for
“ use and defence, I forc’d her from her
“ House, for fear of the same Fate her
“ Maids and Tenant had met with.

“ THUS got free from the House, and
“ out into the Road without any suspicion,
“ it was my ill Fate to take that very Road
“ to our Convent, by which her Husband,
P and

“ and his Man (having sooner dispatch’d
 “ his Business than he expected) were coming
 “ full speed to his own House. I discover’d
 “ them at a distance, and told her, that if
 “ she went not on before me, and cast not
 “ an Eye towards him, I wou’d certainly
 “ stab her, before he cou’d rescue her. The
 “ Husband drew nigh, and asking me how
 “ I did, pass’d on without any Notice of
 “ my false Brother before me ; but the Man,
 “ who usually entertain’d my Companion,
 “ Fryar *John*, took her for him ; and so with
 “ his wonted familiarity call’d to the Lady
 “ for him. She answering not a Word, he
 “ cross’d her way, and discover’d, unper-
 “ ceiv’d by me, the Tears in her Eyes ;
 “ then spurring on his Horse, he overtook
 “ his Master, and with much ado persuades
 “ him to let him return, and see whether
 “ it were his Wife or not, desiring him to
 “ wait there the result of his Enquiry. I
 “ heard the Man’s Horse at my Heels, and
 “ he calling, as loud as he could, Fryar
 “ *John*, concluding the discovery made of
 “ my Theft, I turned upon him, and with
 “ a blow of my Staff under the Ribs brought
 “ him from his Horse, and soon cut his
 “ Throat. The Gentleman seeing what
 “ past, galloped up with much speed to
 “ rescue his Man, and his Wife : Before he
 “ got

“ got up to me I leapt up on my Feet, and
“ received him with my Pole, bringing the
“ last of my Antagonists to the Ground ;
“ who being dispatched, I might securely
“ march off with my Prize ; but he being
“ down, and I upon him just ready to strike,
“ being very strong, he embrac’d me so
“ hard in his Arms, about the Waste, that I
“ had no force left to hurt him, or even to
“ hold the Dagger in my Hand, which
“ falling to the Ground, his Wife snatch’d
“ up, and gave me several Stabs, till tum-
“ bling down backwards, I cry’d out for
“ Mercy, acknowledging all I had done for
“ her sake.

“ H E was not willing to kill me on the
“ Spot, but reserve me to a Death more
“ Public and Infamous ; so sending home his
“ Wife to call her Out-Servants, he staid to
“ watch me till they came, and convey’d me
“ to the Prison in the City of *Capua* ; upon
“ Examination I own’d all the Fact, and
“ too openly avowing my Approbation of
“ what I had done, the Inquest went so far,
“ that a discovery was made, and the Fact
“ plainly prov’d in the Court, that every Fry-
“ ar in our Convent, had some Man’s Wife
“ or Daughter, in the Habit of a Novice,
“ to solace himself with at his Pleasure.

“ So the Whores being dismiss’d, by a Ty-
“ rannic Sentence we were all confin’d to our
“ Convent, and that fill’d full of Combusti-
“ ble Matter, and then set on fire about our
“ Ears, with large Guards of Soldiers, and
“ People that surrounded us to hinder our
“ Escape.

“ THERE was in the Cellar a convey-
“ ance of Water which went under ground,
“ to a pretty large Fountain in the next
“ Wood, I only of all the Fraternity thought
“ of this little Appearance of hope, either
“ out of despair of deriving any Benefit
“ from it, or by a Forgetfulness in the Con-
“ fusion they were in by the near approach
“ of Destruction. I made with all speed to
“ this only hope, and it happen’d, that the
“ Spring being then low, the Stream was
“ pretty shallow, but yet with the utmost
“ Difficulty, and scarce with Life, I got to
“ the Fountain, and so to the Wood.
“ Where resting till I was a little recover’d,
“ and the Dusk of the Ev’ning grew on,
“ with those Jewels and Money, I had rifl’d
“ from the Altars, I made my way directly
“ towards these Mountains, hoping there at
“ least to continue unknown, till a happier
“ Opportunity of making my Escape. But
“ hiding in a Neighbouring Village, your
“ Fame

“ Fame at once came to my Ears, and gave
“ me fresh hope of my beautiful Mistress,
“ and ample revenge on the Villain her
“ Husband. I dare lead you out to infalli-
“ ble Conquest, a lone House ill defended
“ by Servants, having none but Two Maids,
“ and a Man that lie within it, and plenty-
“ fully furnish’d with Silver and Gold ; of
“ which I demand no share for my Pains,
“ the Profit be yours, and the Glory, and
“ the Woman only be mine.

B Y that time the Fryar had ended his Story, and been welcom’d by the Gang, who were not a little pleas’d with his bloody Narration, and that their Tribe was now sanctifi’d with a Father of the Church, the Leader and his Party return victorious, bringing in whole *Borrachios* of Wine, and Drovers of Cattle ; and with them a poor Old Fellow, who seem’d to be their Owner, and deplored his Losses with so emphatic a Grief, that might well persuade us of the reality of the Cause.

T H E Leader entring, told his Comrades, that staid behind, of designing to plunder the Neighbouring Village, good Fortune had thrown this Old Fellow in their way with all, that they wanted for present Enjoyment. Then turn-

ing to the Old Man, with a Volly of Oaths at his Sorrows, bid him leave off grieving, unless he had a mind to take a Trip down the Precipice ; giving him hopes however, that if he assisted, with Alacrity, at this singular Festival, he might hope for his Liberty on the Morrow.

ALL Hands fall to work, and the Fryar being introduc'd to, and receiv'd by the Captain, undertook to be the chief Cook ; wherefore all things being now ready, they fall to their Dinner, doubly prepar'd by good Dressing, and good Stomachs. *You ought not, my Brothers, to take me for your Leader in Expeditions abroad, but for your Director in your Pleasures at home. Sit to your Dishes, and Glasses, while I, being Major Domo, see every thing done, and serv'd in in Order.* This said, he apply'd himself to the Matter with so good an Address, that he gave them a double Gusto to his Preparations, he Broils, and Fryes, and draws out their Wine, and gives e'ry thing so good a Relish, that the Rogues never were so nobly regal'd in their Lives.

WE were plac'd in the Kitchin, whither he so frequently repairing for the busy discharge of his Office, he had the Opportunity of

of giving us both Victuals, and Wine, of which I observ'd, he never gave us any. but he tasted. *Camilla* discover'd a pleasure in receiving ev'ry thing from him; and at last, desiring to kiss her, she met his transported Lips half the way. Which, with what I had formerly observ'd, gave me an entire disgust to *Camilla*. What, said I to my self, have you already forgot the Nuptials you so lately doated on, and the Man, the Loss of whom, seem'd to give your Heart so many Pangs? and who languishes for you with so unequal'd a Love. And can you prefer this Bloody Assasine, this barbarous Stranger to the Husband, provided for you by your tender Father, and Mother? Does not thy Conscience give thee a secret Gripe for a Falshood so monstrous, and unheard of? And are you so abandon'd, as to be pleas'd to play the Whore among Swords, and Muskets! — But while my Mind was thus full of Resentment against *Camilla*, and the whole Sex, I by chance made a discovery, which restor'd me my Ease; for by some Words I overheard past betwixt them, I found that this was not *Scarpilegia* the *Banditti*, the Robber, as he seem'd, but the real *Baldinotti*, the betroth'd of *Camilla*. And now having no dread of my presence he deliver'd himself more clearly, saying to her, Be of good cheer my sweet *Camilla*, for you shall

shall in a few Minntes have all these your Enemies in Captivity. Thus mingling a soporiferous Potion in their Liquor, they being already pretty full of the Creature, they were all fast asleep, but the Old Fellow that waited, the Fryar that Cook'd, and the *Banditti* that had introduc'd *Baldinotti* for their Leader.

WHILE the Fryar, and the other Two bound all the Rogues, *Baldinotti* and *Camilla* flew into one anothers Arms, and the heat of the first Ecstasie being over, he told her that ever since she had been ravish'd from him, he had been contriving this happy delivery; that the *Banditti* who introduc'd him had been a Servant in his Family, and corrupted by Evil Company, he had fal'n into the Gang; but lying in wait, he surpriz'd him, and on assurance of his Pardon, and a handsome Provision, he had promis'd to do what he had perform'd; however for fear he shou'd not be sincere, he had engag'd his Friend *Costaguti* to come without his Knowledge in the manner he had done, having form'd that bloody story meerly to render him more agreeable to the Rogues: Who now being all fast bound, *Baldinotti*, *Costaguti*, the Old Servant (whom he had order'd to be there ready to be taken) and the Penitent

penitent *Banditti* took care of us both, and the Cargo of Money that belong'd to himself, and convey'd us all to *Fundi*, to his House. The whole City on Notice like one Man, came out to meet us, with Votive Oblations for the safe Return of *Baldinotti*, and his Mistress; the Pomp was made up of both Sexes, and all Ages; her Parents ran first to catch her in their Arms, succeeded by her Relations, and Friends, and Followers, Joy in e'ry Eye riding triumphant, and Transport spreading over every Face.

WHILE *Camilla* was in her Nuptial Apartment, caress'd and welcom'd by her Friends, *Baldinotti*, and a detachment from the Magistrates, march'd back to the Fortresses of the *Banditti*, whom they found faster yet bound in the Chains of the Wine, than those they had confin'd them to before their departure. Their Prizes brought forth, and ev'ry thing produc'd, the Rogues thrown some down the Precipice by *Baldinotti*, and others beheaded with their own Swords, all the Beasts they had there being loaden with the Fruits of their Rapine, they all return'd by midnight to *Fundi*. The Treasures of the Rogues being deliver'd to the custody of the Public, and the honest *Banditti* forgiv'n, and rewarded *Baldinotti* having

having took his Good-Night of his Bride, went to Bed, in order to rise the next day, to take full possession of his belov'd *Camilla*.

C H A P. IX.

Fresh Troubles of Fantasio, and his Flight from Fundi, in a Chest. The Story of Julia Gonzaga, with Barbarossa, and the Duke of Mantua. Fantasio's Arrival at Malfi, and passage to the House of Camilla's Tenant ; a great Witch in the High Mountain call'd Monte Marso.

I SHALL not detain you with a tedious description of the Pomp, and Solemnity of the Marriage of the Two Lovers. Let it suffice, that the Nuptial Knot the next day was ty'd in the Cathedral Church, whither, to my misfortune, I attended her ; being return'd home, and the magnificent Dinner being over, and the happy Lovers triumphing with mutual Joy, on their past Fortunes, in an Inner-Room, I happen'd on some occasion to pass into another, that fac'd the
Quadran-

Quadrangular Market-place, and to my no small terror, heard the *Publick Cryer of the Town under the very Window, declaring a Reward of Two Hundred Crowns for any one that wou'd discover, one Signor Fantasio, a Dwarf to Cardinal Cantelmi, fled from him in Womans Cloaths of such a Colour, and Silk, provided, he be deliver'd safe into the Cardinal's Hands.*

THIS was an Alarm too dreadful, to leave me any room for my share of the public Joy of the Day. I had been seen at the Cathedral in the very Cloaths, I had heard of the Cardinal's Resentment, and was too sensible of what force a Reward so considerable wou'd be, on the Minds of so many as must have seen, and observ'd me ; all which concurring Dangers, scarce left me any Prospect of Safety from the Pow'r and Diligence of my Pursuers ; not doubting but that my Apprehending wou'd be as certain, as my Death wou'd be after it.

I HAD on my right Cheek a small blushing Mole, not very unlike a Wood-Strawberry, which being by the Cryer as particularly describ'd as my Cloaths, I cou'd not long expect to remain undiscover'd. All the Glimps of Comfort that I had, was,
that

that the Authority of *Baldinotti* in the Town, might afford a kind Interval from the Insults of a People covetous of the Reward. Necessity therefore compelling me to make an entire confidence of my whole Affair to *Camilla*, I resolv'd to lose not one Moment before I sought her Protection in my Distress.

THE House had been too busy in the Pomp, and Preparations of the Nuptial-day, to hear, or mind any thing of the Cryer. Full of fear, and concern I enter'd her Room, and found her in the Lap of her Bridegroom; for their Love was too strong, to suffer the least separation or distance. I made an Apology to the Happy Lovers, for presuming to interrupt their dearer satisfaction, by begging *Camilla's* Ear for a Moment, on Business of the last consequence to my Affairs. She left *Baldinotti's* Arms with all the Grace in the World, while she made her Love give place to her Civility; and retir'd strait with me to her Cabinet. Where I told her, as briefly as possibly I cou'd, the whole Story of my past Life, all the Adventures I had met with, and the present distress my ill fate had reduc'd me to; and throwing myself at her feet, I implor'd her Pardon for not letting her know me before, and her Protection

Protection, and Assistance in my immediate Escape ; that if the Necessity of my Fortune, had compell'd me into any Crime, which I cou'd not with Prudence have avoided, she was too Generous and Good, to exercise her Resentment on a Wretch already undone.

CAMILLA reflecting what had past betwixt us, and what I had seen, and how near the same Bed had admitted me to her, blush'd all over with so charming a Confusion, that doubly heighten'd her Beauty and Modesty. But, considering the Necessity that oblig'd me to secrecy, and the Continence which for all she knew, I perfectly preserv'd, and the present Extremity of my Affairs, she suffer'd her Generosity to vanquish her Anger. The seeing *Diana* Naked, cost *Acteon* his Life : But the *Venus Camilla*, did not think I deserv'd so rigorous a Revenge, she wou'd indeed believe me sufficiently punish'd for my Curiosity, had she known the Pain, and Agony it cost me. But Ignorant of my Crime, she dealt with me as Innocent, and therefore resolv'd to take effectual care of my security from the Cardinal's Indignation ; whom with a Family Hatred, she perfectly abhorr'd. She took care immediately to set things in order,
to

to have me convey'd to a Tenant of hers, not far from *Amalfi* in the *Basilicate*.

BUT this being some days Journey, I had reason to fear a discovery in any Disguise, shou'd I travel the usual Road, or in the publick manner. But she soon remov'd all my Fears by this happy Invention. She had a Servant in the House, in whom she cou'd put a particular Confidence, and putting me in a large Trunk, with holes made for me to breath freely through, and commits me to his Charge, to carry me safe, in that manner, to the Place she design'd. He fixing me on the ablest of *Baldinotti's* Sump-tre Horses, that no Time might be lost, before the dusk of that very Ev'ning I set out of *Fundi*, in as great Fear and Consternation, as *Julia Gonzaga* had done thence before from the Fury of *Caradin Barbarossa*, Admiral to the *Grand Signer Solymán*, afterwards King of *Algiers*. Who being in the *Mediterranean* with his Fleet, and having Information by his Spies, that this *Julia Gonzaga*, Widow to *Vespasian Colonna*, and the most beautiful Woman in the World, liv'd then in this City of *Fundi*, landed his Men in the Night, and sent them to seize her in her Bed, resolving to make a curious Present of her to his Master *Solymán*. She had

had only just Time to leap out of her Bed, and in nothing but her Linnen, rid away with full speed from the Pirate ; and even escaped so very narrowly, that had she stay'd to put on so much as a Petticoat, she had for ever put off her Liberty in the *Seraglio*. *Barbarossa* being thus disappointed of his beautiful Prize, plunder'd and burnt the Town, and carry'd abundance of the People away into Captivity.

BUT what Terrour so ever she express'd of the *Seraglio*, and the Embraces of the *Grand Signor* in this Flight, yet the Event shew'd that her Aversion was not to *Man*, but Constraint. For the Young Duke of *Mantua* found her more Complaisant to his Desires. His Masculine Charms had too great a Sympathy with her Feminine Beauties, to be long in establishing an Amorous Commerce. But there is a Temper so fickle in Youth, and a Satiety so cloying often follows the Enjoyment of the finest Woman in the World, that the Fair have still found it more difficult to retain *One* Heart in Constancy, and Obedience, than to conquer a *Thousand*. Whether the Appetite of the Mind be a-kin to that of the Body ; or whether Woman be like some Pictures, that can't bear too near a View without Disgust, tho
so

so charming at a distance. Women indeed (I speak in the general) are like the Temples of the *Ægyptians*, without all Magnificence, and Harmony, within the God that animates it an Ass, a Cow, a Rat, or an Onion ; or like the Apples near the *Asphaltic Lake*, beautiful to the Eye, 'but fill your Mouth with Ashes, if you taste them.

T H U S it happen'd with *Julia Gonzaga*, in the Pride of her Charms ; for a sudden Indifference, in the Duke, at once humbled, and provok'd all her Vanity : Till now quite satiated to Disgust, he entirely forsakes her for the less meritorious Charms of some other. An Affront so opprobrious to a Spirit so haughty, so full, and so vain of the Fame of her Beauties, must naturally produce a Resentment, equal to the Pride of the Person thus slighted ; which having no Bounds, drove that to a barbarous Cruelty beyond all measure. The past Sweetness of that soft Passion, that had compel'd the Surrender of her Honour, sour'd now her tender Sentiments into the most inveterate Hatred ; and starting from the Extremity of Love in Excess, she fell into an Aversion so strong, as produc'd the following Inhuman *Catastrophe*.

H E R Revenge is resolv'd on, but the Means to obtain it uncertain ; for without her Admission into his Company, it only remain'd in her Will. But her Beauties, which had given Rise to her Ruin, soon furnish'd the Means and Instrument of Revenge. Her Confessour had long been in Love with her in vain, while the Duke was Possessour of her Heart ; but finding that Amour at an End, took Courage from the visible Sights of the Duke, to declare, and press the Success of his Passion. *Julia*, tho' disdaining the Arms of a Priest, after those of a Prince, yet made her Resentment of his Insolence give way to her Thirst of Revenge ; so seeming to indulge a Passion she scorn'd, she at last assur'd him of whatever he wou'd ask, after he had procur'd her but one Interview with the Duke in her Apartment. Nothing is so difficult, or impossible, which a Priest won't overcome in the Chace of his Lust, or his Int'rest. Thus this Priest, by all the subtle Arts of the Gown, surmounted the Duke's Disgust, and brought him to her Chamber pretty well prepar'd for a Relapse into a Passion, he had now almost forgot. The Priest left them alone, and retiring into the next Chamber, full of, and all on fire with, the gay and wanton Ideas of the Fair One he was to possess,

Q

with

with Impatience he waited the End of the Visit.

THE Duke, on his Entrance, found her in an agreeable Dishabilliee, her languishing Eyes half drown'd in her Tears. The sight of such Beauty in Sorrow, gave a secret Pang to the false Wanderer his Heart, as conscious of the Guilt of those Pains his desertion had given her. But when she began to reproach his Ingratitude, and ignoble Inconstancy, in a manner the most touching, and pathetic in the World, the Fire of her Eyes, the Music of her Tongue, the Symmetry of her Person, the Graces of her Action, and the Tender Rage of her Passion, not only reviv'd the old Flame in his Bosom, but made it burn out with more Fury, and Violence, than ever. He own'd his past Crimes, with all the agreeable Confusion of hopeless desire, threw himself at her Feet, embrac'd them with a Lover's Eagerness, and the Agony of a sincere Penitent; he beg'd ten Thousand Pardons, and sent out as many Oaths of future Fidelity, and present Love to that degree, that a remission of her Rage cou'd only save him from immediate Death, which he own'd he cou'd not expect but from Goodness, and Mercy, equal to her Beauty.

AFTER

AFTER an infinite Number of Sighs, Vows, and Oaths, of perpetual Constancy, she seem'd to relent ; but shewing some doubt ev'n still of his Sincerity, she told him he cou'd give her but one Proof of his Love, which was *in plain Terms to renounce God himself for her* ; which when the Wildness of his Passion had done, she the very Moment, that he had utter'd the impious Blasphemy, stab'd him to the Heart : Who falling down all bloody at her Feet, while his closing Eyes seem'd to upbraid her infernal Severity, not satisfy'd with the Death of his Body, without making sure of that of his Soul. This horrid Revenge being perform'd, she calls in the Priest, and telling him what she had done, own'd her last Promise to him for furnishing her with the Means of so ample a Satisfaction. Then with the same Dagger, reeking yet with the Duke's Blood, she pierc'd her own Bosom, saying, *Thus I perform my Word, while I leave my Body in your Power to use at your Pleasure* ; and so sunk down on the Body of the Duke.

THE Inhuman Revenge, I suppose, had rebated the Appetite of the amorous Priest ; unless he had the abominable Gust of the abandon'd *Malatesti*.

FROM *Fundi* we went to *Mola*, by the *Via Appia*, made at the proper Expence of *Appius Claudius*, a Roman Patrician, in his Consulship. It is five days Journey long, and broad enough for two Carts to meet, and pass without difficulty; and is pav'd all with black Flint-stones, as big as two Men can carry, and laid so close together, that they have held these eighteen Hundred Years. The frequent passing of the Horses, and Mules, for so long a Tract of Time has made it so smooth, and shining, that the Sun reflecting on it, you may see it glitter like a highway of Silver, at two Miles distance.

WE past through *Mola* directly to *Gaeta*, where leaving our Horses, we took shipping for the *Basilicata*; and passing *Naples* at a distance, we arriv'd with all the speed, and safety, that we cou'd expect, or desire; for by this little Voyage by Sea, we cut off the Scent of our eager Pursuers. Passing through *Malfi*, we made our direct way to *Monte Marso*, that from its stupendious height overlooks the City, the Country, and the Sea; on which to cast your Eyes from its Summit, wou'd make you perfectly giddy with the distance.

THIS

T H I S Mountain was formerly a great Resort of Robbers ; but Severity, and Care, have clear'd them of *Banditti*, tho all their rigid Laws, and Executions, cannot clear them of Witches ; who here are in some Number, as well as in very great Perfection in all the amazing Mysteries of the black Art ; which yet they conceal, as much as possibly they can, for fear of the Terrors of the *Inquisition*. Tho they come not up to what was fabled of the Old Witches of *Thes-saly*, as raising the Dead, removing whole Cities, bringing down the Moon, and Stars from the Firmament, and suspending the Earth in their Places : yet they can and do with wonderful Ease, and Address, transform themselves, and whom ever they please, into what Figures and Forms they think fit ; as I can prove by my own Experience,

C H A P. X.

On Fantasio's Arrival at Invidiosa ; the Wonders he discovers ; the Magical Music he heard in the Night ; the Song sung by the Spirits. The Old Witch comes to bed to him ; his Terror and Pains on it ; and after Surprise, when in his Embraces, she changes into a beautiful Young Lady.

I A Z A R E T T O, (for that was the Name of *Camilla's* Servant) in the last Discharge of the Trust, his Lady had repos'd in him, convey'd me, in my Cage, to a neat little House, that, fenc'd round from the Weather by various sorts of Trees, stood on the Brow of a Precipice, about the middle of this Mountain. Being enter'd this solitary Mansion, I was soon set free from my narrow Captivity, and receiv'd, at my Enlargement by the Lady of the House, whose Figure my Safety, and Joy for the End of so tiresome a Journey, cou'd not yet render agreeable. She seem'd with Age and Weakness bent almost double ; her Head, and her Arms

Arms trembled with the Palfie ; from her Eyes there fell a salt Rheum, that had eaten Gutters down her Cheeks, while her mounting Shoulders, in an irregular Orb overlooking her Head, seem'd a Burthen too great for Legs so feeble to support.

F I R S T Complements over, and the Door being shut, *Lazaretto* tells her his Commission, laying before her the Confidence his Lady put in her, and to encourage her Fidelity, she had sent her a Release of her whole Years Rent for the Service. I was as surpriz'd at *Camilla's* Generosity, as the Old Woman was over-joy'd at her Bounty. After a short Repast, *Lazaretto* returning the same way to *Fundi*, I dismiss'd him with a Thousand Thanks to his Lady, and Assurances of perpetual Gratitude, and as ample a Reward, as my little Exchequer wou'd allow. Weary as I was with the Fatigue of so long, and incommodious a Journey ; the wretched Appearance of my Hostess all Patches, and Rags, and the first Room of our Entertainment, made me really afraid of asking for my Bed, till the drowsie God of Sleep, usurping my Eyes, discover'd the Necessity of a speedy Repose.

INVIDIOSA (for that was the Name of my Hostess) soon perceiv'd my Wants, and Guessing my Fears, took me by the unwilling hand, with a little more vigour, than her Appearance seem'd to promise, and leading me up Stairs, surprized me with a very neat and pleasing Apartment, furnished *A la Romana*, modish and clean. She easily perceived this satisfactory surprize, and told me, I was come to a Place fertile of greater Wonders, than these, as I should soon discover, if I made any stay in this Retirement.

AS feeble as she seem'd, she was very busy in undressing me, and having reduc'd me to my shift, she left me to my Bed. The extream Civility of my Hostess, her officious Attendance, and frequent tender Squeezes, gave me cause to suspect, that Fortune was raising another Persecution of my Tranquility, by the amorous dotage of so disgusting a Monster, from whom the necessity of my Affairs deny'd me a Retreat. How to deliver my self from this Distress, and convey my self with safety to my Friends at *Otranto*, whence, by their Assistance, I might soon get out of the power of the Cardinal, so took up my Thoughts, that tossing, and tumbling

tumbling from one side to the other, that Sleep with the Auxiliaries of the Hour, and my Lassitude, cou'd not vanquish my Cares.

GOOD part of the Night being past in this Tumult of Thought, my Ears on the sudden, were agreeably invaded with a Consort of Flute-deux, and the sweetest Voice I e'r heard in my Life. The most celebrated Voices, and Instruments of *Rome*, fell infinitely short of this wonderful Harmony, which was not more charming, than amazing, in the midst of so wild a Solitude, and in the House of so lonely, and miserable a Creature. If Sleep before hover'd at a distance over my Eyes, a Serenade so unexpected, and transporting, drove it quite away, while my Soul was collected in my Ears, in the most profound Attention, with Fear and Delight. The Words of the Song directed to pleasure, and the lulling the Emotions of the anxious Mind, were as follow.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

*HAPPY Youth thy Fears dismiss,
And prepare, prepare to prove
All th' Extreams of coming Bliss :
All the soft Extreams of Love.
Youth and Beauty now invite you,
To dissolve in melting Pleasure :
Youth and Beauty shall delight you
With all their Joys, with all their Treasure.
Indulge the Raptures, and your Hours possess!
In Ecstasies of smiling Love's Excess.*

2.

*Wanton Zephir's Love inspire,
While they fan the Whispering Trees ;
Present Cupid lights thy Fire ;
Present Beauty gives thee Ease.
Happy Pair indulge the Blessing,
Damp no Joy with needless Rigour :
While securely, you're caressing,
Raise the Bliss with mutual Vigour.*

Yours

*Your Murmurs softer, than the Turtles prove,
Than Conches more close, your Kisses when you
(love :
And when around your curling Arms you twine,
More strict Embraces, give, than Ivy, or the
(Vine.*

THE gloomy Darkneſs, that was ſpread o'r my Room, as ſoon as the Song was over, was diſpers'd in a Moment by the entrance of Four little Cupids, with Tapers in their Hands, and Bows, and Quivers at their Backs, introducing the odious *Invidioſa*, made yet more diſguſtful by her gay Air, and a Dreſs, Rich and Genteel. With a fond, but deteſtable Smile, ſhe drew to my Bed, the Cortins being thrown open, by her abominable Imps. I ſhiver'd all over with Horror, and Averſion, dreading her Touch, as the Devils, whoſe perfect Reſemblance ſhe bore. Approaching me gently, ſhe ſeiz'd on my-hand, and conjur'd me to baniſh all Fear and Apprehenſion, being ſecure from all Harms in the defence of her *Love* ; to which, I ſhou'd not only owe abundance of Pleaſure ; but my ſafety and deliverance from thoſe Evils, that threaten'd me. *I confeſs*, ſaid ſhe, *that my Perſon is not ſo inviting as the Cardinal's Niece, yet believe me, I can impart*
Joys

Joys far more transporting, without that fickle Inconstancy you found in Theresa.

I WAS yet more confounded at the Name of *Theresa*, in the barbarous Mountains of the *Basilicate*, and that from a Person, that I cou'd not imagine more acquainted with my Affairs, than I was with hers. This gave me cause to imagine, that I was fal'n into the Hands of a *Witch*, and therefore ought to be as cautious of listening to her Enticements, as *Ulysses* was to *Circe's*, or *Calypso's*. But not arm'd with his Virtue and Resolution, I found my self more enclin'd to follow the Example of his Companions, tho my Fate prov'd like theirs. For I considered, that being now wholly in her Power, I ought to be cautious of provoking her Rage by a slight of her Passion, which often drives Women, of more Innocent Principles, to all the Impious Rage of unbounded Revenge. My Inclinations were further corrupted, by my guilty Desire of enquiring into the strange Mysteries of the Black Art; a great Skill in which, has been attributed to men of some Religion, and Virtue, among whom, *Albertus Magnus* seem'd to authorize my Curiosity.

IN the midst of these Thoughts, the *Cupid*s having thrown open my Bed, and *Invidiosa* her Garments aside, she laid herself by me, when ordering her little Demons to set the Tapers on the Table, and withdraw, she flew into my Arms with such force and desire, as relished more of the spring of gay Youth, than her Winter of Age. I wish'd, for my own sake, the Lights had been away, that so visible a Forbiddance of the Joys she required being away, and Imagination supplying her Defects with foreign Charms, I might have been able to shew myself a Man, in a Battle so dreadful. But her Cruelty seem'd to exceed that of the Tyrants of old, who joined the Dead to the Living, by obliging my Eyes still to view the Corps that lay by me, with her Looks disappointing those Enjoyments her Embraces implor'd.

WHY so cold? Why so cold? said she, to Love so warm, as mine? have we already changed our Tears, before we have our Souls, while, an odious Icy Impotence congeals thy Blood, when mine flows hot and fiery as Youth? Where is that vigour so endearing to the Cardinal's Niece? weak and sickly is that Appetite, that is kept up with Cordials, while a stomach strong and robust digests the coarsest Food.
Rouse,

*Rouse, Rouse up your Manhood, nor basely
turn your Back in the Day of Combate.
If Desire be wanting, let pity prevail, and by
a tender Embrace, save the Life of your Pro-
tectress.*

ASHAM'D of my self, I desir'd the
Cortins might be drawn, that Darkness
might give me that Courage, which the
Tapers destroy'd. She deny'd my reasona-
ble Request, with the assurance, that so I
shou'd rob my self of the greatest part of
the Joy, I shou'd receive from so strange a
Metamorphosis, as my Caresses wou'd pro-
duce.

TO this a mutual silence ensu'd, and
our invisable Consort began a Melody so
enchanting, that it warm'd my Blood,
and gave me Courage, (tho with my Eyes
shut) to throw my self at once into her
Old wither'd Arms. Strange Miracle of
Magic, in that moment, I found Delights
so transporting, that words can't express ;
having never felt such before, with the
most charming of the Sex ; and now in
full possession of the Joy, without fear of
disappointment I open'd my Eyes, when
most agreeably surpriz'd, I found in my
Bosom

Befom, instead of an old, wither'd, Paralytic Hag, a Lady young and blooming, and every way most charming in Body, and Face, full of eager Love, clasping, curling, twining, murmuring, expiring, in all the wild Ecstasie of Pleasure.

THIS added to my Wonder, as much as my Joys, giving me a double return of that Appetite, which her former horrid Figure had utterly destroyed. She was sensible of the change, and smiling, ask'd me, if I wou'd now have the Cortins drawn, or suffer the Tapers any longer to give me a Sight so disagreeable? *Never let Darknes, said I, come between this Goddess Form, and my Eyes! But tell me, thou Circe most charming, whence this sudden, and wonderful Change? What Power? What Magic? What swift Medean Art cou'd revive this blushing morning of Youth, from that shutting Ev'ning Twilight of decrepit Old-Age? From deformity most shocking, to Beauty more, than Earthly? If I have found any Favour in your Heart; If Fantasio has any pretence to the continuance of a blessing, which his miserable Fortunes cou'd never have expected, ease his lab'ring Mind; satisfy his reasonable Curiosity, let him know whether*

whether he be yet in a rapturous Dream, or whether it be in your Divine Art to restore it, as often, as his Amorous Soul shou'd desire it?

AFTER the Heat of our Dalliance had given a Cessation to our Warfare, *Invidiosa* related her strange Story in this manner, while all the Graces of Utterance, and Harmony of Voice attend on her Words.

C H A P. XI.

The History of Biancha Pamfili, or Invidiosa. Her Marriage to a Franciscan Fryar. The Discovery of his Treachery. Her Retreat to Monte Marfo. Her Study of Magick, and its Defence.

BELIEVE me, my pretty *Fantasio*, were not Fate more thy Enemy than *Biancha*, you should spend all your Life in Pleasures, like those, you have so lately had a Taste of: But thy Destiny, I find, is to wander about the World a long while, without any settled Abode of Continuance. But I will arm thee with Art, as far as I am able, against the cursed Influence of a dark malignant Planet, that menaces thy Ruin. But of that hereafter, when the Intervals of Pleasure allow us a Calm of Prudence to weigh Things, as we ought. I shall now only give you a short Abstract of my History, and Origin of those Wonders you are now so surpriz'd at.

I DERIVE my self from the noble Family of the *Pamfili*, a House sufficiently illustrious in *Rome*. But my Father being of the younger Branch, and too extravagant in his Expences, left my Mother and my self but seven thousand Ducats for our Maintenance, and my Dow'r. That Fortune, however, had been
R enough

enough to have marry'd me genteely, had not the Villainy of two *Franciscan* Fryars, at once, put an End to my Hopes, as well as Happiness.

MY Mother had always been a mighty Devote to the *Franciscan* Fryars; and her Confessor was then of that Order, when my unhappy Beauty happen'd to wound a young jolly Fryar, studying in that Convent at that Time. My Mother was often wishing, that her Confessor would recommend some Pretender to my Love; not doubting but one of his Recommendation would make us both happy. After she had often press'd him to this Office, and having agreed of the Villainy with his Brother *Bernardo*, in his Visit to my Mother, the same Discourse arising, he thus apply'd himself to her, with all the Cunning, and impious Address, so bad a Cause requir'd; but he needed not to have been so very artificial, my Mother being too well prepar'd to receive all he said for Gospel.

I AM fully persuaded (said he) that God has sent his Angel Raphael to me, as he did to Tobias, to direct me to a good Husband for your Daughter. For you may assure your self, that I have met with the most honest, and worthy young Gentleman in Italy, who having often seen your Daughter at our Church, in spite of her Veil, is infinitely in Love with her Beauty and Person. As I was this Day saying my Office, the poor Soul came to me, sent by God himself,
to

to show me what great Desire he has, that this Match should go forward. And knowing his Family, his Honesty, and Merits perfectly well, I promis'd him to break the Matter to you.

THIS was the hypocritical, and impious Preface this holy Confessor made to my Mother, which he heighten'd, by the following necessary Caution, against our Discovery of the Deceit. — *I must confess, my ghostly Daughter, (said he) there is one Fault, at least, in his Fortune, which I will not conceal from you, that you may make the fairer Judgment of the Matter, and regulate your Conduct by what I shall unfold. — A dear Friend of his was set on by his Enemy; on which, drawing his Sword to part them, he could not prevent his Friend running him through the Body, and killing him on the Spot. Tho' he struck not a Blow, nor made any Pass; yet being in the Company, when the Murther was committed, he has been forc'd to fly his Country, by the Advice of his Friends, 'till they had secur'd his Pardon, which they will speedily effect. In the mean Time, he retreated to Rome, living here incognito, in the Garb of a Scholar, as the safest Disguise. If therefore you approve of the Man, the Marriage must be secret, and he must in the Day-time follow his Lectures, and at Night return Home to your House, 'till a speedy End is put to his Trouble.*

'TIS easy to deceive those, who have no Deceit, especially when Bigotry and Devotion prepare the Way. A perfect Faith in what he said, made my Mother not question the Truth of his plausible Tale. She immediately lay'd her Injunctions upon me to admit his Address, and yield to be his Wife with the utmost Speed, the Excess of his Passion admitting no Delay. I had not then plac'd my Affections on any other Man, or troubled my self much about *Love* or *Marriage*. My Book had been always my principal Delight, and too much employ'd all my Time to let my Thoughts ramble in the pleasing Mazes of *Cupid*.

BERNARDO was introduc'd, urg'd his Passion very handsomly, had a Person agreeable, discover'd some Learning and Wit, which with me always weigh'd more, than Form or Dress. In short, at a private Mass we were marry'd; the two Fryars, and our Family, being the only Witnesses of the detestable Nuptials.

AS his Passion was real, his good Humour continu'd, and we liv'd together, for some Time, to our mutual Satisfaction. And I was content to share him, with his Studies, allowing the Day to those, and the Night to my self. My Mother was infinitely pleas'd with the Match, and said, she had Reason to bless God, and her good Confessor, for a Happiness we

we had not else obtain'd. But that Devotion to the *Franciscans*, that had betray'd me to Ruin, was the Means of the fatal Discovery of my Misfortune. For going with my Mother to Mass, at their Convent, we came in just after one was begun. We had not kneel'd long, when he turning about to say, *Dominus Vobiscum*, I was surpriz'd and confounded to find him my Husband. I whisper'd my Mother, that he was either my Husband, or one so very like him, as might well excuse the Error of my Mistake. My Mother still, full of her Opinion of the Order, and thinking it a mortal Sin to entertain such wicked Thoughts of such holy Men, endeavour'd to perswade me out of my Opinion. He turn'd again on the same Occasion, which confirm'd my Fears, and alarm'd my Mother with Suspicions of the same Nature. But *Ite Missa est*, remov'd all our Doubts, at least mine, who had been more intimately acquainted with his Face. My Mother, indeed, seem'd yet not to yield an entire Credit to her Eyes, till the Evening put it beyond Controversy. When being in Bed with me, my Mother, according to our Agreement, held his Hands, as in Sport, whilst I pull'd off his Night-Cap, we discover'd his shav'd Crown, which too plainly confess'd the treacherous Priest.

FULL of Rage I leap'd from the Bed; and both running out of the Chamber, lock'd him

in, 'till we had consulted of our Revenge. My Mother would not let me follow the violent Dictates of my Resentment ; but thought it would be Punishment enough to them, and Ignominy to their Order, to have them committed to the secular Judge. She therefore, under Pretext of some earnest Business of Importance, sent for her Confessor, and secretly for Officers to secure their Persons ; which, as soon as he came, she put in Execution, and follow'd her Cause close, 'till the Judge deliver'd them over to the Bishop, and he only impos'd the Penance on them of not saying Mass in two Months ; so that, by my Mother's moderate Counsel, all we got by the Prosecution, was the Discovery of my Disgrace, and the Security and Impunity of the Offenders.

ON the Knowledge of this Roguery of the *Fryar's* Grief seiz'd too strongly on the Spirits of my Mother, and the Shame of having been the Wife of a Priest, too much affecting me in *Rome*, gathering up the Shipwracks of our Fortunes, we took Care to convey all our Furniture and Substance to *Amalfi*, where my ignominious Fate was unknown. But the Sorrow had taken too fast a Possession of my Mother, to suffer Time and Place to heal up the Evil ; so, after a short Abode at *Malfi*, the Distemper, that had for some Time been devouring her, put a Period to her Life.

I WILL

I WILL not trouble thee with a needless Repetition of my Grief for this Loss ; let it suffice, that it was answerable to the Love and Goodness of so tender a Mother. Weary of the World already, this heighten'd my Aversion ; 'till Chance leading me to this pleasing Retirement, in my Enquiries after such a Blessing, I soon agreed with the seemingly wretched Possessor *Invidiosa*, (whose Name and Person I here yet preserve) I remov'd my Furniture and Fortune to this Place, where I gave my self entirely to the Study of those Books, which the Fryar left behind him, which treated particularly of all the hidden Mysteries of the Magical Art. But some Parts were so very obscure, that all my Industry and Study could never have vanquish'd the Difficulty, had I not had the Luck to be in the House of the sage *Invidiosa*, a Woman profoundly learn'd in that wonderful Science. Who finding my Inclinations so strongly bent on that Study, took Care not only to explain the Difficulties of my own Books, but to make me Mistress of her curious Manuscripts, which had carry'd the Art to its utmost Perfection ; and which, at my Leisure, my dear *Fantasio*, I will freely communicate to your Curiosity.

I CONFESS, interrupted I, my Curiosity is very strong to Things of that Nature, were I but satisfy'd of their Innocence, and Consistence with our Faith and Religion.

YOU labour, my dear Angel, (reply'd she) under a vulgar Error, when you imagine human Nature so deprav'd, as to be able to make a Compact with the Devil, and renounce the Comforts of a God, that they, in the very Fact, know to be his Master. No, no; whatever the Superstitious and Ignorant believe, the Art of Magick is a noble and celestial Art, discovering the secret Powers of Things, Plants, Drugs, Minerals, the whole animal and vegetable Kingdoms, and all the metallick Realms in the Earth; the just Application of *Actives* and *Passives*, the Influence of the Planets, the Nature of the Elements, the Knowledge of the infinite Number of their invisible Inhabitants, the natural Ways of obliging, or compelling them to our Pleasure or Service, which must be adapted to the Nature of their Elements; and we must know, whether the Business be fit for an *aereal*, *igneous*, *aquatick*, or *terrene* Spirit. For none of them are such Enemies to Man, as voluntarily to do him any Mischief, and most of them averse to the Offices of Revenge, tho' they participate generally of the Nature of their Element, whether Fire or Water, the Earth or the Air. But all are obsequious to the Children of Art, who know how to reward them with Delights proportion'd to their Perception.

BY our Skill in these Things, it is, that we can alter our Shape and Appearance, transform

form the Old into Youth, and Youth into old Age ; the human Shape into those of Birds and Beasts, and those again into the Form of Man. By this Art, we can thicken the thin Substance of aerial or igneous Spirits, cloathing them in more substantial Bodies, than they naturally enjoy, and by which they may be more useful to our Pleasure or Service. By this Means they can express both vocal and instrumental Sounds ; but to far greater Perfection, than the human Organs allow : Your self have been a Witness how far their Musick excels all the Throats of the *Eunuchs* of *Italy*.

YOU charm me, my adorable *Biancha*, (said I) with your wonderful Account of these Wonders of Nature, hid from the presuming Pedants of the Schools, and the System-mongers of the *Virtuosi*, and discover'd to the generous Enquiries of a tender young Lady, whose Beauty of Person might well excuse the Barrenness of the Mind, and Aversion to Studies so difficult and sublime.

THE World, (reply'd she) that is, the domineering Part, has always been an Enemy to the Progress of Knowledge ; and those great *Genius's*, who have made rational Discoveries, have often been Martyrs to the Excellence of their Understanding. Thus the very Proposal of the *Antipodes*, in an ignorant Age, call'd down an *Anathema*, tho' now it be a Truth,
that

that no Body denies. *Gallileo, Campinella*, and other great Men, have endur'd the Tortures of the Inquisition for imparting that Knowledge, which their Studies had found out. What Clamor and Opposition did the *Copernican* System meet with? When now all but Coxcombs allow it, and which I have frequently seen with my Eyes verify'd, when I have pass'd above our Atmosphere, and view'd it with equal Pleasure and Wonder. Nay, the very mechanick Performances, Powers, and Motions, have been blacken'd with the invidious Name of Necromancy and Witchcraft. Fryer *Bacon* of *England*, and e'en *Albertus Magnus*, have fallen under this Censure. You have seen the petty Performances of the common chymical Receipts, what magical Woods they will raise in their Viols. You have seen *Diana's* Tree from a Mixture of Silver, Mercury, and *Aqua Fortis*, branch it self from its Seed, as it were, into a perfect arborous Form. The same is done by Plants. What is done by the various Productions of Light, and a hundred other Infant-Efforts of the imperfect Students of Magick, or Nature? If what they produce be momentaneous, unsubstantial, and useless, it is, because they know not the true and secret Way of Operation; which is a Mystery above the Vulgar; and being only confin'd to a few, and those obscure and unknown, the Fools of Figure and Power strike in with the Mob, (being equally qualify'd with Knowledge and Understanding)

to stigmatize this Art, as the Product of Hell, and the Converſe with the Devil.

HAVE you never ſeen, by the Help of a Microſcope, that every little Leaf is inhabited by certain little Animals, tho' too minute for the Eye, without this Help to diſcover? Nay, we ourſelves are only the habitable World to ſome Animalcules, which you may diſcover, by a *Microſcope*, paſs in and out at the Pores of our Hands, or other Parts. If then this World, this Earth, which ſeems ſo well replenish'd with viſible Animals, abound in ſuch infinite Numbers of thoſe that are inviſible; is it reaſonable to imagine the vaſt Expanſe one perpetual Deſart, without any Inhabitants? 'Tis contrary to Reaſon, and contrary to the Experience of the Learned. Theſe Spaces of the Air, are poſſeſs'd by Myriads of ſubtle Spirits; ſome within our *Atmoſphere*, ſome beyond it, but all communicative of their Aſſiſtance to Man; and, by the Help of Art, Man can enable them to do what elſe they are incapable of. Theſe Spirits I employ, theſe I converſe with, and uſe in my farther Diſcovery of Nature. I have one my particular Friend, and never far from me, warning me of Dangers, and miniſtring to my Pleaſure and Inſtruction. The Dæmons of *Socrates*, and *Ariſtotle*; of *Cordan*, and other great Men, were no other but theſe friendly Spirits. The *Adepti* converſe with them, with ſomething more Safety, tho' with not ſo great Fami-

Familiarity, as we, who have made their Nature our Study ; and arriv'd at such Perfection in Art, as to be able to furnish them with Rewards for their Pains, which they long for, but cannot get without us.

BY what I have said, you will find that we, whose Study is to converse with all the Wonders of the Creation, cannot be so forgetful of the Creator, as to renounce the bright Cause of all we enjoy, for a blind Vassalage to the lowest of Creatures.

I BLESS my Misfortunes, divine Biancha, (said I) that brought me to the Knowledge of so much Beauty of Mind and Person, in one Woman. You cannot then be content with the Blessing of my Mind (interrupted he) in the Person of Invidiosa ? Should I resume that Form, I'm persuaded your Raptures would soon grow more weak. — No, (reply'd I) could you take yet one most vastly, your Idea is too strong fix'd in my Mind, not to make me adore you in any Figure. Well, Experience will shew (said she) whether my Person or Mind be more dear to you. In the mean while, I will make an End of my History, which this Digression had made you forget.


ON the Death of the learned *Invidiosa*, being arriv'd to so great a Proficiency in the Art, I assum'd her Form, both to secure my Retreat,
and

and my Fortune from Envy, and Robbers. But when I indulge my self in the Arms of the Man that I love, in the Moment of Enjoyment my own Form returns ; for that is the Nature of the Charm I have made Use of, to be suspended by the vigorous Embraces of a Lover. But very few have been the Men, that have obtain'd this Favour ; and those, who could not retain the agreeable Secret, have, by their speedy Ruin, prevented my Revenge ; for that has been always the Care of my *Dæmon*, to preserve me from the blind and barbarous Cruelty, the Laws made by the ignorant inflict on our Science. Enjoy therefore the Pleasure of the Night ; for with the Return of the Sun, I rise old and ugly, and you find no longer in your Arms the beautiful *Brancha*, but the frightful *Invidiosa*.

I COULD not but express my Wonder and Pleasure, by assuring her, that I wish'd the double Night of *Thebes*, when *Jupiter* and *Alcmena* begot the Monster-queller *Hercules*, that I might not be so speedily banish'd a Paradise so ravishing.

C H A P. XII.

The farther Villainy of Fryar Bernardo, in cuckolding his Patron, which prov'd the Death of the Wife, her Brother, and the Fryar. Fantasio's Retreat discover'd to the Cardinal. The Pursuit comes to Invidiosa's House. She turns him into a fine Bologna Lap-Dog, to preserve him. She is committed for his Murder ; and he carry'd away in that Shape.

THUS we pass'd several Nights in the full Luxury of Pleasure, and the Days, in taking my Instruction in this Art from my Mistress, in , and in Science. The wonderful Effects of her Art, the several Animals she had about her House, all formerly Men, or Women, their Fortunes, their Vices, and Characters ; as well as the amazing Sights she gave me a View of in the Earth, the Water, and the Air, I shall not mix here with my own Fortunes, having committed them to a History by themselves, worthy the Knowledge of Posterity.

I TOLD her one Day, that I was very much surpriz'd to find, that so barbarous an Injury, as Fryar *Bernardo* had done her, met with no farther Resentment, than Sorrow and Tears. That certainly she must love him extremely, to forgive him so easily a Treachery so enormous. I must confess, reply'd she, had my

my Love to him grown in Proportion to his Manhood, there had been few Faults, that I could not have forgiven him, especially such, as I might flatter my self were the Effect of an insurmountable Passion for my Beauty and Person. But as I was more a Sacrifice to my Mother's Commands, than my own Inclination, I never found him make a farther Progress in my Heart, that Duty requir'd. So on the Discovery, I easily gave into the Extremity of Rage; and had my Mother permitted, both he and his Confederate should have done sufficient, but secret Penance for the Transgression. But hinder'd of that, as I have told you, and baffled in the false Measures, my Mother pursu'd, I confess my Revenge then prompted me to this Study, which only could furnish me, with the Means of obtaining it. But Providence prevented my Crime, in the Villain's Death, in a Country far distant from hence in this Manner.

HAVING after his being expos'd in so publick a Manner left *Rome*, he retir'd into *Perigord* in *France*. Where at a Convent of his Order, he fell into the Acquaintance of a Gentleman of that Country, who was a mighty Devote to *St. Francis*. *Bernardo* had a cunning insinuating Way, and soon won the Heart of the Country 'Squire, to such a Degree, that himself and his House was intirely at his Command. Nay, he was so fond of him, that he
would

would often oblige him to lie at his House, tho' within four Mile of his Convent. There was no Secret of his Life, or Purpose he had, but he communicates it with the Fryar. This Gentleman had a very handsom Wife, on whom the amorous Fryar had cast a Hawk's Eye, as the destin'd Prey of his Lust. She had now lain in, about three Weeks, and odd Days, her Husband being extreamly fond had prevail'd with her to let him come to Bed to her a certain Night about twelve. The 'Squire having some Scruple of Conscience about the Matter, consults his Confessor Father *Bernardo*; who carefully made a full Enquiry into the Time, by many dubious, and round-about Queries that led not directly to the Matter. He told him, after a full hearing of the Case, that there was no great Crime to anticipate the Leave of the Church a few Days, provided in Amends he made some small Offering for the Prayers of his Convent.

HE would not enlarge the Husband's Scruples, nor entirely forbid the Encounter, lest he should inform his Wife, that she should not expect him; but being in his Chamber before they went to Bed, the jolly Fryar pushes the Glafs, and makes him pretty mellow; so not doubting but he would sleep much past the Hour, he puts him to Bed about eleven, and half, and retiring to his Chamber, undresses himself ready for the amorous Encounter; he steals into
the

the Lady's Bed-Chamber, and soon into the Bed, nor was he long before he became Master of his Wishes in her Arms. After an unusual Course of Desire, the Fryar retir'd, without speaking a Word but in Whisper. Retreating to his Chamber he soon got on his Cloaths, and hasten'd to the Door; and by the Authority he had in the House, he easily prevail'd with the Porter to open the Gate, and get him his Horse. The Husband awaking remembers his Assignment with his Wife, and immediately repairs to her Chamber soon after the Fryar was withdrawn; she taking him for the same, was desirous to know what was the Cause of his Return, when he had quite tir'd her with Love already? He was not a little surpriz'd at the foul Play, that had been offer'd him; and remembering the Fryar's Questions, his toping with him so late, and that no Man lay on that Side the House but him, and her Brother, he went directly to the Fryar's Apartment. He found him not there, and coming to the Porter had from him a full Confirmation of his Doubts; and returns to his Wife to let her know the Certainty of her Misfortune; with which she was so affected, that in her Husband's Absence in Pursuit of the Fryar, she hang'd herself, and in the Struglings of Death gave her young Babe such a Kick in the Stomach, that the Child expir'd in such Crys, that the Nurse that lay in a Closet just by runs into the Room, but amaz'd, and affrighted at the miserable Object, she ran to her Brother's Chamber, who

S

finding

finding his Sister, and Child in this Condition, was told by the Nurse, that none had been there but her Master.

THE Brother searching for him in vain in the House, taking Horse rid out to pursue him in his imagin'd Escape. He met him returning from chasing the Fryar, who had taken another Course, than to his Convent, and no sooner came up to him, but calling him Coward, and Villain, drew his Sword upon him. Self-Defence prevail'd with the Husband to stand on his Guard, and in the Heat of the pushing he run the Brother through. On his Enquiry of the Cause of his Brother's unprovok'd Rage, he found the unhappy Catastrophe of his Wife, and Child, and in Excess of Sorrow gave him a full Account of what was past, and the Villainy of the Fryar, and as well as he could convey'd him to his House, where before the Family he declar'd himself the Occasion of his own Death; but for the farther Security he had the King's Pardon.

THE Morning coming on, and Enquiry made round the Country, his Horse was found grazing with his Saddle on in a large Common, and the Fryar a little after with his Neck broke in a Pit, not taking much Care which Way he fled fearing the immediate Proceeding of the Gentleman, he had injur'd. And thus his own Villainy and the Judgment of Providence

dence reveng'd me upon him, without any Guilt of mine.

THIS Story being ended, we remov'd to Pleasure, of Body or Mind, which we wisely diversify'd with the Wonders of her Art, and the Wisdom of her Precepts. But while thus in full Solitude, I enjoy'd all the Pleasures of Cities, and Courts, by the Ministration of the Spirits of *Biancha*, Fate, envious of my Bliss, was playing me so scurvy a Trick, as put a melancholy Period to all my more than mortal Delights.

THE Cardinals Agents had Information at *Fundi*, that I had been seen publickly at Church at the Wedding of *Baldinotti* and *Camilla*, and that in all Probability I might yet be found in their House. On Application to the Heads of the Family, it was own'd, that such a Person was brought from the *Banditti's* Castle; but that on the Wedding-Day I had left them, on Pretence of earnest Business, and was gone they suppos'd to my Relations. This generous Excuse had certainly been sufficient to have secur'd my Retreat, had not *Lazaretto* been of an amorous Nature, and had an Affair with a cunning Jilt of that City; who missing him for some Days, about that very Time, from their usual Rendezvous, was every Day uneasy with him to know the Cause of that Absence, and what Intelligence he could give her about that Guest

of his Master's, for whom the Cardinal promis'd so generous a Reward.

IN vain were all her Efforts on *Lazaretto*, he was too honest to let his Letchery get the better of his Trust; yet unable to resist the Importunity of his Mistress, in the Fondness of his Drink, and Love, he confess'd, that he had been at his Lady's Farms, in the *Basilicate*, to gather in her Rents. Tho' this was far from giving her any Ground to guess at the Truth; yet the Solitude of the Place, his sudden Departure, and Difficulty of telling her before, and his known Credit with his Master, and Lady, but chiefly her Desire of the two hundred Crowns, made her go with some Assurance to the Cardinal's Agent, and tell him, that I was most certainly hid in the Mountains about *Mabfi*; and there at some Tenants of *Baldinetti*, and *Camilla*. On the Agents examining how she came by this Secret, she lay'd before him all the Grounds we have mention'd of her Conjecture. The Agent, to her terrible Disappointment, made flight of the Information, and sent her away little satisfy'd with her Treachery. However, he thought fit to give the Cardinal an Account of the Matter, and in a little Time receiv'd Orders to dispatch three, or four Messengers into those Parts to make a diligent Search after me.

BIANCHA and I were one happy Night in the midſt of our Dalliance, when on the ſudden ſhe ſtarted from my Arms, and bid me leave the Bed with all Speed ; for her watchful *Dæmon* had told her that Moment of the Approach of ſome imminent Danger to one, or both. Then going with me naked, as we were, into the Cloſet, ſhe ſhew'd me two Pots of Ointment ; the Power of the one was to change a Man or Woman into an Eagle, the other into a Dog, and bid me chuſe which Shape I would aſſume 'till the Danger was over. I being apprehenſive that a Bird was more ſubject to Hazard, than ſo domeſtick an Animal, choſe the later. She then began to anoint me all over with her ſoft warm Hand, when I found my ſelf in a Moment transform'd into a fine, and beautiful *Bologna* Lap-Dog.

THE Operation was ſcarce over, and *Biancha* ſcarce return'd to the Figure of *Invidioſa*, when we heard the whole Houſe beſet, and Endeavours to break open the Door: Locking me up in the Cloſet, ſhe went, and let them in, and with a very officious Readineſs ſhew'd them all round the Houſe. But entering my Chamber, they ſaw thoſe very Cloaths lying, which the Malice of my Enemies had ſo perfectly deſcrib'd, that they could not be miſtaken. This redoubled their Search ; but opening the Cloſet, found no other Animal in the Houſe but *Biancha*, and my ſelf. They ſwore

that she had either hid, or murther'd me, and that she should go with them to *Amalfi*, to give an Account to the Magistrate what she had done with me.

BIANCHIA, with all her Wisdom, was here at a Loss! To discover my Concealment, was not only to betray me to the Ruin she would prevent, but to have herself try'd and burnt for a Witch; to let me go in that brutal State I was in, without informing me how to dissolve the Charm, was to lose me for ever, and to deprive me of all the Benefits of Humanity. She therefore desir'd, if they would oblige her to go to *Amalfi*, that they would suffer her to carry me with her, to be some Comfort to her in her Confinement. But they plainly told her, she must expect no Favour from them; that they doubted not but my Cloaths would be Evidence enough of her Guilt, when so powerful an Adversary, as the Cardinal appear'd against her. That, therefore, in her Favour they would carry that fine Lap-Dog for a Present for his Niece, whose Word might be of Service to her in her Distress.

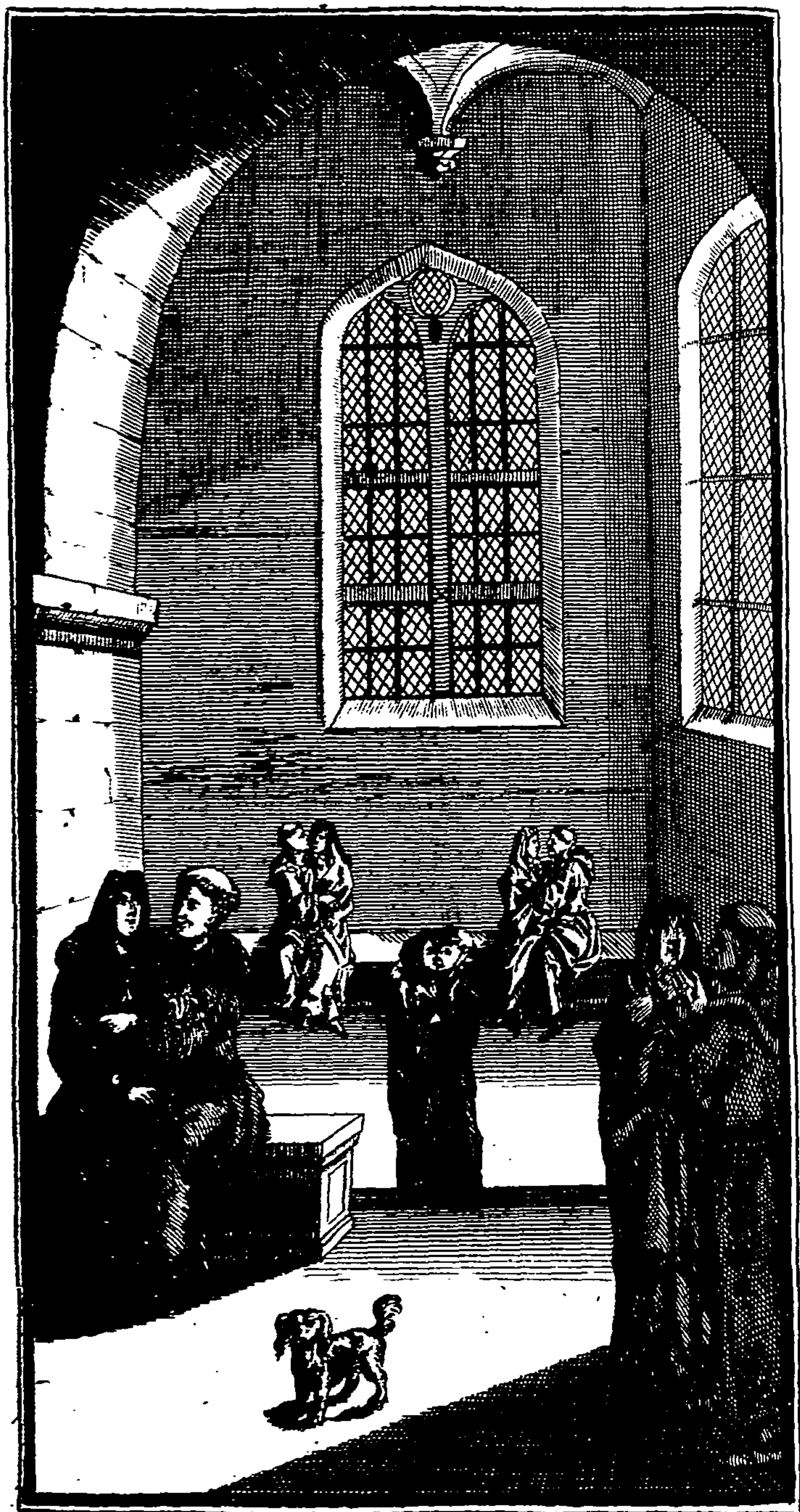
BIANCHIA was satisfy'd, that without her own Confession they could never convict her of the Murther, and had besides some Confidence in her Art, and the just Defence she could make about the Cloaths; so seeing there was no Way
of

of rescuing me from these Mens Hands, she desir'd, at least, that they would let her take her Leave of the poor Animal, that had so long been her only Companion in that vast Solitude. They yielded her this Favour without going out of her Sight, when taking me in her Arms, and feigning to kiss, and make much of me; she whisper'd in my Ear her amorous Complaints, unable yet to know what Course to take; *that her only Care was the Loss of Fantasio, or, at least, a long and tedious Divorce from his Arms. However, she bid me first be no Ways concern'd for her, since a very few Days would set her at Liberty; and that I should be content with the Lot, that my Fates had assign'd me, secure against Hardships in all my Preregrination from the general Regard pay'd by Ladies, and People of Quality to such delicate Animals. That after I had wander'd in this Shape through most Part of Europe, I should arrive in England; and that in the Capital City of that fortunate Island, I should fall into the Hands of a most learned Physician, the Esculapius of the Age; who skilful in all the Distempers of the Body and Mind, could, and did administer Cures to every Disease: That in the Garden of this celebrated Doctor, I should find the Sovereign Herb, call'd La Sana Mente, by eating of which I should recover my Shape. That I should bear his Name in every Circle of the Fair, and the Witty, as the Apollo of Britain in his double Capacity of Poet, and Physician.*

Name alone, being more, than all the Hyperboles of Poetry, or Heightenings of Rhetorick, was his best Panegyrick ; for whoever hears the Name of Signor Gartho, knew where to find a sure and speedy Remedy against all the Diseases of Body, or Mind.

The End of the Second BOOK.

The



The Third BOOK.

C H A P. I.

Their Departure from Amalfi, and Arrival at a Village call'd Ouzano. Of the gelding the Parson of the Parish. Their Passage thence to the Town of Cerino. The Adventures of Philipino, Aretina, and Barbaro, and the unlucky Intrigues of the Fullers and Bakers.

LEAVING *Biancha* confin'd with Iron Bars at *Amalfi*, two of the Cardinal's Messengers went with me to *Liono*, leaving the rest to go back after their Prosecution of the suppos'd *Invidiosa* by *Loconiano*, and *Piesto* to the Sea, and so directly to *Ostia*, without landing at *Naples*, or *Gaeta*. From *Liono* we enter'd the Mountains on Mules, the Steepness of which, and the ill Roads we met with, oblig'd us to make but a short Day's Journey, taking up our Quarters at an Inn in a pretty large Village, call'd *Ouzano*. We were no sooner enter'd the Inn, but I was committed to the Hostess to lock up in her Chamber, lest I should be lost in that strange Place, or stolen by the Curiosity of some other, as I had been by them at *Monte Marso*.

THE

THE Hostess was a buxom *Bona Roba*, and had for some Time had an Affair with the Parson of the Parish, 'till now by their want of Caution, or the Jealousy of the Husband, they were not a little suspected by the Host of corrupting his Forehead. The Hostess took me, and carry'd me her self up to her own Chamber, where opening the Door, I saw the vigorous young *Domine* ready to receive her; and shutting the Apartment, they lost no Time, but committed themselves immediately to the conscious Bed; where the Fury of their Passion being over, the Dame well pleas'd with his Performance, mingling now, and then a Kiss, began in this Manner. *Are you sure of your Man? Can you trust him with the Treasure of my Life? Will he not do indeed, what he is only to dissemble the better to deceive my Husband, and make our Conversation the more easy and undisturb'd? Should my dull Drudge suspect you meant only an Amusement, I fear he would try the Honesty of Martino; and I am afraid a Surgeon has not Honesty enough to refuse a Bribe to betray his Trust. However it is, I wish you could have thought of some less dangerous Way of removing my Husband's Jealousy. Fear not (my dear Charmer, reply'd the Priest) I have sufficiently secur'd Martino, by a Bribe, thy Husband will scarce overbid did he know our Intrigue, so much more does he value Money than Revenge. He's too good a Christian, poor Soul, to bear Malice,*
at

at least where the Execution of it will prove expensive.

HAVING ended this Discourse, and their amorous Dalliance, she dismiss'd the Parson by a secret Communication between the House, and the Stables, and returns to her Guests, who by this Time were as ready for Supper, as Supper was for them. They hop'd too good a Reward for me not to take Care of feeding me in the best Manner; so sending for me down, they plac'd me on the Table, where I fed only on what I lik'd best, refusing every Thing but the choicest Bits of each Dish. Before we had sup'd, the Parson I had seen so familiar with my Landlady comes in, with several others, among whom was a Surgeon, call'd *Martino*. The Host, and his Wife, and some more of the Family, and all the Guests being present, the Parson began this formal Harangue: *You, my loving Neighbours, and you my Kinsfolk, that are present, shall be Witnesses of my Doings. It is said, that if thy Eye be a Scandal pluck it out; and that those are happy, who make themselves Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven. Now it has been my Misfortune to incur the Suspicion of my good Gossip here our Host, in Relation to his vertuous Consort my Penitent; being therefore resolv'd to remove all Cause of Uneasiness, Quarrel, or ill Will, by taking away the Ground, and Cause of Suspicion, so that hereafter my good Penitent, and I may converse with all the Freedom*

dom of two of the same Sex. I have already made my Will, and dispos'd of my temporal and spiritual Affairs, and that, as a good Christian, and an honest Man should, do heartily forgive all my Enemies : Particularly I declare, that it was not only by my Consent, but by my Desire, that my honest Friend Martino the Surgeon undertook this Operation upon me ; and that therefore if any thing happen'd amiss, or otherwise than the Skill of so great an Artist promis'd, he has my hearty Pardon before all the Company.

THE Company were some surpriz'd, and others concern'd at what the Priest said, while the Strangers, and Travellers could not well tell what he design'd by his Speech ; 'till now the Parson being disrob'd, and bound fast Hand and Foot, the Surgeon takes out his Tools, and soon goes to Work. The Priest was not fond of parting with his Witnesses of Manhood, but had made a secret Bargain with the Surgeon only to make a Flourish, and so pretend, that he had perfectly gelt him ; but the Husband, not without Cause suspecting his Familiarity with his Wife, as secretly gives the Surgeon double the Money to go through stich with his Work, and to make the Parson an Eunuch indeed, by that Means to punish him for what Injury he had done him, and prevent the like for the future.

THE Parson lying now at his Mercy, whose Money he had already receiv'd, his Desire of that of the Host's prevail'd with him at one Slice to shave the Parson so close, that spoil'd his rutting, as long, as he liv'd, adding, that he did not use to make a Jest of his Operations. The Parson swoon'd away, the disconsolate Dame did the like; the Husband, and Company were pleas'd at the Execution, and the Man of God, the Blood being stench'd, carry'd Home to his own House, where what became of him I know not. For with the first Appearance of Day we set out from the Inn, wishing our Host always such Revenge on the Invaders of his Bed.

HAVING now pass'd the Mountains, we arriv'd at *Cerino*, a Town of much less Consideration, than formerly, which the frequent Ruins demonstrate. Instead of an Inn, we went here to the House of the most topping Baker in the Place, who was a Relation of one of my Guard, and seem'd a civil, good-humour'd, honest Fellow enough, deserving a better Fate, than such a Devil of a Wife, as he had. For such a Tongue, and such a Tail, both at Bed and at Board, was enough to draw Compassion from any Dog in *Christendom*, that knew but half so much as I did of the Sex. For there was not one Vice in Nature disagreeable, and shocking from which she was free; her Mind being the Drein, or Common-shore of all Wick-
edness;

edness, where the several Channels empty'd themselves of their offensive Filth, and Nastiness. She was mischievous, cruel, drunken, obstinate, stubborn, froward, impertinent, and saucy : In base Rapines avaricious ; in shameful Expences profuse ; a Foe to Fidelity, and an Enemy to Modesty ; despising, and trampling under Foot all the Duties of Religion ; she would still wear the Vizor of Godliness, but the Mask so ill fitted the Proportion of her Vices, that the Hypocrite always was seen in the false Zealot ; yet a long while deceiving the World, and her own wretched Husband, in spite of her daily Morning Whets, and continual Adultery.

THE Cardinal's Men had Occasion to make some little excursive Journeys, partly on their Master's Business, and partly to see some Relations, they had in those Parts, leaving me to the Care, and Protection of this pious good Wife of the Baker of *Cerino*. My Beauty, and Figure, that would charm a Care from People of any Soul, had no Effect upon her ; a musty Bit, and a Knock being all I could get in a Day. A Usage so uncivil, and barbarous I resented, resolving some Way, or other to be sufficiently reveng'd on her for my Treatment. This made me more curious in observing her Actions, nor was she over-cautious of concealing her Amours from the View of a Creature, that could not discover her Secret ; so that I soon

soon perceiv'd in her Husband's Absence a young Fellow resort to her Chamber, and possess even her Person. Besides whom, there was an old, fat, greasy Bawd, the *Go-between* of these worthy Lovers, who was scarce ever from her ; and with whom she frequently consulted, in the midst of full Glasses of good Wine, and plentiful Breakfasts, of which I could get no Share, how with the most Address and subtle Ways she might abuse her credulous good-natur'd Husband. One Day among the rest, in their secret Conference, I heard the old Bawd deliver herself in this Manner, tho' in a low Tone, to avoid being overheard by any of the Family.

‘ AS for your present Gallant, my good
‘ Dame, (said the old Bawd) you may do with
‘ him what you please, having without my Advice
‘ admitted him to your Arms ; tho’ sluggish,
‘ and fearful to a Degree unsupportable.
‘ Who suffers his Fear, and terrible Apprehen-
‘ sion of the horned Beast your Husband to dis-
‘ appoint violent Desires, and Expectations,
‘ with a more, than Husband-like Coldness, and
‘ Impotence. Courage is as necessary in Love,
‘ as War ; for he that’s afraid of his Enemy in
‘ either, will never meet with Honour, but
‘ shameful Disgrace. Ah! my good Dame, did
‘ you know but *Philipino*, what another Man
‘ is he? How much more worthy of Embraces
‘ so enchanting, handsome, young, in the
‘ very

• very Bloom, liberal, strong, constant, and
• active against all the diligent, but ineffica-
• cious Cares of the jealous Husband. He is
• only worthy the stolen Favours of every
• Wife, and he is only worthy of a Crown of
• Gold, if it were only for the Trick he lately
• put upon an old, jealous, troublesom Cox-
• comb, with admirable Presence of Mind, and
• Address. Hear but the Adventure, and then
• you will be able to make the Comparison be-
• tween the different Qualities of Gallants.

• YOU know *Signor Barbaro*, an Alderman
• of this Town, whom the Mob for the Sour-
• ness, and Severity of his Temper call the
• *Scorpion*. This Man has a young charming
• Wife, adorn'd with all the Beauties of Body,
• and Mind, that can render her desirable to
• the Young, and the Amorous. This Trea-
• sure by the Husband is kept under the strictest,
• and most watchful Guard imaginable against
• the Access, or Attempts of all who may wish
• to possess it.

• CERTAINLY (interrupted the Baker's
• Wife) I know *Aretina* my School-fellow ve-
• ry well; for it is of her, and her Husband
• you now discourse. You are already, there-
• fore acquainted with the whole Story (re-
• ply'd the Bawd) of her Amour with *Philip-
• pino*? Not with one Word of it, (said the
• other) but I long to hear it, and I beg you,
my

‘ my dear Mother, to tell me every Particular
‘ in its due Order.

THE loquacious Bawd took her Word at the first Rebound, and clos’d in with her Desire in this Manner.

‘ THIS *Barbaro* being oblig’d to go to *Naples* on extraordinary Business, with which
‘ he could by no Means dispense, fearful of, and
‘ desirous to preserve his own Peace, and his
‘ Wife’s Honour, and Chastity, with the utmost
‘ Caution, and Care in his Absence, he
‘ took these Measures. He had a poor old
‘ Slave, or Servant, call’d *Myrmillo*, whose Fidelity
‘ he had often, and long experienc’d.
‘ To this *Argus* he secretly commits the Custody
‘ of his Mistress entirely, threatening him
‘ with Imprisonment, violent Death, or Famine,
‘ if he suffer’d any Male-Creature so much,
‘ as to touch her with the Tip of his Finger,
‘ in his Absence, assuring *Myrmillo* of his rigid
‘ Performance of his Threats with a thousand
‘ horrid Imprecations, and Curses. So leaving
‘ him with Fear and Dread enough to make him
‘ a cautious and watchful Guard on his Wife,
‘ he with abundance of Security sets out on his Journey.

‘ THE anxious *Myrmillo* having ever his
‘ Master’s Threats before his Eyes, never suffers
‘ his Charge to stir out of Doors ; nor is

‘ he ever absent out of her Chamber when at
‘ Work, watching her almost to every necessary
‘ Occasion with a Diligence unwearied.

‘ BUT the Beauty of *Aretina* was too con-
‘ siderable for Fame to be silent of it, or for the
‘ inquisitive *Philipino* not to hear something
‘ of Charms so extraordinary; but that which
‘ gave him the greatest Spur to the Attempt,
‘ was the Reputation of her own Chastity, and
‘ the Vigilance of her Keeper, both Obstacles
‘ worthy his Industry to overcome. Push’d on
‘ with this singular Ambition, and thoroughly
‘ prepar’d against all Events, he draws down
‘ all his Forces, and employs all his Strata-
‘ gems to storm, or undermine the tenacious
‘ Discipline of this House. Being already sen-
‘ sible, that all human Fidelity was frail, and,
‘ that there was no Difficulty so great, or For-
‘ tifications so impregnable, but were pervious
‘ to Gold, and that Money would burst open
‘ Gates, made of adamantine Rocks; a lucky
‘ Opportunity throwing *Myrmillo* all alone in
‘ his Way, taking hold of the Forelock of Oc-
‘ casion, he addresses himself to him, plainly
‘ discovers his Passion for his Mistress, and
‘ begs his Assistance in an Amour, which could
‘ not be compleated without him; that he
‘ must perish without his speedy Conveyance
‘ of him to the Arms of *Aretina*. That he
‘ should consider, the Matter was very easy,
‘ and feasible, and carry’d no terrible Difficul-

ty that ought to frighten, or deter him from the Undertaking ; since he coming all alone, under the convenient Cover of the Shades of the Night, could, by his Help, gently steal into the House, and after a little Stay in his Lady's Chamber, return out again the same Way without Observation. To this easy Draught of the Matter pulling out a Handful of Gold, he added the Wedge that soon split in Pieces all the Fidelity of this formidable Guard, when he heard him assure him of twenty Pieces of that Gold for his Mistress, and ten for himself, the Moment he was admitted to Happiness. But *Myrmillo* confounded betwixt the dazzling Charms of the Gold, and the Guilt of the Proposal, stopping his Ears and his Eyes, he flew away from him, and lock'd himself up in his Master's House.

BUT the Locks, and the Bars could not exclude the tempting Image of that glorious Splendor of the Gold, he had seen in the Hands of *Philipino* ; the yellow Light yet glar'd in his Eyes, and made him with Desire grasp the rich Prey in his Mind, while with a wonderful Tempest of Thought, and Distraction of Resolution, the miserable Wretch is drawn, nay dragg'd into various and contrary Opinions. On this Side stood his Trust, and Fidelity to his Master ; on that the Gain, and Reward of his Treachery ; on

‘ this his threaten’d Punishment, on that his
‘ promis’d Pleasure. But powerful Gold, at
‘ last, drove the Fear of distant Torments, and
‘ Death out of the Field, and left it to the pre-
‘ sent Satisfaction. This Contest was not of a
‘ Moment, but extended its Disquiet to the
‘ perpetual Invasion of his nocturnal Cares, and
‘ the destin’d Hours of his natural Repose; the
‘ Lust of Gold, and Pest of Avarice having
‘ now taken full Possession of his Heart; and
‘ tho’ his Master’s Threats persuaded his Stay
‘ at Home, yet the Syren-Voice of the be-
‘ witching Gold call’d him Abroad. Thus van-
‘ quish’d by this he goes to his Mistress, and
‘ without Hesitation delivers the Message sent
‘ by him from *Philipino*; the Woman, follow-
‘ ing the genuine Levity of her Temper, sur-
‘ render’d immediately her boasted Honour,
‘ and Chastity to the execrable Metal.

‘ *MYRMILLO*, over-joy’d at the Success
‘ of his Negotiation, on all the Wings of De-
‘ fire to touch, and possess the charming Gold,
‘ he had seen, flees to the transported *Philipino*,
‘ informing him of the Accomplishment of his
‘ Wishes, by his singular Labour, Industry,
‘ and Address, impatiently asking the Reward
‘ of his Infidelity. And with a greedy Hand
‘ receives the shining Oar, which ’till then was
‘ scarce ever Master of half the Bulk of Brass
‘ or Copper.

‘ THE

‘ THE Night comes on, *Philipino*’s suffi-
‘ ciently disguis’d, and the lusty young Lover
‘ convey’d by *Myrmillo* to his Master’s House,
‘ and Mistress’s Bed-Chamber. But as Plea-
‘ sure seldom comes sincere to Man, while the
‘ young Lovers make their first Oblations to
‘ *Venus*, in the mid’st of vigorous Onsets in the
‘ furious, but tender Warfare of Kisses, and
‘ Embraces, the jealous Husband returns, as
‘ unexpected, as unwelcome. He first raps
‘ gently at the Door, then calls aloud, and
‘ bounces with Impatience, and suspicious Rage,
‘ and full of Resentment by the Delay, vows
‘ unheard-of Punishments to *Myrmillo*. But
‘ he quite confounded with an Evil so sudden,
‘ lost in the Terrors of Fear, and Apprehen-
‘ sion, knew not what Course to take, or what
‘ Resolutions to follow. At last, the only Ex-
‘ cuse he could make to his impatient Master,
‘ was that the Darknefs of the Night, and the
‘ want of a Candle would not let him find out
‘ the Key, which in Discharge of his Trust he
‘ had hid with that Care, that he could not
‘ readily come at it.

‘ THE Noise had by this Time alarm’d
‘ *Philipino*, who snatching up his Cloaths, and
‘ leaping out of Bed, in the Hurry ran out of
‘ the Chamber without his Shoes; and coming
‘ near *Myrmillo*, he then open’d the Door, and
‘ let in his Master full of Oaths, and Execra-
‘ tions, who ran directly to his own Chamber.

‘ The Lover was dismiss’d , the Door soon
‘ fasten’d , and *Myrmillo* retires to his Bed.
‘ But as *Barbaro* the next Morning was leaving
‘ his Chamber, he spies these strange Shoes
‘ standing under his Bed ; and taking them up,
‘ tho’ he pretty well guess’d by them what was
‘ done, said not one Word to his Wife, or any
‘ of his Family of his Intentions, he orders
‘ *Myrmillo* to be bound by his Fellow-Servants,
‘ and dragg’d out into the Street in order to
‘ carry him to Prison, resolving by that or
‘ worse Punishment to find out the Adulterer.

‘ AS he thus march’d along the Street full
‘ of tumultuary Thoughts, and *Myrmillo* be-
‘ hind him loaden with Chains, and guarded
‘ by his Fellow-Servants, tho’ not yet convicted,
‘ yet charg’d too Home by his Conscience, wept
‘ most abundantly, and sent forth most pitiful
‘ Complaints to move Compassion in his Master,
‘ and those, that beheld him, *Philipino* came
‘ by ; and easily guessing the Matter by the
‘ Condition of *Myrmillo*, taking Counsel from
‘ the present Exigence of Affairs, and the Rea-
‘ diness of his Wit, with his wonted Constan-
‘ cy, and handson Assurance, driving away
‘ the Servants he falls on *Myrmillo*, loud in
‘ Words, and seemingly very fierce in his
‘ Blows, tho’ disguis’d his Rage so well, that
‘ the Beholders saw more, than the Captive
‘ felt — *You damn’d confounded Rogue*, (cry’d
‘ *Philipino*) *worthy not only of these Chains, but*
‘ *Pri-*

‘ Prisons and Dungeons, nay the Gibbet it self,
‘ who Yesterday durst steal away my Shoes, while
‘ I was bathing my self in the Bagno.

‘ HE being taken off, with much ado, by
‘ the Master and Servants, full of desperate
‘ Threats, and counterfeited Rage went his
‘ Way. *Barbaro* by this imagining his Suspi-
‘ cions ill grounded, and his Servant still in-
‘ nocent, returns back to his House; sets *Myr-*
‘ *nillo* at Liberty, with a Lecture not very
‘ severe against the Sin of his Theft, giving
‘ him the Shoes, with Orders to return them
‘ immediately to the Owner, thus handsomly
‘ banter’d into a Security in his Wife’s Honour,
‘ and his Servant’s Fidelity.

THE old eternal Tatler had scarce done her Story, when the Baker’s Wife burst out into these pious Ejaculations. *Thrice happy* (said she) *is that Woman, who is blessed, with a Friend of that Constancy, and Vigour of Body and Mind! While I, wretched Woman! have met with a Gallant, so timorous, and cowardly, that the very Noise of the bolting Mill, and the Sight of his own Shadow strikes with a pannick Terror. Well, rest you satisfy’d* (assum’d the old Bawd) *at the Hour appointed I’ll bring you this brisk, this witty, bold Lover.* So having fix’d the Time that very Evening, she left the longing Wife to wait for the happy Moment.

BUT to waste the tedious Minutes, this pious chaste Wife employs her self in preparing a noble Collation, she racks off the rich Wines, seasons the provoking Soup with forc'd Meats, and sets her self out to make every Part of his Reception the more agreeable to so meritorious a Gallant; waiting his adulterous Approach as that of some Saint, or Divinity. The Husband, was very opportunely to sup Abroad with a Neighbour, and intimate Friend of his, a Fuller by Trade, and one of the topping Burgers of the Town.

THE Sun was now gone to illuminate the other half of the Globe, and left our Hemisphere to the Dominion of Night; when the damnable Bawd, most punctual to her Time, returns with the forward adulterous Boy. Scarce had the soft Down yet shaded his Face, yet capable of raising and satisfying the too criminal and too common Passions in the Men, as well as the Ladies. With open Arms she receives him, and devouring Kisses, and the strictest Embraces, and all the soft Welcomes, that eager Wishes, and Love could inspire.

THE first Hurry of Love being over, they sit down to the Table. But, as the malevolent Planets ordain'd, he had scarce yet done with the Soup, and begun the first Dish, but the intruding unexpected Husband comes Home. The pious good Wife having given him to ten thou-

thousand Devils, and wish'd his Neck broke for his curst Interruption, throws an empty Trough (in which they us'd to bolt their Meal) over him; and removes the Table into the Closet. Having thus dispos'd of her Gallant, and Feast, with her native Cunning dissembling her Guilt she belies her fearful Heart with a Countenance unconcern'd, and with all the Calmness imaginable asks her Husband the Cause of his sudden Return, and of his leaving a Supper prepar'd for him by his Neighbour and intimate Friend?

WHEN, sighing with a Groan from his very Heart, *Alas!* said he, *unable to bear the intollerable Wickedness of a profligate Woman, I fled away Home. Good Heaven! what an Age do we live in! What a Woman have I seen! how faithful, how sober in Appearance! and yet how has she most shamefully defil'd herself, with the most opprobrious Disgrace! I swear to you by the Blessed Virgin Mary, I can scarce credit my own Eyes against her.*

THE Wife's Curiosity being rais'd by these odd Exclamations of the Husband, she could not rest satisfy'd 'till he gave her a full Account of the Adventure. Who, to avoid the stirring up of his Wife's unquiet Devil, began a Relation, which he little thought so near a Parallel to his own Case.

‘ MY Friend the Fuller’s Wife, having ’till
‘ this Moment maintain’d the uncontested Re-
‘ putation of a Woman of severe Honesty, go-
‘ verning her Family with Modesty, and Dis-
‘ cretion, and a singular Fame of Chastity, has
‘ now at last sacrific’d all to the criminal Em-
‘ braces of an Adulterer. She was not con-
‘ tent to enjoy daily the impious Thefts of an
‘ adulterous Love with her Gallant, but know-
‘ ing the Appointment, was yet in his Arms,
‘ when we came Home to Supper. Arriving
‘ something earlier, than she expected, the rea-
‘ diest Way, her Surprise could furnish her
‘ with, was to clap him under a wicker Flasket,
‘ she cover’d it with some Cloaths wet with the
‘ warm *Sulphur*, and strew’d all about it fine
‘ Powder of the same, as a Heap of white
‘ Linnen just working in the Trade. Having
‘ thus securely, as she thought, conceal’d her
‘ Gallant, we being come in she sat down with
‘ us to the Table without any Concern. But
‘ the Youth almost suffocated with the Smoak
‘ of the *Sulphur*, was forc’d by its Nature to a
‘ frequent sneezing, the Noise coming from
‘ behind his Wife, the good Man, the first,
‘ second, and third Time, cry’d *God bless her* ;
‘ but the Sneezing still redoubling, he suspected
‘ the Matter, and pushing away the Flasket,
‘ he makes a Discovery, that perfectly con-
‘ founded us all, a young Man panting for
‘ Life, and breathing almost his last Breath.
‘ The Husband full of Rage calls for his Sword,
‘ to

‘ to kill the poor Wretch that lay just expiring
‘ on the Floor before us.

‘ I HAD much ado to stop the Execution
‘ of his Revenge, by urging the common Dan-
‘ ger from so wilful a Murther, assuring him,
‘ that in all Probability the *Sulphur* had done
‘ his Business to his Hands, without involving
‘ us in the Guilt of Blood. Not vanquish’d
‘ by my Persuasions, but the present Necessity,
‘ he carries him out into the next Alley there
‘ to leave him to perish alone. In the mean
‘ Time I persuaded the guilty Wife to with-
‘ draw a little while to some Friend, or other,
‘ ’till her Husband’s Rage was appeas’d, which
‘ now in its first Excess, might produce some
‘ evil Consequence too fatal to both. Thus
‘ sick of my poor Neighbour’s unlucky Enter-
‘ tainment, I immediately retir’d to my own
‘ House.

THE Baker’s Wife, with a Zeal as shame-
less, as false, and impudent, as soon as she had
heard her Husband’s Relation, burst out into
a Volley of Execrations against the unhappy
Wife of the Fuller, *calling her perfidious, and
impudent ; a monstrous Disgrace to the whole
Sex, who laying aside her Modesty, and Chasti-
ty, trampling on the sacred League of the genial
Bed, had stain’d her Husband’s House, with the
filthy Infamy of the Brothel ; and having lost the
Dignity of a Wife, was miserably fallen into the*
Scandal

Scandal of Prostitution, concluding her passionate Harangue with this Sentence, that such Women ought to be burnt alive. Yet sensible of her own secret Guilt, and admonish'd by her own fordid Conscience, and fearing some like Accident of Discovery, and to set her Gallant free from his troublesome Confinement, she, every now and then was persuading her Husband to go to Bed in good Time. But he, having lost his Supper at his Neighbour's, was hungry, and order'd her to spread the Table with something to eat. She speedily complies with his Desires, that she might so at least be rid of him the sooner, yet much against her Will giving her Husband, what she had provided for her Gallant.

THE Supper being set, I apply'd my self to the good Man, not hoping a Morsel from the abominable Wife, whose last Scene of Impudence had rais'd my Indignation, to Resolves of Revenge by discovering if I could possibly do it, her favour'd Gallant hid under the Trough. The good-natur'd Husband took Care of me as the Trust of his Friend, and Relation, and fed me most plentifully, tho' not without many a Kick from his ill-natur'd Wife. My Belly now full I ran smelling about the Trough, to make him take Notice, but in vain, the Wife averting his Notice by some Art or other; till at last I found one of his Hands without the Trough, and seizing it with my Teeth, gave

gave him such Squeezes, that striving to get his Hand under his Shelter he quite tumbled it over, and discover'd the Shame of the lewdest and most impudent of Women.

THE Baker not at all mov'd with this Manifestation of his Infamy, taking up the Youth with a serene Action and calm Countenance soothes him, all pale with Fear and Apprehension, in this Manner. — *Fear not any Danger from me, my Son*, said he, I am no Barbarian, nor of so rustick, and uncourtly a Temper, to injure so charming a Gallant, for a little Slip of Youth, which you can easily atone; nor will I stifle thee, as my Neighbour did his Cuckold-maker, with the Fume of the Sulphur; nor even will I try, by the known Civil Law against Adulterers, so beautiful and accomplish'd a Youth. No, no, I will only divide Joys with my Wife, and one Bed may be the pleasing and undisturb'd Scene of both our Enjoyments; for I have always liv'd so amicably with her, that the same Object, that pleases her must afford me like Pleasure. Yet the Law will allow, that the Wife has not greater Privilege, and Authority in the House than the Husband, and as yet we are not on an equal Foot.

HAVING in this *Ironical* Manner banter'd the young Spark, he draws him after him, tho' unwilling into his Chamber, and locking out

out his Wife, there took what an *Italian* thinks a pleasing Revenge on him for corrupting the Marriage-Bed.

I WAS not insensible, that if I stay'd behind him, I should experience the Resentment of the Wife for the Discovery I had made, I therefore made my Way before him, but could not escape a little Sample of her good Will; for treading on my Foot, as by Chance, she almost squeez'd my Toes to Pieces. The good Man with a Curse on her for her Pains, takes me up in his Arms, and conveys me in Safety into his Bed-Chamber.

BUT when the returning Sun had once again restor'd the pleasing Light of the Morning, calling up two of the lustiest Men he had, he commanded one to hold him up fairly at his Back, and the other to hold his Legs to the best Advantage, and with a *Ferula* he lay'd on his Posteriors in a plentiful Manner, all the while speaking to him with a pleasant Contempt — How now, my tender Bardash, said he, do you so improvidently waste your self on Women, while yet you are so fit for Caresses of Men? Do you already pursue the Corruption of Maids, and Wives? And tho' not yet ripe for the Name of an Adulterer, dost thou court the Appellation with too forward an Ambition? Having thus abus'd him, and beat him sufficiently, he turn'd him out of Doors, with-

out any farther Damage or Harm. This stout and vigorous Adulterer, getting this unhop'd for Delivery from Death, covering up his buffeted Buttocks, took himself with his utmost Speed to his Heels.

THE Baker then sent his Wife Word to be gone out of his House, if she expected to come off with a Punishment so mild. But she was of a Temper not to be humbled by Disgrace, or won by Moderation; but enrag'd by her Infamy, made Use of his Lenity to endeavour a Revenge. But her Plot being discover'd, to escape her Husband's Resentment she fled from the Place.

C H A P. II.

Fantasio is bought by a Fryar-Confessor to a Monastery of Nuns in Sarno. An Account of the Amours of the Fryars, and the Nuns, and several of their profane Verses to their Recluse Mistresses, and of the lewd Freedoms they took with them the first Night he was there.

THE Cardinal's Men being now come back, and having heard of the Misfortune of their Kinsman, and my Hurt, they condol'd with him a Day or two, and then pursu'd their Journey to *Carise*, a small but pleasantly situated Town; whence passing through

through *Marzano*, and *Solefra*, we arriv'd at the City of *Sarno*. At our Entrance of the Gate we met with a *Fryar*, who happen'd to be a Confessor to a Monastery of Nuns in that City; and casting his Eye very wishfully on me, desir'd his Brother, one of the two of my Conductors, to give me to him for a Present to a Lady, a great Devote of their Order, and a particular Friend of his; however, on finding him difficult to part with me, he proffer'd him two Crowns in Gold for me. Money that does all Things, soon diverted their Minds from preserving me for *Donna Theresa*; and so those who had no other Right to me but Force, for a Price so considerable sold me to the *Fryar*.

THE Lady he design'd me for, was only a beautiful young Nun of the Monastery to which he was Confessor. For having long made his Addresses to her, he thought, he could not find a more agreeable Present, than a Creature so very extraordinary in its Kind.

VESPERS being over, and the Nuns according to Custom being got to the Grates, were pleasantly entertain'd every one with her *Fryar*. There he first produc'd me to the Company, and rais'd the Admiration and Envy of all those who could not compass so pretty a Piece of Gallantry.

BY the Substance of this first Conversation I found, that tho' Locks, Bars, and Iron Grates may raise fine solemn Imaginations in a Stranger, that sees them, yet they prove but very weak Securities, to their Vertue, whom they enclose, when there are Keys, and free occasional Access to the brawny young Confessor. Here I perceiv'd, that the Religious Recluses did not always spend their Time in Devotion, bodily Labour, or innocent Diversion; and that such arbitrary, and unalterable Resolutions were necessary Causes of very dangerous Consequences. For there certainly is that Magick in Nature, that is too hard for all those Provisions, and Precautions of their Rules, and Institutions, and even legal Penalties; while in Spight of all these I found them deliver'd up to the uncontrollable Power of their natural Inclinations. And indeed when we consider not the Frame of our *Natures*, nor the Dependence of our *Beings* on the Varieties of Objects, that act upon us, but will contrary to the Laws of our Creation pretend to take Heaven by Violence, in a wrong Notion of forc'd Methods, and bind ourselves unalterably to such Laws in the doing it, as shall contradict those Inclinations, that God has planted within us, and given, perhaps, that Power and Force to, in some Constitutions, that they cannot be controul'd, but by that legal, and ordinary Provision, that he has made for them; it is no Wonder, that we

U

find

find our selves *rashly foolish* in endeavouring to be wiser, than the Deity, that made us, and instead of being extravagantly more divine, and religious, than our Neighbours, prove at last to be but *ridiculously brutish*.

HOW just those Reflections are, and how well grounded in our Nature, the following Account will sufficiently show by the strange and wild Excesses of Luxury, and Lust, which my Shape gave me an Opportunity of observing, betwixt the Fryars, and the Nuns, and between the Nuns themselves.

FATHER *Pietro* who had bought me of his Brother, having shew'd me, as I said at the *Grate*, order'd Sister *Clara*, to whom he then made his amorous Addresses, to send round a Lay-Sister to convey me to her.

WHAT the Discourse was between these jolly Fryars and Nuns, whilst I was carrying round I know not ; but as soon as I was deliver'd to Sister *Clara*, my new Mistress, and she had given me such usual Caresses, as Dogs of my Merit meet with from the *Fair*, and the *Foolish*. — *Well, Father Pietro, let me see your Verses*, (said she) *let me see how far my Eyes have inspir'd your Muse, or whether you had any other Muse, than my self to fire your Imagination. There are those exquisite Perfections in the incomparable Hermione* (reply'd the Fryar)

Fryar) that it is impossible for Thyrsis to express the thousandth Part of them, all Language being too poor, and scanty to convey the divine Idea she raises in our ravish'd Mind. I attempt not therefore to draw the divine Hermione's Beauties, I only aim at expressing my own Misfortune in being a Slave to the most obdurate, as the most charming of her Sex. I therefore suppose my Friend Daphnis complaining of a mercenary Mistress, that he may obtain for Money ; whom I answer with the Difference of his Fate and mine. But the Verses will explain themselves.

A Dialogue between Daphnis and Thyrsis.

Daphnis.

*Why did I Faith, and Truth prefer,
And vainly think that Wit wou'd move ?
'Tis only Gold can win the Fair,
Gold buys for every one her Love.
Like holy Cheats she barter's Heav'n
For Gold, not pious Deeds, and Vows
Minds not who gives, but what is giv'n
To Love she no kind Look allows.
This Contradiction to my Bliss, I find
I love her heav'nly Form, but hate her sordid
Mind.*

U 2

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis.

I.

*Happy Daphnis since you know
The Price, that will your Fair One gain ;
To your self your Ills you owe,
If you idly still complain ;
If Chloe's Vices the kind Balm impart,
That cures the easy Wounds her Eyes make in
your Heart.*

II.

*But there are no Hopes for me
To assuage my raging Smart,
To gain the bright Hermione
There is no Price, there is no Art ;
Honours, and Heav'n are bought by Gold, and
Pray'r,
But Nature yields no Bribe, to win that heav'nly
Fair.*

THE Verses (said Clara) are indeed very good, and worthy a nobler Subject ; but they seem to me a little too profane for the Author. Alas ! my dear Hermione, Love has always a great Latitude allow'd him ; and a Soul thoroughly possess'd with that Passion, as mine is, can think nothing profane, that expresses the Violence of his Affection, or his Mistress's Charms.

*FATHER Pietro I think (assum'd Father Antonio) is infinitely in the right ; for how can
a Mind*

a Mind wholly fix'd, nay wholly subsisting on the Object of its Desires, think it Profanation to apply all the Creation, all that Man is capable of thinking Good, or Great, to the Beauties of Iris's or Lysander's Love. For my Part, I shall never find it in my Roll of deadly Sins, to pay that Adoration to the living, and immortal and visible Image of God in my Iris, which we think it our Duty to offer to the inanimate, and senseless Figures of divine Beings. I believe what I have made on this Subject may be entertaining to the Company, and that the Goddess of my Vows, the Sovereign of my Heart, the incomparable Iris will accept it, as a pure Offering of that Passion, her Charms has inspir'd.

AN ODE

To Iris, by Lysander.

I.

*With calm Emotions I can view
 Their Colour, Feature, Form, and Dress,
 And every lesser Beauty's Due,
 With Ease distinguish, and express.
 But when within my lab'ring Soul
 Onward to Birth, the bright Idea's roll,
 Of all those Beauties we behold in you;
 My ravish'd Thoughts their Impotence confess!
 For what of their united Charms would be
 A monstrous, vast Hyperbole
 Will scarce the least faint Image give of thee.*

II.

Sooner might Painters draw a Sound,
Poets paint Heav'n, and Priests their Hell,
Reason Faith's Mysteries expound;
Prophets their wond'rous Visions tell,
Than I express one only Grace
Of all the Honours of her heav'nly Face.
Like them alas ! like them I should confound,
And not instruct my Hearer's wrangling Zeal;
For all inspir'd Fancy cou'd say of thee,
But a blind Parable wou'd be
Of thy divine unutterable Mystery.

III.

I love you, Iris, yes by Heav'n I do !
But with so pure a Flame,
As neither Man nor Angels ever knew,
For which nor Man nor Angels have a Name.
The human Passion we by Hope sustain,
Possession keeps th' Angelick Flame alive,
Beauty and God their Heav'n would boast in
vain,
But for the Joys, they do their Vot'ries give,
While I in Spight of all the Pangs I feel
Praise my bright Goddess in Despair, and Hell.

AS profane, as this seem'd to my lame
Understanding, I found it met with no small
Applause from the Company. The Success of
Father

Father *Pietro*, and Father *Antonio*, prevail'd with Father *Sebastiano* to produce his poetical Effors to his belov'd Sister *Zelinda*, in the following Manner.

Frail Lines how dare you thus your Fortune try?

*Yet go faint Sallies of my amorous Mind
If you as good, as wise Zelinda find,
And from her Eye one tender Glance obtain,
Your happy Fortune will in me
Kindle the Flames of Jealousy,
While I at Distance breath my Sighs in vain.
Ah! rob me not or of her Heart or Eye,
Tell her in her I only live, without her dye.
Tell her I love, I languish, I despair,
And by the Sovereign Godhead swear
Cleon will be as constant as she's fair.*

I FOUND that these good Fathers were not content to employ all this profane Stuff to win the Hearts of the religious Sisters, and to fire them with those criminal Flames, with which they burnt so violently themselves; but took Care to endeavour to persuade them of the Merit of their Compliance, as with a Duty authoriz'd by the greatest Fathers of the Church, nay the *Apostles*, and *Christ* himself; as will be plain from the following Discourse, and Verses of Fryar *Dominico*.

I HAVE found, my dearest Clelia, (said he) that you have often rais'd frivolous Scruples against those Freedoms I would have taken with you, and those agreeable Sentiments of Love I have endeavour'd to instil into your cruel, and obdurate Heart ; as if that which is the Band, and Ligament of the whole Universe could be a Crime in us. The Maker of Nature has fix'd it as the preserving Principle of the Universe, without which all this Harmony of Beings would fall into Confusion, and Mankind perish in a Day. No, no, by how much more peculiarly we are set apart, and devoted to the Praise of this Founder of Love, by so much the more ready we should be to listen to the soft, and gentle Whispers of a Passion, to which we owe both our Being, and Well-being. But that you may not think me partial to my own Inclinations, hear what St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, and the other Lights of Religion have said on this Head, and learn from them, my dear Clelia, to embrace that as a Duty, which you have vainly hitherto avoided as a Crime.

*St. Austin, preaching to a Dame,
Thus praises Love's celestial Flame.
Love, as the Effence of the Soul,
All other Passions should controul.
St. Bernard wrote a Tract to prove,
How meritorious 'tis to love.
St. Ambrose too anathematizes
That He, or She, that Love despises.*

And

*And holy Lyra makes it out yet
Much plainer, None are sav'd without it.
A famous School-man says, it purges
The Mind, and Home the Matter urges.
And he, that is Seraphick nam'd,
Swears, all who do not love are damn'd.
That Love's pure Flames are heav'nly Fires,
And sacred all its warm Desires.
From whence on Earth, says St. Gregory,
All Lovers have their Purgatory,
Who therefore has so little Wit
As not to follow holy Writ ?
Since we from many Texts may draw,
By loving we fulfil the Law.*

I PERCEIV'D my Mistrefs, Sister *Clara*, not a little pleas'd with this last Copy of Verses, by which she found her secret Inclinations so well justify'd by Authority. And she immediately suffer'd Father *Pietro* to kiss her Hand through the Grate, while a conscious Red in a Moment o'erspread her Face. The good Father perceiv'd the Progress he had made, and telling her, that all above the Girle was due to the Liberties of her Friend, he therefore desir'd her to remove those Clouds that hid her beautiful Bosom from his Eyes. She at first made some Difficulty of the Matter ; but finding all the rest sufficiently engag'd with their several Servants, and murmuring Love, and all the loose Expressions, that uncontroul'd Lust could inspire, she withdrew.

drew the Habit so far, that not only her fine round hard Breasts were expos'd to the Fryar's eager Eyes; but even almost down to her Navel. Father *Pietro*, was not able to bear the enchanting Sight with any Patience, but commanding her Hand through the Grate, convey'd it into his Bosom then likewise made bare. What else they did was under Cover, and hid from my Eyes; but it was then agreed that they would be marry'd the following Night; and that Sister *Clara* should be ready dress'd in a secular Habit, as he would likewise be like a Cavalier, and then they would unite as others of the Nuns had done, with the Fathers of their Order.

BLESS me! thought I, what can all this mean? Sure never was heard such a Wedding, as that of a Fryar, and a Nun. However, being ignorant of the Affairs of the Monastery, I suspended my Censure 'till I saw the Event, not doubting but that it would be of a Piece with what I had already seen pass betwixt them. It was now grown near eleven a Clock at Night before these amorous Religious could part with one another. But now the good Fathers retiring, the Nuns went to their several Apartments full of those pious Thoughts and Desires of Man, with which their good Guides had inspir'd them.

C H A P. III.

The History of Sister Isabella, and how she was debauch'd by a Fryar at thirteen, under his Pretence of taking Possession of her for the Virgin Mary; with her Adventures with the Dutcheſs of Sora, her becoming a Nun, the Addreſſes, and Letter of Father Giovanni; her Hate for Men, and Love for her own Sex, to which ſhe endeavours to perſuade Sister Clara. What paſt betwixt the two Sisters that Night.

SISTER *Clara* had not been long got into her Cell, but ſome Body knocks at the Door ſoftly, and being admitted prov'd Sister *Isabella*, a Nun betwixt thirty, and forty, who yet was handſom enough to merit the Addreſſes of the amorous Fryars. The Door being ſhut, ſhe clasp'd Sister *Clara* about the Waſte, and hugging her with ſome Earneſtneſs, kiſs'd her with ſuch Vigour, and Zeal, that I concluded it was ſome young Fryar disguis'd in the Habit of a Nun for a better Opportunity of enjoying her without Interruption.

‘ MY dear *Clara*, (ſaid ſhe) I come to paſs
‘ this Night with you, to warn you of a Folly
‘ you ſeem already given up to, in your Affair
‘ with the Confefſor. I grant you he is hand-
‘ ſom, and has a Tongue, that might well
‘ excuse

‘ excuse a Woman’s Frailty in yielding to his
‘ Desires ; but believe me, who have experi-
‘ enc’d it, the Joys, that a Man can bestow
‘ are by no Means equal to the Pains, that a
‘ Passion for him must necessarily produce.
‘ And of all Men the Love of a Fryar is the
‘ most to be avoided, for he is the most fickle
‘ of Mankind. ’Tis true, if a Nun must needs
‘ have an Intrigue with that vain Animal, I
‘ think it is more prudent to bestow the Fa-
‘ vour on a Monk, than a Secular, because
‘ there is a Tye on his Secresy, which his own
‘ Interest confirms. But since a Woman can
‘ have no Appetite, that a Woman is not capa-
‘ ble of satisfying, I know not why we should
‘ run the Hazard of Pains, that in all Pro-
‘ bability must follow the Enjoyment of a
‘ Man.

‘ BESIDES, the Liberties too many of
‘ our Sisters have allow’d the Fryars, may one
‘ Day bring a Ruin on our Monastery, not on-
‘ ly by a Waste of the Revenue of our House,
‘ which our present Abbess, in Compliance
‘ with the Luxury of the Fryars, suffers with-
‘ out any Thought of the Event ; but also by
‘ the too frequent Births, that have happen’d of
‘ Children begot by those ungodly Fathers,
‘ which by some Accident, or other, or by a
‘ Visitation from the Bishop, may ruin our
‘ Reputation. We are fix’d in this City, we
‘ cannot remove, must abide by the Infamy,
‘ while

‘ while the Authors of our Disgrace on any
‘ threatening Evil , remove to some distant
‘ Convent of their Order, and are never heard
‘ of more.

‘ ’TIS true, human Nature is not able to
‘ support all the Desires, and Appetites it has,
‘ without allowing them somewhat proportion-
‘ nable to their Cause ; but then there are
‘ Ways of doing all this without incurring so
‘ dangerous a Scandal, or bringing our selves
‘ under a Tyranny of Men, who set no Bounds
‘ to their Will, and who seem satisfy’d with
‘ nothing but our Ruin. Yes, charming *Clara*;
‘ if you let me pass this Night with you,
‘ I hope to convince you, that you have no
‘ need of Father *Pietro* to give you all the Plea-
‘ sure so much Youth, and so much Beauty
‘ requires. Our Party is already grown pretty
‘ strong, and if we can once get out this foo-
‘ lish Abbess, I hope we shall free our Mo-
‘ nastery from so villainous a Tuition, as now
‘ it lies under.

‘ I AM strangely surpriz’d (reply’d Sister
‘ *Clara*) at what you have said, my dear *Isa-*
‘ *bella* ; and am perfectly ignorant of what you
‘ mean by Joys, and Pleasures betwixt the same
‘ Sex. But I fancy you have receiv’d some
‘ strange Injury from the Men, that you are
‘ grown so inveterate an Enemy to the whole
‘ Kind. I freely confess (return’d *Isabella*)
‘ the

‘ the Ground of my Aversion, was an incredi-
‘ ble Abuse, which I receiv’d from a Fryar in
‘ my Childhood I may call it, having not then
‘ seen full thirteen Years. You’ll infinitely
‘ oblige me (reply’d Sister *Clara*) to give me
‘ an Account of your Life, which I fancy must
‘ yield something extraordinary, since it has
‘ given you such Notions of Things, as to me
‘ seem unaccountable.

‘ THO’ it grows pretty late, and you may
‘ begin to want your Repose (assum’d *Isabella*)
‘ yet since your Curiosity overcomes your In-
‘ clinations to sleep, while you undress your
‘ self I will give you a summary Account of
‘ my Life.

I WAS Born at *Sora* in the *Abruzzo*, of
Parents not very eminent for Fortune, or Qua-
lity, yet my Father’s Employ was sufficient to
give me a genteel Education. I am of Opi-
nion, that there is some Impulse of Nature,
or Influence of the Stars, which pushes some
more, than others on the Confines of *Venus*.
I confess I did not know any Thing what it
was, that Men and Women were join’d for,
yet by that Time I was turn’d of twelve, I be-
gan to have a great Inclination to Marriage;
that is, I had a mighty Mind to have a Hus-
band. To which End I frequented the Con-
vent of the Fryars (where my Mother and all
our Family always chose their Confessors) to
pray

pray to the *Virgin Mary* to send me a good Husband according to my Desire. I had continu'd this Prayer now almost a Year, when finding no Effect of all my Orisons, I began to suspect that I had made a sinful Demand: And full of this Fear I apply'd my self to my Confessor, a grave old religious Fryar in Appearance, but in Effect without either Religion or Gravity.

HE finding my Simplicity, told me, he would pray to the blessed *Virgin* to know her Will in that Particular, and order'd me to come to Confession again in a Day or two, and he would give me her Answer. I was overjoy'd in my Mind, I had got so good an Advocate in my Cause, and was punctual to a Minute to know the Result. When I came to him in the Confessional — *Cease* (said he) *my pretty little Daughter, to ask a Husband of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who being her self a Maid, will have you have no Husband at all. Since you tell me* (reply'd I) *that it is the Will of the blessed Virgin, I will give and dedicate my Virginity to Heaven.* The good Father commended my pious Resolution, and told me, that the *Virgin* had order'd that I should dedicate it to her in some Church. I reply'd, *that since the Virgin had demanded in his Church, that seem'd the fittest for the Oblation. I approve of your Devotion, my good Daughter,* (said he) *and now therefore depart in Peace,*
and

and return in the Morning ; for this Night I'll spend in Prayer to our Lady, that she would vouchsafe to ratify the Dedication of thy Virginity ; and having wash'd your Body all clean in the Morning, and put on clean Linnen return to me; for it is not lawful for any Thing unclean to be offer'd to the Virgin by her Priests. Take Care to be here in good Time, and alone, for there are to be no Witnesses of the Consecration of those Things of which the Virgin takes Possession.

RETURNING in the Morning full of Devotion to the Virgin, he led me to his Cell, where on an Altar I saw a Crucifix furrounded with Abundance of Wax-Candles, and above all a Picture of our Lady. The Door being fasten'd we both join'd in Prayer, and sang some Hymns to the Virgin ; when both rising up, my Daughter (said he) you must now take off your upper Garment, to consecrate it to our Lady, which having by his Help perform'd with all the Form of Devotion, and Praying, and he singing Hymns all the while, he then order'd me to pull off the next, and so 'till I was now come to my Shift. I was a little surpriz'd in Spight of my Ignorance ; but the Formality of the Ceremony, and the Gravity of his Aspect, and the mighty Opinion of his Holiness lull'd asleep all Suspicion of foul Play, and I really believ'd, this was the peculiar Order of the Church, since perform'd in such Solemnity

lemnity before the Crucifix, and the Picture of the blessed Virgin. Being now only cover'd with my Shift, and blushing all over, and with my Eyes quite shut with Fear and Devotion, he then tells me, that I must pull off my Shift too, for the Virgin, and the Saints being all without Cloaths themselves, would have nothing offer'd to them but what was quite naked.

BUT I could not with all his Threats be prevail'd with to do that Office my self, but suffer'd him to take it away, and leave me quite naked to his View. When having said another Prayer, and sung another Hymn, he approaches me very close, and pressing my little Breasts with his trembling Fingers, These precious little Balls (said he) are thus offer'd to my Church, and her Patroness the blessed Virgin *Mary*. Then stroking my Chin with both his Hands, This likewise is offer'd to my Church, and her Patroness: Then running o'er my Cheeks (all blushing hot as Fire) approaching my Mouth, This (said he) my Daughter, must be taken Possession of only by Mouth, when kissing me three Times, and these ruddy Lips are an Offering to my Church. Thence having pass'd from my Bosom to my Belly, and taken Seizen of them, as Offerings to his Church, he order'd me first to kneel down before the Altar, and say after him these Words: *Oh! ever glorious Virgin, I here offer thee my Virginity, and*
X *my*

my naked Body to be taken Possession of by this thy Minister, and Servant. Then after a short Hymn, he orders me to lie down at the Foot of the Altar, where my Virginity must be offer'd to our Lady.

IN Obedience to his Orders, I lay'd me down all along on my Face, in that humble Posture to offer my self up to the Virgin, when he kneeling down by me, and fitting himself for the curs'd Encounter, with an unheard of Impiety making Religion Pimp to his Lusts, gently running his Hand all o'er my backward Parts took those likewise into his Church; then with some Struggle turning me on my Back, he press'd my Thighs, and my Arms with the same Formality of Words, and seeming Devotion.

O HOLY Virgin (said he) *who hast with so much Beauty adorn'd this thy Votary, form'd these tremulous Thighs, this firm round Belly, these small taper Arms, and Fingers with so much angelick Symmetry, Proportion, and Softness; behold this thy little Handmaid, and rejoice in the Possession of such a Servant.* Having sung this three Times over, casting his Eye now to the Scene of all his Action, and the Distinction of the Sex, And this, my Daughter, I must seize with my Hand, as the Gate to that Offering which you come to make to the *Blessed Virgin.* And as the Mouth was
only

only to be taken Possession of by the Mouth, so must this be by what only can deliver the Offering you have brought.

I STRUGGLED some Time, and urg'd, that certainly he exceeded his Commission ; but denouncing terrible *Anathema's*, he told me it would be Impiety to carry back from the Virgin, the very Thing I came to immolate to her, as I must needs do unless I left my Maiden-head with him. Vanquish'd by these Reasons, and a sort of unknown Pleasure rais'd by his artful Approaches, I suffer'd him at last betwixt Strugling, and Consent to take entire Possession of my Person. His first Fury being over I was going to dress me, but e'er I got my Shift on he seiz'd it, with this Assurance, that as the Mouth was taken Possession of by three Kisses, so must my Virginity by as many Embraces. The first Fear being over, and thinking it my Duty, and the Pleasure its Reward, he easily made me do what he pleas'd, 'till great Part of the Day being now wasted in this new Sort of Sacrifice, dressing my self, as well as I could he dismiss'd me with an Order of repeating the same Exorcism the next Day. In short, he cultivated his Ground in such a Manner, that I in a little Time found my self with Child. I inform'd him of my Condition, and ask'd his Advice, as well as Assistance, he amus'd me with Words ; 'till finding the Secret must come out, he left *Sora*,
X 2 and

and went to some Convent of his Order, at the farther End of *Italy*.

MY Condition was now no longer to be conceal'd; my Mother makes the Discovery, and flew into such a Rage, that had not my Father interven'd, I believ'd that Day had been the last of my Life; but he loving me more tenderly, than my Mother drew me away, and having fully examin'd the Matter gave Credit to my Account, and vow'd a certain Revenge on the treacherous and impious Fryar, if he could by any Means find out the Convent to which he was fled; but for Fear my Mother should treat me too severely, he plac'd me with a Friend in the Country not far from the *Villa* of the Dutchess of *Sora*. Where I was brought to Bed of a dead Child, the Fright my Mother put me into having kill'd him in my Womb.

I HAD after a hard Travel some Months of Illness, infomuch that my Life was despair'd of; for by the Indiscretion of the People, the News of my Father's unfortunate Death was brought to my Ears, while yet I labour'd under the Power of a Distemper not easily remov'd. He having by wonderful Industry found out the Fryar, stabb'd him to the Heart; but being seiz'd by the Fryars, and prosecuted, was for the Fact executed at *Padua*. The News broke my Mother's Heart, and had very near dispatch'd me in the same Manner. But
Youth,

Youth, and Destiny preserv'd me to this happy Hour of my Friendship with the charming Sister *Clara*, which is an abundant Attonement for all my past Misfortunes.

WHILE I yet remain'd at this Friends of my Father's, and scarce yet perfectly recover'd the Dutcheſs of *Sora* happen'd to be at her *Villa*, and my Friend having the Honour of ſome Acquaintance with her, told her the miſerable Condition I was left in, a poor Orphan about fourteen, with nothing but ſome Portion of Beauty, and the Charity of Friends to depend on. The Dutcheſs order'd me to be brought to her, and liking my Perſon more, than I then ſuſpected, was very inquiſitive into my Story ; which when I had told her with all the Sincerity of uncautious Innocence, ſhe preſs'd me in her Arms, and — *No more, Iſabella (ſaid ſhe) ſhall you be expos'd to the Villainy of Men ; you have met with a Monster, a perfect Representative of the Wickedneſs, and Impiety of the whole Sex ; I will be thy Father, and thy Mother, and will take that Care of thee, as ſhall ſecure thee from any future Miſfortunes.*

SHE ſuffer'd me not to go Home that Night, but ſending for my Things took me into her Family. Her Fondneſs was ſo extream, that ſhe left the Duke's Bed, that I might be

her Bed-fellow, and pass the whole Night in her Arms.

THE Duke was a Man of as ancient a Family as any in the Kingdom of *Naples*; but had indeed little else but his Quality, and Estate to render him considerable; he was not an Idiot, but so meanly furnish'd with Brains, that no Man would court his Conversation. The best (at least most useful) Quality he had, was his Submission to his Wife in whatever she commanded. The Dutches was the Daughter of the Duke of *Telesca*, a Man of wonderful Wit, and an admirable Poet; tho' not very religious, tho' he is said to have made a very penitent End. The Dutches could not be said to be a Beauty, nor yet in my Opinion was she in the least disagreeable. She had her Wit from her Father, and perhaps some Inclinations, which her Sex oblig'd her to conceal more, than he had done. What Affairs she might have had with the Men I cannot particularize, her Taste was quite alter'd, when I was receiv'd in her Family, as I soon found after she had got me into her Bed, and her Arms.

THAT, my dear *Clara*, was the School in which I learn'd my Contempt of Mankind, and a Value for our Sex, which, like some fortunate Climates, possess all the Joys it can expect from the other; and it must be meer Wan-

Wantonneſs, and Curioſity for us to rove after Pleaſures from that, which ſtill bring their Pains, when Nature, and Art ſupplies us with greater without any Hazard.

I HAD not liv'd above three Years and half with the Dutcheſs, but ſhe was pleas'd to quit this Life, tho' not without making a tolerable Proviſion for me, with this Condition, that I ſhould go into ſome Nunnery there to ſpend the reſt of my Days free from the dangerous Onſets, and Treacheries of Men.

THIS Monastery of *Sarno* being then new built, a Relation of mine being a Nun of this Community, I fully reſolv'd to enter my ſelf in the ſame, and here to give over all Thoughts of the World, and its Vanities if I could. But I find, that there is no putting off Nature, and that there is nothing but the Walls betwixt a religious and ſecular Life; nay, the Diſadvantage is of our Side, while the Deſire is heighten'd by the Forbiddance, and Imagination, that ever enlarges the Object, draws the Pleaſures we know not, and can't well obtain ſo much the more charming, as they are diſtant, and difficult.

'TIS this, my dear *Clara*, that fires your Blood with Expectation of ſtrange Raptures from the Vigour of Father *Pietro*. I queſtion not but he has given you a Sample of what

you may hope for in the Possession ; for he is not one of those who is us'd to hide his Talent in a Napkin. But believe me (dear *Clara*) this Experience would be vain, and thy Imagination betray thee to a meer Disappointment.

YOU that have try'd both (reply'd Sister *Clara*) are indeed the best Judge of both, but I that have try'd neither, must own a Curiosity, that none but Father *Pietro* can satisfy.

THE two Sisters being now all undress'd, *Isabella* pressing the Breasts of Sister *Clara*, and giving her a thousand rapturous Kisses, cry'd with a languishing Sigh, *Are these soft downy Lips to be hurt by the rough Lips of a Fryar ? Must this soft Bosom be rudely profan'd by the Hands of a Man ? And this tender Body crush'd in the robustick Arms of a Male-Lover !* Then throwing off all her own Cloaths she stood naked to the Sight, and was no unlovely Figure, her Eyes darted Fire, and her Face glow'd with Blushes of conscious Desires ; while with a manly Eagerness she drew off all those of Sister *Clara*, and discover'd a Sight indeed so transporting, as made me with my self in a Capacity of being the Fryar's Rival.

Thus naked as they were they went at last to Bed, after *Isabella* had sufficiently express'd her Wonder at her Beauties ; and press'd her
a thou-

a thousand Times in her Arms, with Joys, and Raptures which appear'd most surprizing. What they did in the Bed I know not ; but Sister *Clara* declar'd in the Morning, that if Father *Pietro* could equal *Isabella*, he must give Delights almost equal to the most fertile Imagination ; assuring *Isabella*, that tho' she was resolv'd to try the good Father, yet if he prov'd less successful she would be of her Party.

AS they were dressing, *Isabella* let fall a Letter, which Sister *Clara* snatching up found a Love-Letter from Father *Giovanni*. Ha ! said Sister *Clara*, my *Isabella*, in spite of her Aversion to the bearded Sex, can keep a Commerce with a Fryar at the same Time, that she would dissuade me from all Thoughts of them.

'TIS true, answer'd *Isabella*, I have for some Time had this Correspondence with this good Father ; 'tis true, that I have made him many Advances, to engage his Heart ; but I never allow'd him any of those criminal Liberties he aim'd at. A Nun should be a perfect Coquet, she should engage as many Lovers, as she can, and get what Presents she can from them ; but if ever any one of them gain upon her Heart, or raise any Desires, let her always have the Prudence to satisfy them by any Means but the Lovers.

I HAVE

I HAVE frequently had Letters from him in Absence, but I generally burn them as soon as I have given him an Answer ; this I have not yet reply'd to, else it had not now been a Witness against me ; but I will read it to you, since by some Part of the Contents you will find, that he has never been so happy as you design Father *Pietro* shall be. Read it your self, that you may not fancy your self impos'd on by my Cunning.

SISTER *Clara* took the Letter, and read it out in the following Manner.

To her whom my Soul soverely honours,
to the amiable, tho' cruel *Mandana*.

TIS but just, my fair *Mandana*, that you should be the Sanctuary of those Complaints of which you are the Cause. Condemn me not therefore if I tell you I love, if I tell you, that you know it, and yet continue cruel. If I tell you, that after you have rais'd me to Hope, you have still by some Artifice, or other thrown me down again to Despair. Time that has taught me a great many Things, was never more favourable, and yet cruel, than when it brought me to the Knowledge of the divine *Mandana* ; her Conversation, and Power to oblige those Persons she esteems ; yet the Coldness, and Severity she always expresses is a Pain which we can owe only to her. Pray let her know, that
if

if she had as many Adorers, as Darts in her Eyes, or Hairs on her Head, that my Heart contains more Fires for her, than all that Army could boast ; and tho' their Merit and Fortune might exceed mine, yet my Fidelity should as far excel theirs. So that I must ever aver this Truth, that as the bright Mandana surpasses all the Nymphs in Beauty, and Wit, so shall Sesostris surpass all the Swains in Constancy and Love. The reading your last has rais'd more Joy in my Bosom, than I have felt since I saw you, tho' I do not know whether I ought to except the Moments of your Conversation ; in that you are so far from making Advances, that you go from even those your Letters have given Hopes of. I find however that I am not yet where I would be, and that I have not that Place in your Heart, which I desire, since you condemn the Irregularity of some of my Thoughts. I live not 'till I see you, and yet my former Treatment makes me dread my Return.

Adieu.

THIS Letter (pursu'd *Isabella*) I design to answer by the first Opportunity, for an impudent Attempt he made on me by Surprise deserves that I should punish him with Hopes and Expectation as long as I can. The Business was this : He was then Confessor to our Monastery, and coming to give the Sacrament to one of the sick Nuns, as soon as the Office was done, he comes directly to my Cell, where I
was

was fast asleep, he opens the Door, and was got to my Bedside before I awak'd ; his Kisses, and busy Hand first rouz'd me finding it straying about my Bosom ; I started from my Bed, and gave him such a Thrust that he tumbled on the Ground ; he soon got up, and would still have persisted in his insolent Attempts, had I not assur'd him I would not only call out to the Sisters, but complain to the *Provincial* of his impious Endeavours. He try'd all Means to appease me, and render me more compliable ; but finding that neither Force nor Entreaties could prevail for his Ease, in a Passion he flung from my Room. This Repulse has heighten'd his Desires, and the less he did obtain, has made him wish the more. And this is the Method all prudent *Nuns* take with their Lovers whether Secular, or Religious.

C H A P. IV.

Of the Marriage of Fryar Pietro to Sister Clara. The unlucky Adventure of the Consummation; which was repair'd by the conveying the Fryar to her Cell to pass the whole Night. An Account of what Books the Fryars furnish'd the Nuns with.

THE Sisters being now dress'd, they both went down to the Choir. I was amaz'd that those who had spent the Night in abominable Wickedness, and whose whole Minds seem'd possess'd with nothing but the Wantonness of the Brothels could yet think of Prayer, but that I consider'd that it was an easy Matter for them to banter the World with the Form of Godliness, who seem'd to have lost all Sense of the common Rules of Morality, and the known Duties of Religion. Being come into the Choir, where one half of the Nuns were scarce yet arriv'd, you might see not only a drowsy Irreligion in all their Faces, but in their Eyes the Remains of the Debauches of the Night.

AFTER a supine and reckless Performance of the Morning-Office, and as negligent a Mass officiated by their pious Confessor, they retire to their Refectory, and after their Repast Sister Clara, and several of the Nuns
were

were busy'd in Preparations for the Wedding in the Evening. It seems, that there was not one *Nun* in the House, which had not from her Noviceship had some particular Fryar for her Friend, with whom she was made to contract an intimate Alliance, in those early Years of Obedience learning to forget that Modesty, and Chastity, which ought to be the singular Qualities of their Sex, and their Profession. And after a sufficient Time allow'd for imbibing, and fixing the loose Principles, that were necessary, they were with all the Solemnity imaginable made Man, and Wife. The Ceremony of these Contracts was this: When any *Fryar* and *Nun* were now come to this mutual Agreement, they address'd themselves to the Kindred, and Friends of those they desir'd. They gave Presents, as Pledges of their Affection, and made Demands, and Conditions, they assign'd Days to draw up the Articles, to make the Contract; and celebrate the Marriages, in which there was nothing to be seen but Mirth, Gaiety, and Gallantries between the *Fryars*, and the *Nuns*.

IN the present Solemnity Father *Antonio* demanded Sister *Clara*, of the *Abbes*, who personated her Mother, Father *Sebastiano* acted the Notary that pass'd the Contract, and having publish'd the *Banes* at the Grate and below in the Hall, Father *Dominico* play'd the Curate
of

of the Parish, said the same Prayers, us'd the same Ceremonies, and made the Pair speak the same Words in their Turn, as they us'd in the common Marriages; there was a Ring given, and put on the Finger of the *Bride* Sister *Clara*, and Sister *Brigetta* disguis'd in a *Fryar's* Habit made them an Exhortation on the Duties of Matrimony. After which he, and she were sent alone to another Grate to consummate the Marriage together.

I WAS yet too dear to Sister *Clara*, not to have her take me with her, assuring herself that she was secure in her Confidence, when whatever I heard or saw, I could not discover the dangerous Secret. Being come into that Hall or Grate, the Fryar, on the Outside, and Sister *Clara* within, they sat down, and the good Father began in this Manner :

YOU have now, my dear *Clara*, alter'd your State, you are no longer in your own Power, and what Right you might have had in the Direction of your own Actions, that is now intirely devolv'd upon me. Your Body is not your own, it is now at my Command, and must be subservient to my Will; which if you know your self, you must conclude, that my Will, and Desire is not only to see, but to feel, and enjoy every Part of that beautiful Person; this secular Dress (for ac-
cording

according to Custom he was dress'd like a Cavalier, and she like a Lady of the World with her Bosom all bare, and her Face full of Patches, and her Hair adorn'd with Ribbons) gives me a tempting Sample of that delicious Flesh, and Blood that is now, by Right my own; draw near therefore to this Grate, and I will open this little Door (which there was in it to take any thing in, and out at) that I may kiss those charming Lips, and press those sweet soft rising Breasts with my happy, and transported Fingers. With that he open'd the little Door in the Grate, and she rose up, and approach'd it, their Kisses were mutual, and ardent, and prov'd so far from satisfying their Desires, that they only serv'd to heighten them — *Oh! my ravishing Clara, 'twas with such a Wife of Snow indeed, that our Founder St. Francis tam'd those unruly Affections; that disturb'd his Contemplation; and without the full Possession of this Wife of Snow, I can never rest or be quiet. Before the Tye of Marriage all above the Girdle was my Due, but now all that is below is equally my Right, hide therefore no longer Beauties I long to see, and seize for my own.*

THE eager *Fryar* incapable of Delay, attempted to remove those Veils himself, that robb'd him of a Sight he was so covetous of viewing, since Sister *Clara*, tho' none of the most squeamish, stepping back deny'd him yet
the

the Satisfaction. But rais'd many Objections against the Lawfulness of the Fact, and the Vow of Virginity, which she had already taken. To these he thus, composing himself as well as he could, reply'd.

‘ ALL Vows are to be consider'd a little
‘ more nicely, than Men generally do in their
‘ Reflections on our Breach of any one in par-
‘ ticular. All Vows, are a Sort of Oaths, or
‘ Compacts, by which we oblige our selves to
‘ do, or to perform such, or such a Thing.
‘ But there is one Condition always absolutely
‘ necessary to them all, which is, that the
‘ Thing vow'd be in our Power. For should
‘ any Man vow, to fly up into the Air, or to
‘ stand twenty Years together on a Pillar, as
‘ 'tis said of *St. Simon Stelites*, or to live
‘ without Victuals, or any the like extrava-
‘ gant Impossibility for meer, and unassisted
‘ Man to perform, can any one in his Wits
‘ suppose himself bound by such a Vow, which
‘ as it was ridiculous to make, so it would
‘ be the Height of Madness, and Presump-
‘ tion to attempt to perform. 'Tis true, that
‘ by the Assistance of the divine Power a Man
‘ is capable of all the Particulars, I have in-
‘ stanc'd; but I know not what Ground there
‘ is for any Man to expect, a Series of Mira-
‘ cles during his whole Life only for the fan-
‘ tastical Whim of forsaking the common Road
‘ of Nature, and those Inclinations, and De-

‘ fires which the eternal Former of Mankind
‘ has fix’d in our Frame, and Constitution.
‘ The Mechanism of the Body is so contriv’d,
‘ that as Food is receiv’d into the Stomach, it
‘ is there digested, and the Nourishment sepa-
‘ rated by a natural Chymistry, and each sent
‘ to its different Part. There are peculiar
‘ Vessels made for the Reception of those ani-
‘ mal Spirits, which Nature designs for Ge-
‘ neration; and when those Vessels are full
‘ they must have a Discharge; and if by any
‘ Enthusiastick Notions you forbid those Means,
‘ which God, and Nature has ordain’d for
‘ that End, it either generates Distempers, or
‘ filling the Mind with perpetual Desires of
‘ Ease, destroys all its nobler and sublime
‘ Operations; for while it is imprison’d in
‘ the Flesh, it cannot be free’d from a very
‘ great Influence of the good or ill State of
‘ the Body. Thus by hindering the Course of
‘ Nature, you make the Humour overflow the
‘ whole, and by damming up a gentle Stream,
‘ you make it rise into a Torrent, which bears
‘ down all before it. You may, as well pre-
‘ tend to eat and drink every Day with Plenty
‘ and Pleasure, and yet make a Vow against
‘ Evacuation in the usual Manner. Nature
‘ would soon let you see how vain a Thing it
‘ was to attempt a Contradiction to her in-
‘ dispensible Laws, by forcing you to submit
‘ to the common Course of Things, or at once
‘ to extinguish that Being, that was commit-
‘ ted

‘ to your Charge, not only to preserve, but
‘ propagate.

‘ ’TIS true, I will allow some one or two
‘ peculiar Messengers of Heaven have by that
‘ divine Power, that sent them been exempt
‘ from the common Frailties, and Necessities
‘ of human Life, yet it is a Madness for those,
‘ who have no such immediate Claim to, or
‘ Necessity of such Dispensations to presume
‘ on the same. Because Providence once, for
‘ the Manifestation of his own Power, and
‘ Glory at the Word of *Josua* stopp’d the
‘ whole Course of Nature, and made the uni-
‘ versal Motion stand still. Should our Gene-
‘ rals, therefore, presume on the same Privi-
‘ lege, whenever their own, or their Princes
‘ Ambition engages them in a Battle?

‘ AS what I defend is the just, and neces-
‘ sary Order of our Mechanism, so is it also
‘ our Duty as Men, and Women. To avoid
‘ that Conjunction, which the Wisdom of
‘ our Maker design’d in our original Consti-
‘ tution, is profanely, and impiously to pre-
‘ tend to be wiser, than supream Wisdom, and
‘ to correct that admirable Order, and Law,
‘ which that, from the Beginning had esta-
‘ blish’d. God saw that it was not good for
‘ Man to be alone; that he had made those
‘ Parts, those Vessels, which in the Course
‘ of Digestion would make Man very uneasy

‘ without the Female Softness to discharge with
‘ Extasy, what had been hoarded with Plea-
‘ sure.

‘ THE first Law, therefore, that he gave
‘ was that they should encrease, and multiply,
‘ and replenish the Earth with his beautiful
‘ Images ; this is the first and supream Law,
‘ which being enacted by Omnipotence can-
‘ not be dissolv’d but by the same Power.
‘ Now, my beautiful *Clara*, if you can pro-
‘ duce any visible Dispensation from this uni-
‘ versal Law, your own voluntary Law (that
‘ is your Vow of Chastity) may take Place,
‘ else it is devour’d by being directly contrary
‘ to the Duty of Mankind. You, and I are
‘ now marry’d, and that being an irreversibile
‘ Law of Nature puts an End to your rash and
‘ impious Vow of Chastity, which flies in the
‘ Face of Nature it self.

‘ ’TIS true that there has been a political
‘ Institution made by cunning, and designing
‘ Men, to set afoot this Celibacy, and deny
‘ the Benefit of Marriage to the Clergy, but
‘ it was meerly a human Contrivance, to
‘ bring a more immediate Interest to the Papal
‘ Power, and engross the Opinion and Go-
‘ vernment of the People, by a Pretence to
‘ an Angelical, and supernatural Vertue in
‘ Continnence, both as to Riches and venereal
‘ Enjoyments ; yet believe me, my dear Wife,
‘ this

‘ this fatal Hypocrisy has only serv’d to multiply our Desires and Enjoyments , while those who refuse those that Nature has allow’d fall shamefully into those which Nature abhors ; and while they refuse the Relief of a different Sex, they endeavour to create a Difference in the same.

‘ THESE specious Pretences have furnish’d such noble Stipends, such large Endowments, that at once supply so many Monasteries with all the Plenty of Luxury, and swallow up the Vow of Poverty without Scandal, or so much as Notice ; nay it is recommended from our Pulpits, as highly meritorious to make these Donations, which render it as impossible for us to keep our Vow of Poverty, as the Effects of it make it to observe that of Chastity.

‘ BUT since these handsom Provisions are made, and you my dear *Clara*, and I have had our Lot thrown into this Land flowing with Milk, and Honey, it is none of our Business to expose a Delusion, on which we subsist. But let us then like others in the same State enjoy with Privacy and Innocence those Pleasures , Nature has ordain’d, and our Constitutions require ; while our past unadvis’d and unnatural Vows, secure us the Means, and Opportunity of possessing them.

SISTER *Clara* listen'd with Attention, and Pleasure to the agreeable Casuistry of the amorous Father, and was pleas'd to be convinc'd, that her Pleasure was her Duty, and made no more Reserves in any thing he commanded; she fix'd a thousand Kisses on his Lips admiring his Knowledge, and Eloquence, which had brought so necessary a Relief to her Passion, which she own'd beyond Bounds for her Father, and Husband. From Kisses they proceeded to nearer Familiarities, which yet increas'd, not lessen'd their Uneasiness, which nothing could atone but a perfect Fruition. The Place deny'd them a Happiness, which they mutually desir'd; but Necessity the Mother of Invention soon offer'd the Means; there were two Stools in the Room where Sister *Clara* was sitting, the Fayar advis'd her to set one on the other, and setting her Hands, and Arms on them by the Help of the little Door in the Grate, she might give some Ease to his Anguish. The poor *Nun*, with a willing Obedience performs his Directions; but, as all human Pleasures are mingled with Pain, and all his Successes blended with Misfortunes; so when now the Fryar, and the *Nun* were, as eager, and happy as the Place would permit, the Stools not well fix'd gave Way to her Motion, till in the midst of the Joy she fell with them to the Floor.

THE Lover, and his Mistress were equally surpriz'd, and I ran away for Fear of being over-born with the Ruin ; not doubting but my Mistress had pay'd her Life for her Joy. But it prov'd otherwise to all our Satisfaction, for she soon got up from the Floor, and shaking her Cloaths about her, she only complain'd of her Leg, which immediately consulting she found the Skin a little raz'd, and some crimson Drops of Blood trickling down her alabaster Skin.

THE *Fryar* renew'd his Kisses of Joy for her Safety, and would not desist from renewing the Attack by the same Way, 'till she promis'd to admit him to her Cell, where they might pass the Night, with more Pleasure and Safety. That it was an easy Matter from his Window to pass into the Garden, where she would wait to conduct him up to her Bed. So ending the Assignment with warm eager Kisses, they return'd to the other Grate, where the Company expected them with Impatience to their Repast.

HERE open'd another Scene of their Debauch. The Victuals were nice, and plentiful, and their Wine the most delicious of that Country, each *Nun*, and each *Fryar* had a small Reed, through which they drank out of one another Glasses ; and when they were

empty they threw them over their Heads, and broke 'em.

THE Table remov'd, they danc'd on each Side the Grate, and the Nuns being dress'd in Theatrical Habits, represented a Play to the Fryars, some in Mens Cloaths, and some in Womens. The Mirth being at the Height, one of the Sisters by Compact with her Gallant, pretended to be ill, and so it was agreed the Confessor with Fryars to assist him should come in to pray with the Distemper'd ; her Fryar going up to her Cell left the rest below, who in the Hall, with the other Nuns, toy'd, and kiss'd, and sometimes withdrew. The sick Nun recover'd by the Virtue of the Relick her Fryar had apply'd to her returns to the Company, while Sister *Clara*, and the Confessor secretly retir'd unable to delay their Satisfaction 'till the Company separated. So fastening the Door of the Cell, they were not long undressing for the Encounter ; and now being wholly divested of Garments religious, or other, they appear'd indeed a *Venus* and *Mars* just before the limping God had caught them in his Chain, and expos'd their Happiness, and his Disgrace to the whole Legion of envying Gods, and Goddesses.

WHILE the new-marry'd Pair were fast in each others Arms, and some other Nuns had

had taken the same Advantages of withdrawing from *Bacchus* to *Venus*, I flipp'd under the Door (where a Hole was made for my going out, and in on necessary Occasions) and took my Turn about the House to make my Remarks ; from the Dormitories, I went down into the Hall, where two of the Fryars something older, and more bulky, than the rest were engag'd with the Bottle, and one Nun about a middle Age, and the old Abbess, the Glas went swiftly about, and Fryar *Otto* often sollicitated the Nun, who being of Sister *Isabella's* Faction was obstinate to all his Endeavours, tho' she had given him several Advances.

HE attack'd her in Prose and Verse.

*Sylvia, why this mighty courting
To the Joys you long to prove ?
Nature made you all for Sporting,
Nature made you all for Love.*

But both in vain.

FRYAR *Alberto*, a greater Devote of the Vine, than the Petticoat, pulling *Otto* by the Cowl sung him this Song.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Prithee sigh no more, fond Swain,
If Chloe will be false, in vain
You give your self a fruitless Pain. }
'Tis not loving, 'tis not dying
Holds the Heart, that would be flying.
Nor Love, nor Merit, you will find
Can fix the fickle Heart of changeful Wo-
mankind.*

*Then turn to the Bottle, that flows with De-
lights
That gives Life to our Days, and brisk Joys
to our Nights.
Here no Chloe, no Cares, no Falshood is
found,
While Wit, Wine, and Mirth fly jovially
round.*

THE Nun as averse, as she was to Love, was no Enemy to the Bottle, and while she indulg'd her Appetite of Drinking, prepar'd herself to be unable to deny Fryar Otto the Satisfaction he desir'd; for being now quite vanquish'd by *Bacchus* she lay at the Mercy of the good Father, who gave her no Quarter, 'till betwixt Love, and Wine he reel'd with his Companion about five in the Morning to the Confessor's Apartment, and left the poor Nun to the Care of the Abbess, whom the Charity of the jovial Father Alber-

to, had endeavour'd to keep in Countenance by Addresses, and Efforts more agreeable, than effectual.

THE Reader may be surpriz'd at the abandon'd Condition of this Monastery, which like the Mansion of *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbiter*, furnish'd nothing but various Scenes of *Lewdness*. But to remove the Wonder, I shall give you a short Scheme of their Education, the Principles instill'd into them by the *Fryars*, and the Books, that they were furnish'd with, by the holy Fathers, for their Instruction, and Diversion.

THEIR first Endeavours with them, before their *Noviciate*, was to inspire them with a Spirit of Wantonness, and Libertinism, and a Desire, from their first Apprehension of Pleasure of being courted and caress'd, and apply'd to in all the Addresses of Love, and Gallantry; they us'd (instead of Modesty, and Sanctity of Conversation, and pious Instructions) all Manner of unseemly Privacies with them, to wear off the native Modesty of the Sex, and so betimes to dispose their Minds to be hereafter as complaisant to their Wishes, as they could desire. Thus from the Beginning habituating the young Virgins to such Freedoms, and Familiarities, as made them in Time believe them all innocent.

BEING

BEING now become *Novices*, the good Fathers took Care to keep alive those looser Inclinations, they had endeavour'd to instil in their tenderer Years; wherefore they made it their Business to divert the Mistresses of the *Novices* from informing them in the Duties of a Monastick Life, lest Lessons so contrary to their Aim should make them lose that Spirit of Vanity, and Wantonness, which they had inspir'd before their *Noviciate*. They would make them little Presents, and oblige them to wear them, and instead of instructing them against their Profession, advis'd them as a Duty to make an Intimacy, and Friendship with some of the Fathers. Telling them the Advantage of these Commerces was the keeping them from the Taverns; and passing their own Time very agreeably, which without such an Amusement must prove the most tedious, and melancholy. Nay, the Fathers themselves would often quarrel about their Pretensions to Particulars. To gain Time to insinuate themselves the more freely, they would under Pretence of their not being sufficiently prepar'd, make the Governess send them the more frequently to their Convent, where all the Lesson they taught them was Love, and Gallantry.

IF these Freedoms were taken before the Profession, when they were once profess'd the good Fathers had nothing to restrain the Liberty

berty of their Conduct, since now they could not to secure their Modesty retire from the *Nunnery*.

TO confirm them the more in their dissolute Way, and divert them from rising to any Vertue prejudicial to their Pleasure from the reading of good Books; they furnish'd them with all the Romances, and Plays, and Novels they could get; nay, they had Translations of *Aloisia*, *The School of Venus*, the *Catechism of Love*, *Aretine*, and the like. And sometimes particular Characters for them to express their most lewd and abandon'd Thoughts, Actions, Parts or Desires.

AS if these Books had not yet been sufficient, they added these Instructions; that all above the Middle was wholly at the Disposal of their particular Friends, and that they were not to be refus'd either the Sight or Handling of them; that this Maxim ought to be well practis'd, that the Mouth, the Bosom, and the Hands must be always their particular Friends. If any one scrupled these Freedoms, they told them, that the Kiss of Peace in the primitive Times of the Church was given by all, that Excess was the Cause of its being forbidden; that all the Liberties they could take with one another were at most but venial Sins. To these Instructions

tions they daily added lascivious Songs, and Discourses.

TO these they added Presents, as wet, and dry Sweetmeats, their Pictures drawn *en Cavalier*, Rings, Gloves, Ribbons, Watches, Looking-Glasses, Seals, engrav'd with Cyphers, and Emblems and *Motto's* of Love; explain'd with amorous Letters, and Verses.

CHAP. V.

An Account of the Possession of some Nuns, and their Accusation of a secular Priest for a Magician, who for it was put to Death by the Inquisition. Fantasio is given to the Provincial of the Fryars, and so leaves this wicked Crew of Fryars and Nuns.

HAD these wanton Frailties of these Fryars and Nuns been their whole Guilt, there might perhaps be some Sort of Plea for their Wickedness, drawn from the common Weakness of human Nature, and that Tendency to Love, and venereal Enjoyments, which is in some Measure implanted in all Mankind; but what I am now to tell, is a Proof, that when once we quit the Laws of Religion, and Vertue, we easily fall into the greatest Abominations.

THERE

THERE was a Canon in this City who would often invite the Father Confessor to a Collation on purpose to make him drunk, that he might prevail with him in his Cups to reveal the Nuns Confessions, as he frequently had done. One Evening the Canon had invited another of his Friends, a secular Priest, to pass the Time with him, and the Fryar, and there not only heard the Confessions of the *Nuns* reveal'd, but the several Intrigues betwixt the good Fathers, and them.

THE Priest was himself a jolly Companion better learn'd, than most of the Seculars of that Nation, and free, and easy in his Conversation, tho' morally honest, and of a very good, and upright Life. He oppos'd the Father in all he said, and would needs make all his Narrations the meer Inventions of his Vanity. The Fryar disdaining to be counted a Lyar, or a Man so little acceptable to the Ladies, as not to be really Possessor of those Advantages, which he boasted, offer'd to make him confident of his Amours, so far as to be an Eye-Witness of his amorous Adventures; but that to accomplish it he must disguise himself in the Habit of his Order. The Priest agreed to forfeit, what was agreed on if the Fryar made out what he pretended; so equipp'd with the Accoutrements of the Order, he was soon admitted to
the

the Freedom of Conversation, and saw all he doubted confirm'd beyond the least Contradiction. The Priest was a handsom young Man, and of a very witty, and genteel Address ; by which Means he had not often been there, but one of the Nuns had fix'd her Eyes and Affections upon him. Tho' he had no Intention to pursue the Amour, as the Fryars are wont, proceeded so far as to give Jealousy to the Fryar, to whom she had been allotted. The Priest was pleas'd with his Uneasiness, and therefore made his Addresses more frequent, and close. 'Till the good Father unable any longer to bear a prosperous Rival, had some Words with the Confessor about this seeming Fryar, whom he had found out to be the Parson of an adjoining Parish. The Confessor own'd all the Deceit, and told him the Ocasion ; and consulted together how they should deliver themselves from a Spy, which might some Time or other prove the Destruction of their Pleasure by a Discovery of their Roguery. Matters being fully concerted among them, the Priest was forbid the Monastery, and deny'd Admittance whenever he came. Being often repuls'd he let them know, that he would take Care to inform the Bishop of the holy Conversation of the Fryars, and the Nuns.

THIS was no more, than was expected by the Confessor, and his Friend, who coming to Sister *Clara's* Cell one Night informs her of the whole Matter, and propos'd the following Design, as the only Remedy for the impending Destruction of themselves, and their *Nunnery*.

THE secular Priests (said the Confessor) you know are not very much esteem'd in this City, and the Authority they might have o'er the People, is wholly devolv'd on the Orders, by their Preaching, and hearing Confessions, their Indulgences, and Fraternities, and the like. 'Tis therefore no hard Matter for us to ruin this Priest, provided we begin first, and not by Delays suffer him to deliver his Information before they had taken off his Evidence. They therefore propos'd, that Sister *Clara*, and two, or three more Nuns, the most apt, most strong, and most sure to their Cause should pretend to be possess'd, by the Means of this Priest, whom they were to name in the Exorcisms as the Conjuror, or Magician, who had brought this Evil upon them. This being soon agreed to, on a full Representation of the Danger, that threaten'd them, the Fryars gave them a Sort of Catechism in *Latin*, with Question, and Answer, by which they would always interrogate them in their publick Exorcisings of them. They then taught them several antic
Z Postures,

Postures, and Gestures, which they should practise, to amuse the People, and confirm their Possession.

THE Fryars met with apt Scholars, and in a few Days Rehearsal found their Force ready for publick View. The Sisters of *Isabella's* Faction were excluded the Secret, and therefore design'd to be first impos'd on. So in the midst of the Night when they were asleep the Sisters, who were to act their Parts made Noises, and walk'd all in White about like Ghosts, till the other Nuns were almost frighted out of their Wits; and the Noise was now spread about the Town. The Priest on hearing it protested, that he was not at all surpriz'd at the Story, or doubted in the least of the Truth of the Apparitions, since he wonder'd more, that the Devil long since had not destroy'd them in their Wickedness.

IT was now Time to stop his Mouth from farther Explanations of his Meaning; they therefore gave out, that three Nuns were possess'd, and were such a Day to be exorcis'd by the Confessor, and two other Fryars in the Face of the Town both Laity, and Clergy. The Chapel of the Monastery was full to see the Operation; and the Sisters play'd their Parts so exactly, that few of the Congregation doubted of their Condition.

The

The Confessor after several Exorcisms, in public in the mid'st of one demands by what Means they became so, the Devil within them was suppos'd to answer, that it was by the Means of such a Man, naming the Priest, I have mention'd.

IT was not long ere he heard of his Accusation, and full of that Boldness, which should always accompany Innocence he applies to the Bishop, gives an Account of what he knew, and protesting his Freedom from all Guilt of that Nature prevail'd with him to suffer him to exorcise them himself, since he could not but suppose, this was a Contrivance against his Life to remove out of the Way a Witness of their Villainy, which their Confessor's Folly had betray'd them to.

THE Fryar's made some Difficulty of allowing him the Privilege of doing it in that Monastery, which was not under the Jurisdiction of the Bishop, but the Direction of their Order, and the Visitation of their Provincial, but seem'd prevail'd, on the following Day, to allow him the Permission.

IN the mean Time they prepar'd the Nuns to receive him accordingly, with that Extravagance, and Impatience that it should be necessary for the Fryars to interpose, to

save him from their Fury. The Day being come, and the Priest in his Ornaments, and the Book in his Hand, would have begun the Exorcism in the usual Order; but they with hideous Cries, and ghastly Looks, fell upon him, 'till the pious Confessor by the Power of one *Adjuro* reduc'd them to Moderation; when the Priest went on in the usual Order, and the Nuns gave Answers in *Latin*, 'till the Priest forsaking their Method, and throwing in now, and then a Sentence of *Greek*, confounded the Nuns, so that they scarce knew what to do. But what they could not do by Words they answer'd in Actions, falling into strange Convulsions, and an obstinate Silence, or else into as strange a Clamour and Confusion, accusing him publickly, as the Cause of their Possession, and of being a Magician, and one that convers'd with the Devil.

THE Blunders, that were so visible in this Day's Work, the Innocence of the Priest, nor Struggles of his Friends could avail him nothing, but he was by Order of the Inquisition taken up, and committed to their Prison; and the Belief of the Possession of the *Nuns* was now so fix'd, and establish'd, that it was as dangerous to make any Doubt of the Matter, as to deny any Article of Faith. For some of the poor Priest's Friends for offering to lessen the Credit of the Juggle to save their

their Relation, were committed to the Inquisition.

ALL Mouths being thus silenc'd, they then began to think of his Tryal; and tho' they had often rack'd him to confess the Accusation, they could never make him confess the least Tittle of it; but avowing his Innocence, declar'd the Cause of his Sufferings was only his Knowledge of the dissolute Lives of the *Nuns*, and the *Fryars*; but this was but to aggravate his Crime, and prove him an *Heretick*, as well as Magician, who would throw such an *Odium*, on the pious Recluses, and an Order so eminent in the Church of God. In short, after all the cruel Course of the Inquisition, he was condemn'd, and burnt by the arbitrary Process of that Tribunal, and insulted by the Fryars, as he was at the Stake, who threw whole Pails of holy Water in his Face, whenever he attempted to speak to the People,

THIS horrible Murther gave me a mortal Aversion to the *Nuns*, and made me wish for a speedy Enlargement from so filthy a *Sodom*. I resolv'd, tho' I liv'd very deliciously in the Monastery, to make my Escape by the first Opportunity, but was prevented by the Arrival of the Provincial, who on the Noise of this Affair was come to look into the Matter, and remove by a Visitation

those Imputations the Words of the dead Priest had cast on the Sisterhood.

HE pretended much Zeal, and carry'd in his Face the Delineaments of Mortification, and Holiness ; but being remov'd from the publick View, and in private with the Sisters, he show'd himself only so much the more abandon'd, as he was exalted in Years , and in Station,

SISTER *Clara* was the Nun, who pleas'd his Inclinations, and the good Confessor had Complaisance enough to allow him a Share in his Wife, which he solv'd to her with the Necessity of obliging him, on whose Authority their whole Pleasure depended. The Provincial was so far from finding Fault with the Irregularities of the House, that he encourag'd them all to allow to the Fathers whatever they demanded ; that being set aside to the Service of God, they could do none more acceptable, than the pleasing his peculiar, and favourite Ministers, the Fathers of his Order.

THE Provincial was advis'd with in the Progress of this Affair, as whether they should carry on the Design against the Canon, and any other Enemy of their Order ? But he told them, that he thought it more prudent to let it stop there ; enough had been done
to

to terrify the Canon from giving his Tongue any Liberty prejudicial to their Affairs ; they should therefore be cautious of renewing this Comedy lest by too frequent View the People should be undeceiv'd, which must end in the Ruin of that Monastery, and the Disgrace of their Order ; so having been some Nights admitted to Sister *Clara's* Embraces, and pass'd a formal Shew of a Visitation ; he prepar'd to return to *Rome* by the Way of *Naples* ; but being pleas'd with me extreamly he easily obtain'd me of Sister *Clara*, as a Testimony of her Love ; and as a Present to the Niece of Cardinal *Pignatelli* who was a peculiar Patroness of this Monastery, to whom the *Provincial* promis'd to give me.

C H A P. VI.

An Account of a pleasing Seat of Ludovico Astelli, a Physician near Sessula. The History of his Life. The wicked Love of a Mother-in-Law to her Husband's Son. Her Revenge on his obstinate Vertue. The Poison design'd by her for him, falls into the Hands of her own Child. The happy Discovery of the Son's Innocence. Her Punishment, and Death.

WE had not travell'd a Day's Journey from *Sarno*, but the *Provincial* being taken ill in the midst of a great Plain, the Litter in which he was carry'd made to the first Gentleman's House, that they could reach, which was not far from *Sessula*, and about five Miles from the Sea. It stood on a Hill of an easy Ascent, every where diversify'd with agreeable *Vista's*, of Woods, Vineyards, Orange Groves, and the like. On the Middle of the Ascent there was a level Plain of near half a Mile Square; in the midst of which stood a neat built House, more excellent for its Situation, and Convenience, than Magnificence, and Ornament. The Gardens were small but well kept, and replenish'd with Things useful for Food, as well as delightful to the Eye. There fell from the adjacent higher Part of the Hill a pretty

pretty purling Stream, which fed the House with Water without Cost or Charge, and furnish'd the little Fountains without much Assistance of Art.

IN the Furniture Decency and Use being the Aim, there was not much sacrific'd to Ornament, or Luxury. This was the Retreat of *Ludovico Astalli*, an eminent Physician of *Rome* in his younger Days. Here he liv'd unincumber'd with the lazy Vermin of the Hall, a numerous Train of Servants, which was confin'd to so few, as should always be employ'd in the Service of the House or Garden. His Lady was not handsom enough to give too much Pain, and Jealousy, nor ugly enough to give Disgust, she was, or seem'd to be govern'd by the same Inclinations, and mov'd by the same Humours, the kind Companion of his leisure Hours. The Love and Indulgence of a fond Husband, his Allowance of unusual Liberty in making her Mistress of her own Conduct, and the natural Coldness and Melancholy of her Temper, could not well furnish any Cause of Complaint, or Motive to Inconstancy strong enough to make her seek, that Corruption from her Vassals, who only surrounded her. But either the Solitude deny'd her the Temptation, or Means, or the short Time of our Stay deny'd me the Opportunity of discovering the contrary, or she was
one

one of the very few good Women I met with in my Peregrination.

THE Day *Astalli* spent with equal Pleasure, and Use, devoting the Morning to Prayer, and Study, and the Afternoon to Pastime and Exercise. His Pastimes were such, as his Wife could partake in without Injury to the Modesty, and Decorum of her Sex, and his Exercise such, as employ'd his Ingenuity, as well as Hand, and Body. In short, he was satisfy'd with what he had, and what he had not he never wish'd for. The Love of the circumjacent Country, his Affability, and Acts of Charity procur'd him; and the Love of his Family, his indulgent Care and Mildness; the Love of his Wife, his Faith and mutual Affection. His Study was fill'd with few, but choice Books; his Table was spread with not many Dishes, but those good in their Kind, in which Nature was more consulted, than Art; Hunger, than Luxury; and his Cellars stor'd not with many, but wholesom Wines; and the whole Entertainment was as temperate, as cordial.

IN this blessed State we found the wife *Astalli*, not a little surpriz'd to find a Man of his Faculty, and in the Years when Avarice, or Ambition is most strong content with that Mediocrity, which has been so long prais'd, and so seldom enjoy'd. For all his Hopes,
and

and Wishes were bounded with the Compass of his own little, but competent Estate.

THE *Provincial* could not but express his Wonder at his singular Happiness ; and being now pretty well recover'd of that Indisposition, which had diverted him from the Prosecution of his Journey to his House, he was very inquisitive into the Reasons of *Astalli's* Retreat from Business, and seeming Aversion to the World in general ; which did not seem in him to proceed from a melancholy, or hypochondriac Humour, but from more sedate, and rational Causes. *The publick Duties of my Function* (said the *Provincial*) *force me from that pleasing Retirement, I might hope from my Order ; and tho' I have not Vanity, and Self-Esteem enough to say, as Alexander the Great, said to Diogenes, If I were not Bonacorsi, I would be Astalli ; yet I may say, that if I were not at the Command of my Superiours, I should wish to be the Disciple of so wise a Master ; and seek that Happiness in Retirement, which I never yet could find in Company, and Business.*

LOVE, and Ambition (reply'd *Astalli*) confin'd me once to Rome, but far from Ease, and Happiness. For there I was always in the Chace, without ever coming up with the Quarry ; or if ever I did, it was only to find it not worth the Pursuit. I had an open Confidence

fidence in Friends ; but they always deceiv'd me ; I trusted to Vertue, but that still kept me under ; and I found, that a Man, who hopes to get Preferment by *Honesty*, acts as preposterously, as he that thinks to win a Woman by Sincerity. *Honesty* indeed finds a Panegyric in every Mouth, but empty Words are all its Tribute, and empty Hands its Support. He therefore, that would make a Figure at Court must shake Hands with so starving a Companion, and dare some bold Villainy that merits the Prison, and the Wheel. But I never thought *Dignity* worth purchasing, at the Expence of my *Honour*, or *Power* worth the immortal Infamy of a villainous Action. Compassion for the *Distress'd* always open'd my Purse, but the Product of their Relief was generally *Ingratitude*. • My Credulity in the Vows, and Protestations of Men serv'd only to discover, that the sacred Powers of Heaven were only valu'd by some to betray those, who believ'd in them.

IN the mid'st of these false Measures, Love, that had always flutter'd about, and hover'd o'er my Heart, now seiz'd on my Bosom ; but exercising a merciful Sway, I found the Hardships of a long Courtship remov'd by a mutual Affection ; we soon were marry'd, and soon again separated by the Cruelty of her Death in Child-bed of a fine Boy, whose Birth gave his Mother her Death, and whose
unfortunate

unfortunate Life was near giving the same to his Father, tho' not by his Fault, as you will find by the Sequel.

MY Grief for her Loss was real, but not immoderate, as knowing it fruitless, and vain. Some Years had past in my Widowhood, without any Thoughts of venturing again on the Hymeneal Rites. But the Devil of Avarice jaying my usual good Fortune, I was introduc'd to a Lady, by a Friend, as Mistress of more Vertue, than Beauty, and Fortune, than Quality. So that betray'd by false Hopes, and false Friendship, I embrac'd a Cloud instead of my promis'd *Juno*, after Marriage finding her as dissolute, as ugly, and as poor, as ignoble.

HOWEVER I thought it my best Way to be content with my Loss of her expected Fortune, not yet finding that her Vertue was as sophisticate, as her Face. Use, an easy Temper, and her cunning Flattery had in a little Time worn out all Disgust, and not only render'd her agreeable to me, but given her something too much the Ascendant over my Will.

MY Son by my first Wife, had been long away from me at *Bononia*, applying himself to his Studies, and I had now another hopeful young Boy by this second Adventure who
was

was about twelve Years of Age. The Eldest was call'd *Orlando*, and the youngest *Giuseppe*. *Orlando* was a Youth, that had made a considerable Progress in his Learning, and was Master of such a singular Modesty, and Piety, as any Man might be proud of a Son so meritorious.

HIS *Step-mother* either naturally loose, or else driven by the unavoidable Necessity of Fate to the most Extream of Wickedness, cast her Eyes, and unlawful Desires on her Son in Law *Orlando*. In the Infancy of her Passion, while yet she felt but the young and feeble Force of Love in her Breast, easily resisted its weaker Influence in Silence. But when it had gather'd Strength, and Robustness, filling her Bosom with outrageous Fire, it revell'd in her Heart without Moderation; and she fell a willing Victim to its Rage, surrendering herself entirely to its Conduct; and dissembling her real Disease, she cunningly bely'd the secret Wounds of her Mind in the apparent Sicknes of her Body; for the Symptoms of Love, and Distempers are so very much alike, that any one may well be deceiv'd in their Judgment: Discolour'd Paleness, faint, and languid Eyes, feeble Joints, disquiet Slumbers, the languishing, and broken Emission of the Breath, more vehement by its Slowness; and all Things would perswade you, that her Illness was a Fever, but that her
Eyes

Eyes too frequently flow'd with Tears. I had the best Physicians to join with me in Consult, what Medicines were best to be prescrib'd. But ignorant of the Cause, we might all very well miss of the Effect ; tho' I have since reflected, that there was no Need of the medicinal Art to discover the Meaning of the immoderate Pulse of the Veins, the Excess of her Heat, the panting Uncertainty of her Breathing ; and her tossing, and tumbling from this Side to that. These are Symptoms so visible of an amorous Desire, as only could be hid in our Opinion of the Patient.

BEING thus agitated with the furious Desire of the Presence of an Object she could not but wish for, she at last broke her obstinate Silence, and order'd *Orlando* to be call'd to her Apartment. The Youth with a ready, and pious Obedience, makes haste to the sick Mother of his Brother, and Wife of his Father, with his young Brows plough'd with early Furrows for the Sickness, he little thought himself the unhappy Cause of, to execute whatever Command she should impose.

THO' tir'd already with a Silence, that had been so tedious, and torturing, yet shock'd at the horrible Secret, she was going to unfold, full of Fears, and Doubts, how best to express her self without Offence, often rejected
the

the Words she thought most proper to save them both their Blushes, and Confusion on so criminal a Discovery. But her Bashfulness and Modesty now nodding, and sinking before the Battery of Desires; she only thought how she should begin.

THE unfortunate Youth concern'd for her Anguish suspecting no Evil, ask'd her with a pious Tendernefs, and a submissive Countenance, the Cause of her Sicknefs. This Question, with the damnable Opportunity of being alone made her break out into Confidence; yet first weeping abundantly, and covering the small Remains of her Modesty with her Face, in a trembling Voice, in this short Manner address'd herself to him. — *Thou thy self (said she) art the whole Cause, and Origin of this fatal Distemper; that I groan under; and sole Remedy of the Evil, thou hast insticted, the only Stay, Health, and Support of my Life. For the piercing, and consuming Beams of those dear Eyes of yours, admitted by mine too frail, and uncautious, have transfus'd into my inmost Soul, a Fire too violent to be supported. Have Pity, therefore, of her, who is perishing for your Sake! nor let any mistaken Piety to thy Father, give thee any Disturbance; for first I love his Face, in thee, and thou by thy Compliance wilt preserve him that Wife, on whose Life, and Satisfaction his very Being depends. You have now the lucky, and full Security of being with me alone, and a*
happy

happy Opportunity sufficiently capacious of the necessary Evil. For that which is done without the Consciousness of any Witness, is as it were not done at all.

THE Youth confounded with the abominable Proposition, tho' he perfectly abhorr'd the Guilt of Compliance, yet thought not the Violence of so criminal a Passion fit to be exasperated with a positive Denial, but rather to be sooth'd by a cautious Delay, and a dubious Promise of Success on a more favourable Occasion. He therefore, with some Earnestness assures her Satisfaction; and persuades her to be of good Heart, and to take all that necessary Care of her Health and Recovery, that as soon as my Absence should furnish the Opportunity, they might with Security accomplish their mutual Desires. And having appeas'd her present Rage, with so pleasing an Artifice he withdrew from the noxious Eyes of his Step-Mother.

BUT being satisfy'd in the terrible Ruin that threaten'd his Family from this unnatural Lust of his *Step-Mother*, he consults his venerable Tutor by Letter, under all the Obligations of an inviolable Secrecy. The Sum of all their Debate in several Letters was, that there could be no Way more safe and effectual, than to fly the coming Storm of cruel Fortune by his speedy Absence.

BUT my Wife impatient of the least Delay had so contriv'd the Matter, as to send me on a sleeveless Errand a pretty Way from Home, and where, to be sure, I should stay at least a Night, or two, to adjust the difficult Accounts of a Farm, which I had in that Country. I being thus dexterously remov'd before *Orlando* could get his Affairs in such a Posture, as to remove himself without Suspicion, bore down with the Madness of her ripen'd Hopes, she with Joy, and Eagerness demands, of my Son, the Payment of that *Love*, which he had promis'd without any Design of ever making it good. But he confounded betwixt the Wickedness, and the Danger, by a subtle Address under several Pretences for a while disappoints the execrable Interview. 'Till having push'd Matters so close, and finding a Repulse, as well as by the Variety, and Inconsistence of his Answers, that she was never to expect the Performance she languish'd for, by a strange, and fickle Change of her Affections, her impious *Love* was perverted into a Hatred, as extream, and unjust.

IN her Pursuit of which to an implacable, and bloody Revenge, she call'd to her Advice a Servant of the Family of a Principle so abandon'd, that he would undertake for a Reward any Wickedness, that could be propos'd. The Sum of their Conference was to dispatch

dispatch the innocent Youth by some private Way, and Poison was concluded to be the most safe. He is sent to procure the *Bane*, and she takes Care to dilute it with Wine, that it might go down with the more Ease, and less Suspicion. But while the guilty Complotters were deliberating of a fit Time to give him the Dose; it happen'd that her own little Son coming from School, and being very dry after the Heat of the Day, finds the poison'd Wine, and with a thirsty Appetite swallows the liquid Death prepar'd for his Brother. He found himself immediately sick, and running to his Mother falls down dead before her. Her Screams soon alarm'd the House, and the Cause of his sudden Fate agreed to be Poison; but the Author of so barbarous a Fact was yet in Debate. But this wicked cruel Woman, and singular Instance of a Step-Mother's Malice, untouch'd with the visible Judgment of her own Son's Death, nor the Conscience of her own Parricide, the Misfortunes of her House, and the Grief of her Husband, or the moving Sight of the dead Corps before her, from that very Object drew the shortest Way to her Revenge.

SHE immediately dispatch'd a Messenger to me with the unwelcome News; and on my Return, with a well dissembled Rage of Grief accuses *Orlando* with the Murther of

her Son. Which in some Sense indeed might be true, since the Child had devour'd the Portion prepar'd for the young Man.

THE more to heighten my Indignation, she told me, that the Cause of his poisoning her Son, was to revenge on him, her Refusal of complying with his incestuous Desires of possessing the Wife of his own Father; nor yet content with these abominable Lyes, she assur'd me, that since for Fear of his Threats, which he had urg'd with his naked Sword, she had been forc'd to yield to his unlawful Embraces.

THUS struck with the double Fate of my Children, I gave too much Way to the unruly Tempest of a most violent Passion. Before my Eyes I saw lie dead my Youngest, and found that my Eldest must be sentenc'd to an ignominious End for *Parricide*, and *Incest*. I confess, I was farther provok'd to the utmost Detestation, and Hate of my Son, by the false, tho' well acted Lamentations, and unconsolable Grief of a Wife too near, and unreasonably dear to me at that Time.

THE Funeral of one was scarce over, when I, then the most unhappy of Fathers, wiping away the Tears from my Eyes at the interring of the Child, enter'd the Court of Judicature

Judicature to accuse the other of capital Offences : Where stopping the Judges just then rising (knowing nothing of the cruel Frauds of my Wife) clasping their Knees I press'd with my utmost Earnestness, and Zeal the immediate Ruin of the only Remains of my Family ; accusing as the impious Polluter of his Father's Marriage-Bed, the Murtherer of his Brother and Assassin of his Mother-in-Law. The Person of a Father , and the Excess of my Grief had such an Effect on, and enrag'd so far not only the Court, but the very People, that heard it ; that without any Regard to the Formalities of a Tryal, and the manifest Proof of Accusers, and the tedious Defence of the Accus'd — They all cry'd out, *That he ought to be ston'd, and that a public Grievance ought to be reveng'd in as public a Manner.*

THE Magistrates being afraid of a popular Riot, if not speedily prevented, urg'd the Judges to assert the Rights of their Ancestors, in bringing the *Culprit* to a fair Tryal, where the Accusers , and Accus'd should have an equal Hearing ; and not suffer so barbarian a Wildness, or *tyrannic* Impotence to condemn any one without being heard : That such an unheard of Wickedness, such a profligate Villainy should be expos'd in a calm Judgment to the Age for an Example.

THIS wholesom Advice being resolv'd on, and the Judges being seated, the Accuser was summon'd, and the Accus'd brought into the Court with no little Clamour. I shall not delay you with a tedious Repetition of the Arguments on both Sides. Let it suffice, that the Witnesses being examin'd and cross-examin'd, that nothing should be determin'd in a Cause of this Weight on Conjectures, not positive Evidence; the principal was the Villain I mention'd, who stood with that Resolution to what he had depos'd, *viz. That Orlando being enrag'd at the Refusal of his Step-Mother, had apply'd himself to him to procure him some Poison to murther her Son; and that when he had got it, he saw Orlando give it the Child with his own Hand secure, as he imagin'd, of his Secresy by the Bribe he had assur'd him of.*

THIS Villain's Evidence being given in with all the Face, and Circumstances of Truth, the Tryal was over; and Sentence just going to be pronounc'd, a grave old Gentleman, and a Physician rises up in the Court, and being a Man of eminent Honour and Authority thus spoke to the Bench. *The Pleasure I have in having reach'd those Tears, which has given me the Approbation of this Bench, will not let me suffer you to commit a Murther on this accus'd, but innocent Youth; nor permit you, who are sworn to do impartial Justice,*

stice, to be foully deceiv'd by the infamous Mouth of a false Servant, whose Testimony in Law is always suspected; for my Part I cannot so far trample on all Religion, as to deceive my own Conscience into a Silence in so weighty a Cause. Hear then from me the very Matter of Fact.—

THAT Villain, the Evidence, agreed with me for some present Poison for the Price of one hundred Crowns; assuring me (with all the horrible Imprecations on himself if it were false) that it was for a Person under insupportable Torments in an incurable Distemper; who had only a Desire to put a speedy End to a Torment, he could not endure any longer, or find any Cure for. But I, imagining, that the ill-look'd Rogue had a mischievous Design in Hand, which he varnish'd over with so silly a Story, gave him the Draught he desir'd. But having an Eye to this Tryal, which has now happen'd, I would not immediately take the Price, that he offer'd; but telling him he should seal it up with his own Ring, 'till a better Opportunity a Day or two would permit me before him to examine the Goodness of the Money. Persuaded by these Words he seal'd up the Bag, which as soon as I perceiv'd him an Evidence in this Tryal, I sent my Servant Home, to fetch it into the Court. Here is the Bag, let him see it, and acknowledge his

A a 4

his Seal. For how can this young Gentleman (without some better Evidence than him) be thought guilty of murdering his Brother with the Poison this Fellow bought, and is much more likely to have us'd?

THE Rogue on hearing this was struck with a pannic Fear, turning pale as Death, a cold Sweat running down all his Body. His Knees knock'd one against the other, while scratching his Head on all Sides, with his Mouth half open he stammer'd out a Company of trifling absurd Lyes, in so palpable a Manner, that the whole Audience began to suspect him, as criminal. But recovering his native Impudence, he began to deny all with a thorough Assurance, and to turn the Falshood on the Physician. 'Till by the Command of the Bench his Ring was taken off his Finger, and compar'd with the Seal; the Comparison made the Matter beyond any Doubt; and having been put to the Rack he stood out the usual Torments, without acknowledging the Crime.

I WILL not suffer this Villain (said the Physician) to baffle your Justice with his Obstinacy; for I will give you a present Discovery of the Matter. When I found he would have Poison, that would give present Death, and not thinking it the Duty of any of my Faculty to furnish the Means of Death

to any, the Art of Medicine being found out for Health not Destruction; yet fearing by a Denial I should furnish him with Means of doing the intended Mischief by some other, or else by the Sword, I gave him not Poison as he suppos'd, but drowsy *Mandragora* mix'd with other soporiferous Drugs; whose Nature it is to bring on a Sleep on those, who take them, very nearly imitating Death. Nor is it a Wonder, that this Rogue bears these Torments, since he very well knows, that Death certainly attends the Discovery of his Guilt. But if the Child took the Potion I prepar'd with my own Hands, he is not dead but sleeps; whose temporary Bands being by Time or counter Medicines remov'd, visible Life will resume its Place; but if he be really dead indeed, you must enquire some other Cause of his Death.

THE venerable old Gentleman having done speaking, there was a general Approbation of what he had said. And Abundance with me ran to the Grave where the Child was interr'd, nay the whole Court, and all the People throng'd to see this desir'd Discovery. I was the first that reach'd the Monument, and taking my dear Child out of the Coffin, and removing the Muffler from his Mouth, and Face, was transported to find him waking from his long dissembled Death of Sleep. Full of Joy which, no Tongue
can

can express, in his Funeral-Habit, I brought him to the People, and so into the Court, Where the Wickedness of the profligate Servant (for Fear of fresh Torments) and his more profligate Mistress being now made most evident, the Truth came to light, and my Wife was punish'd with perpetual Banishment, and the Servant hang'd up in Chains.

BY the Suffrages of all, the hundred Crowns were adjudg'd to the honest Physician, as a Reward for his sleepy Potion, in which he had freely my Vote, whose more, than *Romantic* Fortune receiv'd an Event worthy of the Divine Providence, who in a little Time, nay less than a Moment, as I may say, instead of becoming Childless, saw my self Father of two Sons doubly redeem'd from Infamy, and the Grave.

RETURNING Home the happy Delivery of my Children, appeas'd that Shame, and Sorrow, which the Infamy of my Wife had otherwise fix'd in my Mind. The same Providence that deliver'd *Orlando* from the Rage of his *Step-Mother*, soon punish'd her more effectually, than the Sentence of the Court; for as she was taking her Way towards *Venice*, through the *Apenines*, she fell down a small Precipice, which not being high enough to give her immediate Death, breaking

breaking some of her Limbs she languish'd a while, and dy'd in a most remarkable and impious Manner.

C H A P. VII.

The Continuation of the History of Astalli: With the tragical Fate of Uberto, and his three Sons. The Death of the young Duke of Rocca di Mandragone. Astalli's short Invektive against the exorbitant Pride, and Insolence of the Neapolitan Nobility.

HER private Extravagance, on our Separation, and her Death, soon discover'd it self in the Bills, that from every Side came in upon me, and which I should have found Difficulty enough to have discharg'd, had not a Relation (but just reconcil'd to me on the Death of my Wife) dy'd, and left me a considerable Fortune in Money and Estate.

THINKING this the white Spot of my Fate, and fearing the Evils I had experienc'd, nor willing to trust my self, I made the chief Part of my Fortune over to my Son *Orlando*; allowing a handfom Provision for *Giuseppe*, if he liv'd, tho' he seem'd in a pining Condition, and promis'd a Life but
of

of a very short Date, as it prov'd in some few Months after my Retirement. The Trouble for which was the less, because it remov'd from my Eyes the Memory of a Woman, who had given me so great Pain.

HAVING try'd *Friendships*, and found them *false*; *Ambition*, and *Courts*, and found them *fals*er; *Women*, but found them, to my own late and proper Cost, *falsest* of all: Having experienc'd that Vertue, and plain-dealing Honesty serv'd only to make one poor, and ridiculous in *Rome*, unable to shake off two such uncourtly Companions, I resolv'd to retire to this Place, where I believ'd they would make a more tolerable Shift, than in that intriguing, and busy City. I, therefore, chose this Place, as far enough from the Hurry, and Designs of Court, and near enough to its Civility. Where the Inhabitants were so happily qualify'd not to be such Strangers to good Breeding, as to degenerate into *Barbarism*, nor so over polite to forsake *Honesty*. Thus I fettled my self in this delightful Place, whence I have an agreeable Prospect of the *Mediterranean*, which, as I sometimes walk on the Beach, I fancy, when toss'd and agitated with violent tempestuous Winds, represents the Confusion and noisy Tumult of the City; and hug my self in my double

ble Security from the Reality, and from the Representation.

BUT I soon found so perfect a Solitude too uneasy a State, and still wanting of something, which human Nature requir'd to its Happiness. For being made a conversible Animal, Pleasure could not be perfect without a Companion. To make my Servants so would only raise them to Impudence, and debase my self to a Level almost of Brutes, missing that Satisfaction in Conversation, which commonly proceeds from a Proportion, if not Equality of Understanding, and Congruity of Thoughts, and Apprehension, which generally differs in the several Stations of Life. These Considerations brought me at last to this Resolution, once more to venture in the Lottery of Matrimony, for a Prize, that is not often met with, and which, I thought, the surest Way of obtaining, to be a Compliance with the Dictates of Nature, and Reason more, than the Impulse of Avarice, or any other Passion.

AFTER a small Enquiry in this Country I found a Lady qualify'd to my Wish; the Daughter of a decay'd Gentleman, who liv'd a very private, and retir'd Life not many Miles from this Place. Her Father, and Mother had her ever under their Eye,
and

and bred her up, with that Care, that, as Nature had given her a Form agreeable, a sprightly Wit, and a genuine Modesty, she should not want those Additions, which Art could contribute, they, therefore, mingled her Education in that Manner, as to furnish her with so much Skill in Housewifry, as to manage a Family; and such a Competence of Learning, as to render her Person, as conspicuous, as any of her Sex. To me, I confess, she yet seems easy, and generous in her Temper, agreeable in her Person, modest, prudent, and pious in her Conduct, witty, and learned in her Conversation; Accomplishments enow to challenge the Love, and Esteem of any Man. Her Love of Solitude was equal to mine, and for that she valu'd me the more. She lov'd me, because she really believ'd I lov'd her; and she believ'd that, because I told her so. For being guilty of no Dissimulation her self, she could not imagine, that my Heart, and my Tongue should not agree. Her Father's Authority was a Medium, not Cause of my Happiness in her Consent. In short we were marry'd, and tho' Providence has not thought fit to bless us with Children, yet that makes no Breach in our Tranquility, or Love, which having had an even and easy Spring, and Rise, still runs on in a smooth uninterrupted Current of Satisfaction; which nothing can disturb, or ruffle while we live; neither

neither of us desiring Death or fearing it. If any Care of the Future engage our Wishes, they are only, that *one Fate might surprize us, and one Grave receive us*. But, as that very Wish is not so turbulent to disturb our present Repose, so have we not any other in Nature ; possessing what we desire, and desiring nothing but what we already possess. The Turns, and Vicissitudes of *Fortune*, in the World, we think wiser to hear, than be Witnesses of ; pleas'd at the firm Sedateness of our own Condition, being fix'd in the Axle-Tree of the fickle Goddess, we see around us, in Security, the rapid Motion of the wretched World.

WE are better pleas'd to travel o'er the various Climates of the Earth with our Eyes, than our Feet ; in our Studies, than in Deed. If any Difficulty arise in our Reading, we leave it to the Decision of Reason, and Probability, rather, than to the hazardous Experiment. Our Thoughts and Observations we are content to impart to one another, without suffering our Vanity to expose them to the censorious and ignorant Criticks of the Age ; pleas'd in every Thing to lead a Life wholly stollen, as I may say from the Commerce, and Knowledge of Mankind. What Good I can do, I willingly, and without Hire perform. *Physick*, that has been my Study, I practise for the Benefit

nefit of my Neighbours, and Prefervation of my own Health, and that of my Family, if Temperance the fovereign *Elixir* of Life fhould fail, or any Accident, or cafual Excefs fhould invade them. My Days are pleafant, my Nights eafy ; when I wake I know no Trouble ; when I fleep my Slumbers are undifturb'd. And fince Variety compleats the Banquet of Life, I neither confine my felf to any particular Study, Exercife, or Recreation ; nor pervert a Diversion into a Bu-
finefs.

I WAS extreamly pleas'd with *Aftalli's* Account of his paft and his prefent Condition, and Fortune ; and thought how much more Vertue accompanies the Followers of Nature, than the Sectaries of Enthufiafm ; while the *Nunneries* and Convents, were polluted with all the Filth of a Brothel, and thefe fecular Reclufes (if I may call them fo) fo innocent, and fo calmly pious, and religious. It ought to have caft a Blufh over the Provincial's Face, while their voluntary Retreat upbraided him with fo little Regard to the Solemnity of a Vow.

ASTALLI had fcarce done his Narration, but a Messenger came to him to defire his fpeedy Affiftance to a poor Farmer wounded, as it was fear'd mortally, by his own Hand in a fudden Diftraction for a cruel
Misfortune

Misfortune, that befel him, in the Loss of his three Sons, by the Pride, and Cruelty of a *Neapolitan* Grandee.

BUT it being now near Bed-Time he saw the *Provincial* to his Apartment, and charitably made haste to the Assistance of his Neighbour. The Morning being come, and the *Provincial* got up, and his Prayers soon over, he demanded of *Astalli* an Account of the last Night's Adventure.

THERE is no greater Difficulty flowing from an arbitrary Government (said *Astalli*) than the Insolence of the Nobility; who slavishly surrendering their Liberty to the Sovereign, gain by that a Power to domineer over the Plebeians. My poor Neighbour, to whom I was sent for, is a tragical Proof of this Truth.

UBERTO is a good Country-Farmer of the better Sort, and one, that had all the necessary Plenty, that uncorrupted, and unmix'd Nature yields. He had three Sons, hopeful Boys, and extreamly belov'd by their Father, *Benedetto* the eldest, *Giovanni* the second, and *Sylvio* the youngest. He had given them a liberal Education, and Nature Modesty, and Religion Obedience, and Piety to their Father, and mutual Love to one another. They went all three Yesterday from
B b
Home

Home when *Uberto* was sitting at his hospitable Table with some Friends, that came to dine with him. As the Glafs went freely but soberly about, one of his Hens run cackling up and down the Room, as if she was just going to lay an Egg, on which he calls his Boy to set the Basket in the usual Place, that she might not be to seek a Nest, who had been so fruitful, and beneficial a Servant. But the Hen disdain- ing her usual Bed coming to her Master's Seat at his Feet on the Floor was deliver'd of a most portentous and wonderful Birth, bringing forth not an Egg, but a Chicken with all Things compleat, Feathers, Claws, Wings, Eyes, Beak, and the like, which immediately ran after her Mother chirping about the House.

A PRODIGY so amazing threw him, and his Family into a strange Consternation; in the midst of which Confusion, and Despondence, came in out of Breath, with Horror, and Fear in his Face, an under-Servant of his, and gives him this melancholy Account of the Ruin of all the Hopes of his Family, in the Death of his three Sons. These young Men (for so their Years may privilege them to be call'd) had a long and intimate Familiarity, and Friendship, with a poor neighbouring Country-Man, that liv'd in a small Cottage of his own, and

and manur'd his own little Patrimony with his own Hands. It was the Misfortune of this poor Man to have his Fields join to, and bound on the large Estate of a powerful Neighbour, young, rich, haughty, and insolently abusing the Authority of his Dignity, and the Reverence of his ancient Family, Head of the Factions and Parties, and so easily doing what he pleas'd in the City, and Court, I mean the young Duke of *Rocca di Mandragone*.

LIKE *Abab*, this young Duke had seen, with an avaritious Eye, the little Vineyard of this poor *Naboth*, and was resolv'd to have it from him. In order to it he murder'd, or drove away his Cattel, and destroy'd the Fruits of his Husbandry ere ripe for the Harvest. But not satisfy'd with this, as long as the unfortunate Peasant enjoy'd but the bare Ground he was restless, and therefore pretending a Dispute of the Bounds he challeng'd all the poor Man's Estate to himself. The unhappy oppress'd Wretch to endeavour to do himself a little Justice, without any Affront to so powerful an Adversary, had Yesterday summon'd a great many Neighbours together, who knew Time out of Mind the Limits of each, to settle fairly, and without Fraud the Abutments on each Side. In this Company were the three Brothers, to give what Help, and Assistance they could

to their injur'd Friend. But *Mandragone* hearing of their Design comes out attended with Servants, and Dogs of all Sorts to awe and disturb the Survey, puff'd up with Pride of Wealth and Birth beyond all Bounds of Moderation, or Reason; untouch'd with so many Witnesses of his inhuman Violence, he gave a Loose to the haughty Cruelty of his Temper. The People address'd themselves to him in Behalf of the poor Man with all the Submission and Deference imaginable, and with Words adapted to sooth and bend the stubborn Ferociousness of his Nature; which he answer'd with Rage and Contempt, telling them, *that he valu'd not a Rusb, the Opinion of such a Company of scoundrel Mob, as they were, but assur'd them, his Servants should immediately thrust the poor Man out of his Cottage by Head, and Shoulders.* On which the eldest of the three Brothers *Benedetto*, with a little more Briskness, and a commendable Liberty thus answer'd the Duke ——— *My Lord, (said he) 'tis unworthy your Quality to act in so tyrannic a Manner; or let your Name be brought into a Court of Judicature on so unjust a Complaint; especially since the Poor have a Right to vindicate themselves and Possessions by the Guardianship of the Law, which must be their Defence at last against the unchristian Insolence, and Oppression of the Rich.* These Words, tho' never so reasonable, were as Oil

Oil to the Flame, adding fresh Fewel to the uncontrollable Temper of *Mandragone*, raising his proud Choler to the Height of Distraction; for swearing he would hang them all upon the Trees, with their Laws at their Backs, he commanded his Huntsmen, and Followers to slip all the Dogs (of the fiercest bloody Nature, and us'd to fall on Men, and tear the passive Villagers) and set them on the People. The Dogs thus at Liberty, and halloo'd on by their Keepers with open Mouth attack the terrify'd Multitude, and bite, rend, and tear them in a miserable Manner. To fly was to no Purpose, and so far from taming or appeasing their Rage, that they pursu'd the closer, and rag'd with the greater Fierceness.

SYLVIO the youngest of the three Brothers being about fifteen Years of Age, being knock'd down by a Stone falls a nefarious Banquet to the Dogs; for having seiz'd the fallen Youth, they immediately began to tear him in Pieces. The Brothers hearing his mournful Cry, run both to his Rescue, covering his Body, as well as they could from the Stones, that were thrown by *Mandragone's* Servants, and with their left Hands endeavour'd in vain to beat off the Dogs. But all they could do could not drive them from their Prey; so the unfortunate

fortunate Youth expiring on the Spot, with his last Words begg'd them to revenge his untimely cruel Death on the impious Cause, the inhuman young Duke.

THE surviving two Brothers seeing their beloved *Sylvio* become the Food of Dogs, not so much out of Despair, as Contempt of Safety made up to the Duke, attacking him with all the Weapons they had, a Shower of Stones, with Minds as full of Rage and Revenge as Courage, and Valour receiving new Force from their Injury. *Mandragone* now cruel by Habit, inur'd to Blood, and such barbarous Deeds, darts his Lance directly in the Bosom of *Giovanni*, with such Vigour, that most of it passing through the Body of the Slain fix'd it self in the Earth, and suspended the dead Youth in the Air; who tho' dead could not fall down to the Ground.

THEN a tall lusty young Fellow, one of the Duke's under-Domesticks coming to the Help of the Murderer, threw a Stone at the surviving Brother, which seem'd to break his right Hand all to Pieces, but in Reality only pass'd betwixt the Tips of his Fingers, and fell to the Ground without any Execution. However, the politick *Benedetto* made Use of the Appearance to secure his Revenge; for pretending himself thus totally disabled he
comes

comes up to *Mandragone*, and speaks to him in this Manner.

ENJOY the Destruction of our whole Family, and glut your insatiable Cruelty with the innocent Blood of three Brothers at once. We liv'd together always in perfect Friendship and Love; all our Desires, Pleasures, and Pains being the same; let therefore my Fate from thy Hands exalt the Extremity of Cruelty into Mercy, while it unites me to them in my Death, whose Life without them must prove most miserable. Go on, redoubted Conqueror, triumph by the Help of Weapons, and your hundred wild Beasts, over a harmless, defenceless, unarm'd Company, that expected no such Treatment. Since Fate, by a malevolent Influence, has thus depriv'd me of this right Hand, that should with the Loss of thy Life have reveng'd my Brother's Death, let thine secure thee from any after Resentment. Remember, that when thou hast by an arbitrary Oppression expuls'd this poor Man from out of his Tenement, you must at last be forc'd to have some Neighbour, or other.

MANDRAGONE all on Fire by these Words, snatches out his Sword, drives at the young *Benedetto*, resolving to dispatch him with his own Hand. But he found soon to his Cost, that notwithstanding the Advantage of his Weapon, he had engag'd
a Per-

a Person brave, and fierce as himself, who with a manly Gripe seizing his Arm, with one strong Effort wrested his Sword out of his Hand, and with redoubled Blows soon drove his impure Soul out of his Body. To avoid his being taken by the Servants, who now on every Hand surrounded him, having valorously sacrific'd two or three to his Brothers Manes, he with a nimble Address slit his own Wind-pipe with the Sword yet reeking with his Enemy's Blood.

THIS was the fatal Mischief the strange Prodigy portended, which being in this Manner related to the disconsolate Father, the old Man unable to utter a Word or secret Tear, snatching up one of the Knives, with which he had been carving to his Guests, he cut his own Throat. In the Midst of this Confusion, a Relation in the House seeing him breath took Horse immediately, and came to fetch me to try if there were any Means left to recover his Kinsman; but he had done his Business too effectually to leave me any Possibility of applying my Art. Who that considers this tragical Event, but must conclude not only, that there is a Providence, but also, as its Consequence, that there is an Immortality of the Soul, and future Rewards, and Punishments fairly to adjust this Reckoning betwixt *Mandragone* and *Uberto*. The Nobility indeed are generally puff'd up
with

with such an Opinion of their Quality, or Riches, or Power, or all together, that they believe themselves to be some superiour Species of Beings, and that the Laws of Reason, Religion, and common Honesty were only made for the Underlings of Mankind, while they are exempt from all the Obligations of Society. There is no Law can bind them, no Religion influence them, nor any Humanity move them to do Justice, and love Mercy. Whereas in Reality they are, generally speaking, inferiour to all the rest of Mankind; their native Pride of Birth, marries them early to *Ignorance*, which they are so fond of, as to beget a numerous Race of Follies and Vices upon her, which distinguish their Sires by Impudence and Violence. They are generally compos'd of two opposite Ingredients, Avarice and Profusion, all *Catalines* in their Temper covetous of other Mens Goods, but profuse of their own; or at once tenacious of their own, and desirous of their Neighbours. Their ancient Hospitality is lost, and Generosity is fled from their Order, *Operto capite* (as *Petronius* expresses it) *Bona sua numerant*, pursue their own Advantage, without any Regard to Right or Wrong. Either the little Arts of trading Cits, as Usury, Extortion, &c. are their Study; or else, which is worse, little perverted Politicks directed to the de-

vious Path of their own private Gain. In short, they are meer Idols for Fools to worship, the *Calves of Bethel*, that have Eyes, and see not, Ears and hear not; meer Machines of Power, set up on high for Mischief, not Benefit, that plead Privilege for being Fools and Knaves; Robbers, and Murtherers.

PROVIDENCE has already pay'd *Mandragone* Part of his Due, by cutting him off in the very Bloom of his Years, and the full flowing Tide of his Fortune, ador'd, and fear'd by the People, and courted by the Great. His Father was a younger Son of a younger Branch of the same Family, at some Distance from the Hopes of the Dignities and Honours at which he arriv'd. A very indifferent Post would once have been thought a very tolerable Provision for him; and when he first left the College it was thought, that his Ambition was not levell'd much higher. But his Youth, and Address gave him Footing on the first Round of Fortune, by marrying a Lady of some Figure, and a Fortune in the Court. On this Foundation he soon got a Post of Consideration, and being Master of a voluble Tongue, Abundance of Assurance, some Wit, a great deal of Cunning, a plausible Address where he had any Design to try on,

on, Affability to most, whose Hopes depended on him, with whom, by the doubtful Promises, he scatter'd among them, he fill'd up his Levies; he soon thrust himself into the most important Affairs of the Nation; and having an enterprizing Head, in the dubious Times of War, easily drew the Management of the necessary Support of the State into his own Hands. By this, and Bribes, managing Parties, and Cabals, and the like, he amass'd together a vast Estate. But all that his Avarice, Rapine, and Oppression of the People in the *Gabels* had got, he left to this his only Son, whose Fate you have heard; who proving Heir to his Father's Vices, as well as his ill got Estate, and the high Dignity of Duke of *Rocca di Mandrigone*, that fell to him but a little before his Death, having surviv'd near twenty between him and this Title, perish'd in the very Act of Injustice, Oppression, and Murther, and has concluded an impious Family in an impious Manner. *And may such or much worse be the Fate of all those, who sacrifice to their own private Service the publick Interest of their Country.*

THE good *Astalli* having ended his Discourse with some honest Warmth, and the Provincial now pretty well recover'd, return'd

turn'd his Thanks, and his Benediction, we immediately pursu'd our Journey to *Naples*. Where being arriv'd, we went directly to the chief Convent of the Order, call'd *Sancta Maria Nova*.



The End of the First VOLUME.

THE
New Metamorphosis:
OR, THE
Pleasant Transformation:
BEING
The Golden As
OF
Lucius Apuleius of Medaura.

Alter'd and Improv'd to the Modern Times and
Manners; exposing the Secret Follies and Vices
of Maids, Wives, and Widows, Nuns, Fryars,
Jesuits: Statesmen, Courtiers, &c.

Written in *Italian* by *Carlo Monte Socio*, Fellow
of the Academy of the *Humoristi* in *Rome*,
and Translated from the *Vatican Manuscript*.

V O L. II.

—— *Non deficit alter*
Aureus —— *Virgil Æn.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. Brown, G. Sawbridge, E. Sanger, S. Brisco,
and F. Baker, 1709.

T O

The Honourable

Henry St. John, Esq;

This Volume is likewise Humbly
Dedicated.

By his

most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

THE
L I F E
OF
A P U L E I U S

THE following Discourse
being Founded on the
Works of *Lucius Apu-*
leius, I thought it would not be
Ingrateful to the Reader to give
him the Life of that Author,
before this Second Volume, in-
stead of a Preface. But the
Gentlemen of the Pen have ge-
nerally been so remote from
Action, that, their Lives affor'd
little of Fact to entertain. How-

The Life of

ever what I have been able to Collect I shall deliver.

The Place of the Birth of our *Apuleius* was of Considerable Reputation, for he was Born in *Medaura*, a City of *Africa*, situate in the Confines of *Nu-midia*, and *Getulia*, anciently in the Jurisdiction of King *Syphax*, and then under *Massinisa*, and was afterwards a very Noble Colony of the *Romans*. His Fathers Name was *Thesens*, a principal Man of the Place, had the honourable Employment of *Dumvir*, and past all the other honourable Posts of the Magistracy of that City. His Mothers Name was *Salvia*, deriving her self directly from that Eminent

Apuleius.

ment Philosopher of the *Chero-
nesus*, and his Grandson *Sextus*,
who read Philosophy to the
Emperor *Antoninus the Philoso-
pher*, as *Capitolinus* assures us.
The time of his Nativity is not
very certain, tho' we make some
probable Conjectures about it ;
for we may draw Arguments of
sufficient Force, that he flourished
chiefly in the Reigns of *Antoni-
nus Pius*, and his Brothers *M.
Antoninus the Philosopher*, and
Lucius Aurelius Verus. For he
mentions *C. V. Lollianus Avitus*,
who, as we have observ'd from
Ulpian, and the same *Capitolinus*,
was President of *Bitbrynia* in
the Reign of the two last Em-
perors I have nam'd, and that
he

The Life of

he liv'd ev'n in the Time of *Per-*
tinax, being then a Man of *Con-*
sular Dignity. He also calls *Lol-*
lius Urbicus Prefect of the City ;
who, the same Historian assures us,
was Lieutenant General to *Anto-*
ninus Pius, and in that Station
vanquish'd the *Britons*. He
likewise seems to make *Scipio Or-*
phitus President of *Africa*, whom
the same Author makes Prefect
of the City in the Reign of the
same *Antoninus Pius*, and after-
wards in the Reign of *Antoninus*
the Philosopher he was exalted to
many Honours and Dignities,
tho' he lay under the Suspicion
of being one of those, who had
a private and clandestine Affair
with *Faustina*, and who seems a-
bout

Apuleius.

bout that time to have past thro' his Consulship. And our *Civilian* gives us an Account of the Act of the Senate of the Time of *Marcus Aurelius* in the Consulship of *Orphitus* and *Rufus*, and call'd the *Orphistan Act*, from the Name of one of the Consuls. And *Ælius Lampridius*, tells us of *Orphitus*, who was Consul with *Maximus* and *Rufus*, likewise under the Emperor *Comodus*. It is true indeed, that there might in those times be more of the Name of *Orphitus*, than one, but this Place will not admit of a long Disquisition on that Head. For out of all this we only design to draw our Conjectures about the time of the Birth

The Life of

Birth of our *Apuleius*, that is, in the latter end of the Reign of *Adrian*, or very near it.

He was from his Childhood extremely enclin'd to Learning, and Study was his delight, first at *Cartbage*, and afterwards in his Youth at *Athens*, where he attain'd all manner of Liberal Sciences; and where he was for the most part a Follower of the *Platonists*.

Whence being come to *Rome* he apply'd himself to the Study of the *Latin* Tongue, which he learnt with no small Difficulty, having no Master to give him any Instructions in it, as he himself
tells

Apuleius.

tells us, in his Introduction to his *Golden Ass*, the Book from whence so much is taken of this New *Metamorphosis*, and on which the whole is built.

In *Rome* he also made such a Progress in the Civil Law, that he pleaded Causes in the *Forum* as an Advocate.

He was initiated in the Sacred Rites and Mysteries of the Religion of the Times, in *Greece*; and he himself often informs us, that he was a Priest in the Province of *Africa*; which *St Austin* likewise observes; who tells us that he at that time exhibited such Entertainments, and gave such

The Life of

such Presents as were usual on those occasions. About the same time his Statue in Brass was order'd by the Decree of the Senate, to be set up in *Carthage*.

He was a Man of a very considerable Estate, but his many Travels and great Application to his Studies, made him too negligent of his Affairs, not to have them embezled by Servants.

Pudentilla, his Wife, was of *Oca*, another City of *Africa*. She was a Woman of Years, and a Widow, having a Son by a former Husband call'd *Pontianus*, who died soon after her Marriage with *Apuleius*. Tho' she was
some-

Apuleius.

something Aged, yet she was very Rich, bringing with her Forty hundred Thousand Sestertii, which makes 31250 Pounds Sterling, every thousand Sesters being 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* She had been thirteen Years a Widow, when she married *Apuleius*.

This considerable Fortune by his Wife was the occasion of some Trouble to *Apuleius*, for it drew on the Accusation of *Sicinius Emylianus*, Brother to his Wife's former Husband, against him, before the Preconsul of *Africa*, *Claudius Maximus*, as guilty of the unlawful Practice of the Art of *Magic*. The Charge was that he had by Diabolical Charms

The Life of

Charms bewitch'd *Pudentilla*, a Lady something in Years, to be in Love with him, and to have Murder'd his Son-in-Law *Pontianus*.

But this malicious Prosecution gave occasion for him to defend himself before *Maximus*, in an Oration of a considerable length, which is yet extant, and bound up with his other Works. He there tells us that *Sicinius Aemilianus* for fear of being punish'd for a wrong and unjust Prosecution, had enter'd a Libel in the Name of *Sicinius Pudens*, the Son-in-Law of *Apuleius*, yet almost an Infant, which would not be admitted by *Maximus*,
but

Apuleius.

but he order'd to bring the Accusation in his own Name.

Apuleius in his Answer clears that Eastern Philosophy call'd *Magic*, from the ignorant Imputations of the Vulgar, and himself against the Insinuations of *Tonnonius Pudens*, the Advocate of the Plaintiff: whose Objections were so foolish and trifling, that they surprize the Reader with Wonder, that a Proconsul of *Africa* should have Patience to hear them. They Object that when he came to *Oca*, the Residence of *Pudentilla*, he had but one Servant; that afterwards he had three Freedmen at a time. Nay, they accuse him of having his

The Life of

his Face clean, using a Looking-Glass, and the like trifles, which they suppos'd might Reflect on him, as deviating from the Duty of a Philosopher. They insinuated, that he gave a great Price for some certain Fishes; had given *Pudentilla* a sort of Fascinating Letter, and the like, which *Apuleius* with Ease and Address refutes, and exposes as highly Ridiculous in the Proof of his practising an unlawful *Magic*.

Tho' he has thus acquitted himself of the *Magic* laid to his Charge by *Sicinius Æmilianus*, yet says a certain Writer of his Life, he declares himself in his *Metamorphosis* more, than once to be

Apuleius.

be a mighty Lover of that Art. But this seems a very trifling Conclusion, which wou'd draw a Proof of a Reality and Opinion from a Book of Fancy, a Fable of Pleasure.

Apuleius in the Introduction of his *Golden Ass*, does not only tell you his great Inclinations to *Magic*, but ev'n his Credulity in its incredible Power. But this Author does not consider, that *Apuleius* being to write a Book of the Transformation of himself into an *Ass*, was oblig'd, as much, as possible to prepare the Credibility of the Fact by Relations of Wonders of this Nature done in *Thessaly*, always
B famous

The Life of

famous for *Witches*, and Magical Charms. In this he has follow'd *Lucian* in the Main, tho' he has heighten'd it by some particulars, which gives it the greater Air of Truth. Thus he listens with all the Attention, and the greatest Assurance of believing what *Aristomenes* tells of the extravagant Fate of his Friend *Socrates*; and justifies the Possibility of the Events, that happen'd to him by *Meroe*, by the Account of what he himself had seen a Jugler do publickly in the Streets at *Athens*. Because all this was necessary to prepossess the Reader in Favour of his own *Metamorphosis* into an *Ass*, by the Mistake of *Fotis* in the
Magical

Apuleius.

Magical Ointments of her Mi-
strefs *Pamphila*.

But continues my Author, he had the same Reputation in the Time of *Tertulian*, *St. Austin*, and others of the old Fathers of the Church ; and that he was a Disciple of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, and other Masters in Magic, whose Miracles, the Heathens have pretended to have been greater, and more numerous, than those of our Lord, and Saviour.

This seems so far from being
an Authory in this Case, that it
is only built on the vulgar Opi-
nion, which easily makes a Con-
jurer

The Life of

jurer of a Man of more, than ordinary Parts, and Learning ; who was noted for his Curious Enquiries into Nature, having examin'd the Writing of *Aristotle* by Experiments of his own, and wrote Books both in *Greek* and *Latin* on the Nature of Fish, and their several kinds, manner of Generation, and the like ; the Dissection of which gave the Ignorant occasion of thinking him a Magician, as the Dissection of other Animals had given the People of *Abdera* a Notion that *Democritus* was Mad.

It is no wonder, that if when he was alive these things gave Ground for a Publick Accusation ;

Apuleius.

tion; the Rumour might encrease and spread after his Death; from which the Fathers might borrow their Notion. Nay, when he came before *Claudius Maximus*, he plainly declares, that he does not Credit those common Notions of the Powers of *Magic*; and doubts even the Prognostications of the Prophetick Boys, whether in Nature possible or not. And this Passage in his Apology wou'd perswade me, that his being a Follower of *Apollonius*, is either a mistake in the Fathers, or that he did not follow him on Account of Wonders that he work'd; for the seeing such incredible things done by Art, cou'd have left no room for any doubt

The Life of

whether they cou'd be done or not. Besides, the *Platonists* had too Noble an Idea of God, to apply to the Devil for any thing, and *Apuleius* has not only wrote on the Platonic Philosophy but upon the Demon of *Socrates*, both which Tracts are still extant and bound up with his Works.

This is sufficient I hope to clear our Author from the Imputation of the *Black Art*, of which he only made use as a Machine to convey the Satire he design'd, with the greater Face of Probability.

From

Apuleius.

From *Apuleius* we gather more of his Contemporaries, for he mentions *Severianus* the Proconsul of *Africa*, and his Son *Honorius*, who was his Lieutenant; *Strabo Æmilianus* of *Numantia*, his Schoolfellow, to whom he seems to have Dedicated his Book; and the Poet *Clemens*, who wrote the Actions of *Alexander* the Great in Verse.

Apuleius wrote a great deal in Prose, and not a little in Verse, many things in *Greek*, and not fewer in *Latin*. The greatest part of which are perish'd by the Injury of Time. Those, which have reach'd out Time pretty entire, are these that follow.

The Life of

low. Eleven Books of the *Metamorphosis*, or the *Golden Ass*, the Ground Work of our present Entertainment. His *Apology* or *Oration about Magic*. His *Book of the World*. Five Books of the *Opinion of Plato*, or *Of Philosophy*. The first of *Natural Philosophy*; the second *Ethics*, and the third *Rational*. His *Book Of the God of Socrates*. His *Florida*. His sportive Verses Translated from *Theander*.

The following are those, only whose Names, and some few Fragments we cou'd get out of the Writings of the Old *Grammarians*.

Many

Apuleius.

Many Copies of Verses, among which there were not a few Amorous *Epigrams*, *Epistles*, a Book * *de Ludicris* : Of Proverbs, Of Trees ; Of Numbers ; Of the *Commonwealth* ; *Table Talk* ; Of Natural Questions, and of *Medicinal* ; *Hermagoras* 1. *Hermagoras* 2. A Translation of Plato's *Phædo*. An *Epitome of History* ; An *Hymne and Dialogue on Æsculapius*. His *Oration* on Account of the Statue, that was to be set up to him in *Oca*.

Thus much I had to say of this *Apuleius* who was Author of the *Metamorphosis*. I shall only add

* What these *Libri Ludicri* were, is yet undecided.

The Life of

for the Information of our little Critics, that *Apuleius* very well distinguish'd his Subject, and therefore adapted his Style to the Nature of that ; the Style of his *Golden Ass* is extremely Luxuriant, it being to Cloath the Child of Fancy, which is always gay and gaudy. But in his *Apology* he adapts it justly to the Bar. In his *Philosophical Works* it is proper for the Didactic, and in his *Florida* it is Concise and *Historic*, and I do not doubt but that he observ'd the same Beauty of Diction in all those Works of his, that are left. But our Modern Wits and Authors are generally so Judicious, as to keep the same invariable Style, let their Subject

Apuleius.

Subject be what it will ; and yet are so happy, as to get Reputation by their Ignorance, tho', indeed it must be own'd, that it is only among the Ignorant ; yet since that is a Party of Figure and Power, it proves a great Discouragement to Men of Art and Genius, that follow the Antients, Nature and Reason. But thus it will be till some Man of Capacity, and perfect in true Policy, shall rescue Learning and Merit from its Subjection to Fools ; but our *English* Statesmen have hitherto wanted Penetration enough to know the Advantage, that the Encouragement of the Politer Studies are to a State.

But

The Life of

But to return from this Digression. There was another *Apuleius* in the Time of *Tiberius*, his Cognomen was *Celsus*, a *Sicilian*, and an Eminent Physician, the Master of *Scribonius Largus*, and *Valens*, as the same *Scribonius* lays in his Book of the *Composition of Medicines*, and *Marcellus Empiricus*, in the Reigns of *Theodosius*, and *Gratian* put him among the Latin Authors of Medicinal Discourses. There is a Treatise of *Herbs* ascrib'd to our *Apuleius*, and printed with his Works in the *Basil* Edition, which rather ought to be attributed to *Celsus* the Physician, before

Apuleius.

fore mention'd ; tho' the Style relish not of the purity of the *Augustean* Age, nor of the Copiousness of our *Apuleius*. As ill a Judgment do they make of the Style and the Thred of the Discourses of *Apuleius* ; who wou'd Father on him, the Translation of the *Asclepius* of *Hermes Trismigistus* ; when the Diction of that Dialogue is the most silly and impertinent of any thing in the *Latin* Tongue.

I can not find any Light into the Manner and Time of his Death, nor any other Transactions of his Life, which cou'd not be many or considerable,
since

The Life of

since he was entirely confin'd to
the pursuit of his Studies : The
Active, not Contemplative af-
fording Matter for History.

The End of the Life of Apuleius.

ERRATA of the Second Volume.

PAge 40. line 20. read *left*. 79. l. 3. del. *They*. 82. l. 16.
 add *sends*. 87. l. 15. r. *Women are*. l. 22. r. *can*. l. 28.
 del. to. 95. l. 12. r. *G*. 106 l. 1. r. *Political*. 147. l. 18. r.
Shades. 208. l. 16. r. *unmov'd*. 226. l. 1. r. *Performance*.
 238. l. 7. del. *That*. 245. l. 24. del. *not*. 261. l. 14. r. *so*.
 262. l. 19. add *for*. 263. l. 1. add *of*. 266. l. 17. r. *di-*
spensed. 267. l. 2. r. *worst*. 270. l. 11. r. *countermines*. l.
 ult. r. *out of*. 273. l. 20. r. *or*.

The lesser Faults are desir'd to be corrected by the Pen.



THE
New Metamorphosis:
OR, THE
Pleasant Transformation.

The Fourth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of Fantasio's Escape from the Fryar's Convent, and the Danger he went through 'till he got into a Widow Lady's House. The Discourses of several Lady-Visitors, on the Duties, and Advantage of Widowhood, the extraordinary Conduct of several Widows, &c.

SUFFICIENTLY tir'd with a perpetual View of the Vices, and Follies of the *Fryars*, I consider'd with my self how I should make my Escape before the *Provincial* left *Naples*, dreading still my Journey to *Rome*, as if in this Disguise I were scarce secure from the *Cardinal's* Hate and Revenge. It happen'd, that I was left to the Care of a young Novice
A of

of the Order, 'till the *Provincial's* Return from a Visit, he was gone to make to a Lady, and great Devote to his Order. I had not been long in his Cell, but a jolly brisk Father of about thirty five, came in to him, and having almost smother'd him with Kisses, threw him on the Bed, and pass'd to those Pleasures, the Arms of a Fair Lady could afford a vigorous Lover; for I soon found; this pretended Novice to be a young Woman maintain'd by some Fryars for their domestick Use, so to qualify their Lewdness as to make them able to carry a sanctimonious Phiz in the Eye of the World. This good Father having satisfy'd his Appetite, and something abated the Edge of his Vigour he withdrew. Soon after another came in, about forty five, and passing the same Complements on the passive Novice, retir'd; but the Door was so well guarded, and taken Care of, that I could not get out; 'till at last came an old Father of Sixty, and hastening to his Journey's End, forgot to close the Door of the Cell; I took Occasion by the Forelock, remembering, even in my *Canine* State, that Time is an old Gentleman bald all behind; so slipping into the Gallery (it being now about the Evening Twilight) I pass'd out of the Convent, without any Difficulty, or Adventure. Being now at Liberty, and enlarg'd from that odious Prison, or Den of Hypocrisy, and Irreligion, I could not presently relish the Blessing I had obtain'd, by being infinitely

at

at a Loss, tho' in the open Streets, how to dispose of my self, or which Way to steer my Course. I soon found the Tendernefs of my new Feet not well adapted to the sharp Roughness of the Pavements, and how far my uncertain Fate would carry me before I could find a Retreat, I could not yet tell. My Fears were ready to lay more troublesome, and terrible Considerations in the Way, by representing my Danger from the Assaults of my Brother Dogs, under which I had no Hopes of supporting my self, if with Life, at least not from Wounds of very uneasy Consequence. For Dogs, being domestick Animals, and very conversant with Men, seem to have contracted, that barbarous Disease of Nature from them of *worrying one another*.

WHILE these anxious Considerations kept me in Suspense not far from the Gate of the Convent, I perceiv'd by the Light of a *Flambeau* the *Provincial* himself making up to me : The *Rubicon* was past, and it was now too late to consult my Doubts and Fears any longer, unless I resolv'd again to return to that Hive of lecherous Drones. The Apprehension of which prevail'd over all others, and made me spring forward, and try the utmost Swiftnefs of my Heels ; and the Fear of the *Provincial* was so strong in my Mind, that I had travers'd the best Part of the great City of *Naples*, before I durst stop to consider where to go, to

observe what Door was open of any considerable House, assuring my self of the better Esteem and better Fare in the *Palatio* of Quality, than in the *Casa's* of the Vulgar, where Dogs of Figure are never so welcome, as in the former. But hearing a great Noise of the Mob, and the snarling, barking, and fighting of several great Dogs ; discarding my Delicacy, and turning down the next Street, I ran full speed into the first Door I saw open, without considering the Magnificence of the Structure.

BEING got into the Security of the House, as the Danger vanish'd my Courage return'd ; yet panting, and out of Breath with the Fright, and Fatigue , I threw my self down at the Foot of the Stairs. 'Till being pretty well refresh'd, I ventur'd up with the next Lady, that mounted full of the Impertinence of Female Visitants ; having observ'd three, or four go up before I concluded, that there was some good Cheer towards ; which was a Thought of some Comfort to my hungry Appetite. For by the Absence of the *Provincial* all that Day from the Convent , and the more agreeable Business, which had wholly employ'd the Thoughts, and the Person of my *Female-Fryar* Guardian, and the Fatigue of my little Journey through such imminent Danger, and stronger Fears , my Stomach was very
empty,

empty, and importun'd my Industry to appease its clamorous Demands.

MOUNTING up the Stairs I found the Apartments hung all in Black, which gave some Mortification to my eager Appetite, hoping but little Supply from this House of Tears, and Sorrow; which Thought had prevail'd on me to have sought out fresh Quarters, had not the Fear of encountering such terrible Adventures, as I had just pass'd with so much Apprehension, determin'd me to wait for some more lucky Event. Besides I began to reflect, that these *fable* Ornaments might only be the *decent* Hypocrisy of some joyful Heir, for the Death of a Miser of a Father, that had been so long the Check on his Pleasures, and the disgustful Bar to his Riot, that being now Master of his Wishes in Wealth, and Liberty, his Revels might prevent, and extinguish the Funeral Sorrows. Or they might be the outside Formalities of some happy Husband for the Departure of his Wife: A Loss, that generally brings no more Grief, than the first Glass of Wine at her Obsequies will carry down. For while Custom obliges him to pay a publick Grimace to his Wife's Family, and Memory, the Joy of his Liberty makes him offer the Libations of the Bottel to his own Satisfaction. At least, this is what I have observ'd through my long Perigrination in the Shape, which *Biancha Pamfili* gave me by

her Art to escape the Cardinal's Resentment, especially in the North-West Parts of *Europe*, as will be evident from the Sequel of my Travels.

OR perhaps, thought I, it may be some joyful Widow's Vizor to cover her Satisfaction for the Loss of her Lord and Tyrant, call'd a Husband, and so all this is only the gloomy Shadow, under which she with the more Ease is Mistress of her Pleasure. For how eager forever a Man, and Woman may be to come together, they are ten Times as eager for the happy Moment of Separation ; and the first Transports and Joys in one another's Arms after the Sighs and Longings of a tedious Address, are less, than the Raptures of finding either in the cold Arms of Death after the more tedious Servitude of Matrimony ; for it is the unhappy Fate of human Kind always to pursue that with eager Impatience, which we soon quit with Ease and Satisfaction.

IN these, and the like Thoughts I follow'd two Ladies into the *Sala Regia*, or Chamber of Reception, which I found set out in this following Manner. The Hangings, Sconces, Branches, Tables, Chairs and Couch were all as black as a starless Night. At the End of the Room, and farthest from the Glare of the magnificent Illuminations of the Chamber, on a Sable Couch sat a Lady reclining on her Arm in a languish-
ing

ing Posture, and often wiping, or seeming to wipe with her snowy Hand, and Handkerchief the imaginary Tears from her Eyes ; while a thick dusky Veil fell over her Face, and obscur'd the Beauty of those Eyes, which when discover'd shone in that Firmament of Jet, like two bright Planetary *Venus's* in a black Winter's Night. In a Semi-Circle before this Couch, sat first four Matron-like Ladies of a reverend Appearance, next them the two young Ladies whom I had follow'd, one about twenty two, who had now a second Husband, and another about twenty never yet marry'd, tho' agreeable enough to invite.

I PROMIS'D my self from a Company so peculiar, on so peculiar an Occasion as peculiar a Diversion. Laying therefore my self down in the midst of the Circle, and as near the disconsolate Mourner, as I could, in Appearance I compos'd my self to Repose ; but on the contrary, banishing that Canine Disease I listen'd with all the human Curiosity of Jealousy it self. When a grave and reverend Matron, who sat next the Couch soon began to banish Silence, which must always be extremely short-liv'd in the Company of seven Women, and open'd in this Manner.

‘ THO’ the highest Good is to be desir’d by
‘ all People, that think right ; and by Conse-
‘ quence the Loss of that Good in the Death of
‘ a Friend so near, and dear to us, as a Husband,
‘ is to be deplor’d with Tears of Sincerity : Yet
A 4 ‘ certainly

‘ certainly it is but a great Folly to push this
‘ reasonable Grief beyond the Bounds of Reason,
‘ and chuse to enjoy no Good at all, when it is
‘ not in our Power to possess the *Highest*. Be-
‘ sides, my dear Lady, we too commonly injure
‘ the Memory, we pay our Lamentations to, by
‘ loading our fleeting Hours with the Unhappi-
‘ ness of a too anxious Sorrow for him, who
‘ when alive would have dy’d to deliver us even
‘ from the very Imagination of it.

‘ MONSIGNOR *Renate* was, indeed, a
‘ very tender Husband remitting much of that
‘ tyrannick Severity of Matrimony, which gene-
‘ rally renders it so tedious, and disagreeable to
‘ our Sex ; yet, Madam, you disappoint his Aim
‘ in adding the Advantage of so considerable a
‘ Fortune to so much Beauty, if you waste your
‘ Days thus in Sorrow for a Loss, which cannot
‘ be retriev’d by all the Tears you shed, or those
‘ bootless Disquiets, which you vainly give your
‘ self in the Spring of your Age, when Life af-
‘ fords the highest Relish of the Goods of *For-*
‘ *tune*, and *Nature*. Do you imagine, that the
‘ Dead trouble themselves with our Thoughts
‘ about them, which they know no more, than
‘ our Actions. There is too great a Gulph be-
‘ twixt this Life, and the next, for any Commu-
‘ nication to be held, or any Spies to be main-
‘ tain’d, to give a Woman any Cause of con-
‘ straining her self to Formalities, that are Ene-
‘ mies to her Pleasures, and brighter Enjoyments.
‘ Woman

‘ Woman is made entirely for Pleasure, the foolish
‘ Pride of Man has excluded her from the
‘ Fatigue of Camps and Councils, confin’d her to
‘ the Alcove, and the Toylet, left nothing for
‘ the Object of her Thoughts but how to soften
‘ the tedious Time with Pleasure, and Satisfaction.
‘ You sin therefore, my Dear, against Nature,
‘ which bends with all its Force, to Indolence
‘ and Delight, and declines with its utmost
‘ Caution all those Anxieties, which are Foes to
‘ that Repose, and Ease, which is so necessary to
‘ our Satisfaction. How is it possible, that a
‘ Woman should seek Pain, and shun Pleasure?
‘ Pursue not, therefore, a Grief, that if real is a
‘ fatal Enemy to your Youth, your Beauty, and
‘ your Wealth; if false, an Hypocrisy of very
‘ little Use to your Reputation, or Enjoyments.
‘ ’Tis true, there are decent Forms to be observ’d;
‘ the World expects them from us; and the
‘ Week after the Husband dies, Tears may appear
‘ graceful in the Eyes of a young Widow, because
‘ the Shortness of the Time allows the
‘ Malicious to believe, that it is possible, they
‘ may be real; but after six Months Widowhood
‘ to be so outrageous a Mourner, shows at best
‘ but an Impotence of Passion unworthy of
‘ good Sense, or an Hypocrisy carry’d so far,
‘ as to be visible to all the World.

‘ TAKE not my friendly Liberty, my dear
‘ Lady amiss, since spoken out of a sincere Zeal
‘ for your Pleasure, and your Fame; for while
‘ we

‘ we endeavour to strain Nature beyond its genuine Extent, we often fall into Follies as surprizing and unaccountable. As will appear ‘ from the Story of a Relation of my own.

IN the City of *Nola* liv’d a Knight of an ancient Family, who having past the greatest Part of his Time in a single Life; in the Dotage of his Years fell in Love with my Cousin *Laodamia Pepestumo*, who as she wanted all the Smiles of Fortune, was infinitely rich in all those of Nature, that can be found in the Beauty of the Body. Her Shape was admirable, her Stature tall, her Eyes sprightly; her Hair of the purest Gold hung waving in wanton Curls down to her Waste; a modest Blush heighten’d the Charms of her Face, while a pleasing Smile discover’d within her Lips of Coral two Rows of pearly Teeth, as even as white. Her Voice was like that of the *Syrens*, none could avoid the Rock of Love, that suffer’d the harmonious Accents to enter their Ears. Nor was she barren in Wit, and good Sense; there was Musick in her Words, and the Muses, and the Graces danc’d to the Motion of her Tongue; for she never spoke but the Melody was too transporting to let any Hearer be indifferent.

THESE Perfections you may be assur’d drew many Admirers. But such are the base, and degenerate Principles of *Man*, that all the Charms of a Goddess were too weak to make her a
Wife

Wife while she wanted that golden Shower, that open'd the brazen Tower to *Jupiter* himself. So that had not the doting Years of the *Cavaliere Imperiale* quite lost the fordid Cunning of Man, she had been in very great Danger of a *Nunnery*, or the Infamy of an *old Maid*. But he being too old to hope to gratify his Avarice by Marriage, was resolv'd at least to gratify his Pleasure; and being perfectly ravish'd with her Beauties, to them surrender'd his Heart, and with that his Person, and Fortune. For marrying her, he settled a considerable Estate on her if she happen'd to outlive him, in his Life-Time commanding him, and his whole Fortune.

BUT the Disparity betwixt his Desire, and Capacity was so great, that in a little Time *Laodamia* became a rich young Widow. She prudently express'd all the Fondness of Love for her old dying Husband, watching with him whole Nights, nor leaving his Chamber all the Day, snatching only now and then, in Obedience to Nature, a short Slumber in a Chair by his Bed-side. Whether he was really so dear to her, or not, or whether she pay'd that constant Attendance to prevent the Insinuations of those by her Presence, whom her Absence might have encourag'd to have lessen'd her Fortune for the Encrease of their own, I will not pretend to determine. But her apparent Care, and Assiduity won his Heart so far, that what Provision he had already made for her seem'd too little

little for her Merits ; and therefore made considerable Additions to her Settlement.

THUS far her Concern was reasonable because it was politick, and produc'd that advantageous Effect, which she only could propose as the Aim of her Actions : But her Conduct after his Decease was so singular, and extravagant, that she justly merited the infamy, which she fell into.

THE Knight being now dead, she pretended to fall into so violent a Passion, as could not be assuag'd by all the Advice, and Comfort of Friends. She attempted to put an End to her Life, when Death had just put it in her Power to participate of all the Enjoyments of Life. Being disarm'd of all dangerous Weapons, she threw her self down by the dead Body of the *old Man*, and clasping him in her eager Arms, as if the Hypocrisy could yet be of Use to her with him, or that from her warm Embraces she could convey new Breath into him, or by her clamorous Griefs, recal that Soul, which was now fled out of the Reach of her Exclamations, and Power of her Charms.

IT was with all the Force imaginable, that after one whole Night spent in this Manner, she was dragg'd from so loathsom a Bed-fellow, protesting in a most frantick Manner, that she would not outlive him ; but would be interr'd
in

in the same Grave with the dear Lord of her Desires, and Source of her Happiness ; since the World had nothing now left in it worthy of her Thoughts, or capable of making Life tollerable to her.

BY the Authority of Parents spiritual, and temporal ; the Persuasions of Friends, and her own Weakness she was at last compell'd to another Bed, all in Tears, and rending the Air with Sighs, Groans, and Complaints. But while they took Care to watch her, they remov'd the Corps of her Husband to the Tomb of his Ancestors ; and in a few Days the excessive Rage of her Grief being somewhat abated by a real Illness, into which the over-acting her Part had now thrown her, by the Help of Physicians, the Comforts of her Relations, and her own Constitution she came to that Moderation in her Passion, and Health in her Body, as to be able to leave her Bed. But still kept up an obstinate State of Melancholy, and express'd so great an Aversion to all Mankind, that she turn'd away all her Male-Servants, and excluded her Females from approaching her Apartment, but when call'd by her self.

IN this Condition she remain'd for above a Month, refusing all Visits, and giving her self up to Prayer, and Reading, when the Intervals of her Sorrow would afford her this Relief.

SHE

SHE had a Maid call'd *Flora*, who was Daughter of a *Catchpole* of *Naples*, a Girl of some Wit, and of as good an Education, as the Substance of an old Aunt in *Nola*, could give her. The Condition of her Father was unknown in the Family, which made the easier Way for her Favour with her Mistress, which in the Life-Time of the old Knight, she had in an eminent Manner. But presuming on that, she had taken the Liberty to speak a little freely to her Lady against this Extremity of Melancholy to which she had given her self up ; and provok'd her so far by that Presumption, as to make her forbid her Sight, and give her Warning to quit her Service in a Month.

FLORA had a Brother, that was a Valet to an old Gentleman of a decay'd Fortune, who yet had the Vanity of keeping up the Figure of his Quality. This Valet's Name was *Tancredo* ; he was very handsom in his Person, and had a Volubility of Tongue, and a natural, and acquir'd Impudence sufficient for any Undertaking, that depended meerly on that.

FLORA reasonably imagin'd, that all this excessive Grief of her Lady was too affectedly violent to be real, and well grounded ; which made it possible, that by a subtil Device she might at once be reveng'd of her Mistress's unjust Anger, prefer her own Brother, and make her own Fortune. Laying therefore the Design,

sign, as she and her Brother could contrive it, they in a few Nights thus put it in Practice. *Tancredo* by his Sister's Help, and his own Stock furnishes himself with a handsom Suit of Officers Cloaths, and every Thing answerable to so honourable a Post. *Flora* having plac'd her self at the Door lets him into the House, and directs him to her Lady's Apartment; when drawing his Sword, and artfully putting on the Concern of a Person pursu'd, and in immediate Danger of Life he enters, and leaves the Success to his Impudence, and the Lady's *Capricio*.

LAODAMIA was then on her Couch with a Book in her Hand, and her Eyes thrown up to Heaven, as full of seeming Thought, as if the most sacred Contemplations had taken up her whole Mind. As soon, as she saw a very handsome young Fellow approach her in that Manner, she started up, and scream'd out aloud; he flew up to her, and casting himself at her Feet, begg'd her not to be frighted at so surprizing a View, and an Intrusion which Necessity had forc'd him to commit. He implor'd but so much Patience, as to hear his Condition, and then he would surrender himself up entirely to her Disposal; and put his Life immediately in her Hands. He spoke this with such an Emphasis of Fear and Concern, that he soon appeas'd her Rage, and Apprehension. *She bid him therefore put up his Sword, take a Chair, and in a few Words*

Words clear himself of that Impudence, he yet seem'd guilty of, in thrusting himself not only into her House, but into the Chamber of Retirement of a Lady of her Quality, which unless he sufficiently made out the Necessity, that compell'd him merited no less, than the Death he pretended to fly from.

HE immediately put up his Sword, but, the being again sat down on the Couch, he continu'd with one Knee fix'd to the Floor, and began in this Manner.

C H A P. II.

*The Story of Tangredo, and Olympia Mellini.
The Success of his Stratagem in marrying Laodamia.*

NO, Madam, said he, I yet appear too criminal to leave this Posture of a Suppliant, let me, Madam, convince you of my Innocence by a Relation of my Misfortunes before I presume to look up to those Eyes, which like Lightning darted from the angry Face of Heaven have already almost struck me dead. However I hope, when you have heard my Story, Madam, as you have the most Beauty of your Sex, so you will have the most Generosity and Compassion, and not throw me out a hunted Victim to Murderers; but afford your Protection to an unfortunate Gentleman, a Stranger

ger to this City, and whose Birth, and Quality may challenge some little Regard.

KNOW then, divine Lady, that I am by Birth a Roman, of the illustrious Family of the Marquis of *Ruspogli*, who is my Father, tho' too cruel, and barbarous to merit so tender a Name. There has been for some Generations an hereditary Hatred betwixt ours, and the Family of *Mellini*, which has often been extended to such Inhumanities, as I am ashamed to repeat, even in Respect to that Father, who no longer looks on me, as a Son, but as the most odious of Enemies, seeking by the Hands of Bravo's, the Life he gave me; because Love had extinguish'd that barbarous Thirst of Revenge, which had already been too fatal to our Family.

OLYMPIA Mellini was the most charming of the Sex, that I ever saw 'till this Moment, that Fortune has thrown me at your Feet. It was my Chance at Church one Day, ignorant of her Person and her Beauties, to kneel next to her, and making some gay and gallant Addresses to her I was a little surpriz'd at the Wit, and Sweetness of her Repartees.

I, EVER, condemn'd those Veils, Madam, 'till now (said I) for tho' they may sometimes provoke our Curiosity to a Disappointment, yet they infallibly very often secure the Heart from Beau-

ty, that might else be too dangerous to our Repose. So that I cannot but thank my Stars, Madam, for saving my Heart, at the Expence of my Curiosity. I am afraid (return'd the Lady) the Exchange is not so advantageous, as you may seem to believe ; for I am confident it is with you, as with most of your Sex, who owe more Fatigue to their Curiosity, than Love. — As she said the Words, she took Occasion to throw so much of her Veil aside, as to discover a Face, and Bosom, that might vanquish an Anchorite.

I MADE her sensible of her Conquest, and press'd her to a Continuance of our Commerce, but was Thunder-struck to hear the Name of *Mellini*. I either had not in my Heart any of that unreasonable Hatred, that old Piques had so long maintain'd, or else her Eyes in a Moment banish'd even the very Memory of it. I durst not tell her my Name, for Fear, I had not had so good an Advocate in her Mind as she, I found, had in mine ; and therefore assum'd the Title of Count *Capizzuchi* my School-fellow, so extremely like me in Person, Voice, Mien, and Humour, that we had often pass'd for each other. I manag'd this Affair with that Success, that I soon found my self, as much Master of her Inclinations, as she was of mine ; 'till the Commerce was become so tender, that it was impossible to part us, without our mutual Destruction. It was now come to this, that there was a Necessity of confessing my Family, but with this Assurance,

Assurance, that I would never leave my Father till I had obtain'd his Consent ; hoping, that as our Love began in the Church, it was the Gift of Providence by our Union to cement our two Houses in a necessary Agreement, in putting an End to those Jars, which had already been so bloody to both. Tho' her Surprize was great, yet her Passion was greater ; and she gave her Promise immediately to attack the Consent of her Father, thro' the Tendernefs of her Mother's Affection for an only Daughter.

I HAD always been most tenderly belov'd by my Father till the very Day, that I ventur'd to make the fatal Discovery ; which I did with all the Preparation, and Art, I was capable of using in a Point, on which both my Happiness, and Life had a certain Dependance. And having got his Assurance, that there was nothing in his Power, that he would not do to fix my Safety and Satisfaction, I told him the Story of my Love, and the Family of my Mistress. But Madam, it is impossible to paint the Rage, that immediately possess'd him at the Mention of her Name. He call'd me rebellious, ingrateful, foolish, dishonourable Boy, and every odious Expression, that could make evident the invincible Hatred, which he bore to the *Mellini*. He charg'd me on his Blessing, nay under the heavy Penalty of his Curse never to see, converse with, nor think of *Olympia* more ; and then perhaps

he might forgive, and if possible forget my monstrous Transgression.

BUT I was in *Love*, which banish'd Prudence from my Conduct, and put me on an obstinate Vindication of my Passion, the Merits of the Lady, and the Impossibility of my ceasing to love her. *I urg'd the Unreasonableness, and want of Christianity in such implacable Hatreds ; that Providence thus seem'd to have mark'd out a Way to a happy Reconciliation of two Families of such Note and Dignity in Rome, which united would not only put an End to bloody Murthers, but gain an Authority much stronger and more powerful by so politick a Union.*

BUT this was to add Fuel to the Flame, to cast Oil and Sulphur into the Fire. He struck me, and forbid me his Presence, but order'd me to be confin'd for some Days to my Chamber, 'till he heard of the Enclosure of *Donna Olympia Mellini*. For her Mother had no sooner, by her Importunity, mov'd her Father in the Case, but he discover'd no less Fury, and Aversion to the Match, than my Father had done. But enquiring farther into the Matter, with some Address, and dissembled Calm, he found what Progress, I had made in her Heart, and therefore immediately sent her away, without allowing her the least Opportunity of sending me any Notice of her desperate Condition, to a Nunnery in *Florence*, where a Sister of hers was Abbess.

ALL

ALL I could learn when I was enlarg'd by my Father, was only, that she was sent away, but could not find out whither. It cost me much Industry, and a great deal of Money to make the Discovery ; which yet only added to my Misery by the Knowledge of the Place of her Prison, and the Person of her Jailor.

I WILL not, Madam, repeat to you the perpetual Throws, and Pangs of my Soul, for the irrecoverable Loss of the Person, that only could make Life supportable. Despair threw me into a dangerous Fever, in which I had not the Comforts of a Father's Smiles, as never once coming near me during all my Sickness, being but too sensible of the hateful Cause of the Malady. But my Fate, that reserv'd me to greater Misfortunes, gave me Strength to vanquish this Disorder of my Blood : And the sanguine Complexion of my Temper still furnishing fresh Hopes from my Industry, and Passion, I thought nothing was impossible for me to effect for so glorious a Reward, as *Olympia Mellini*.

I GREW better every Day, and being now perfectly recover'd, I made it my Business to get what Jewels, and Money, I could, and to dispose of it in such Places, as might enable me best to employ it for my *Olympia's* Escape.

THE better to conceal my Designs from her Father and mine, I made publick Addresses to
B 3 another,

another, tho' by her Consent, she being my Confident in the Design, and which as I took Care to have it as much as possible nois'd about the City, so *Olympia's* Father took Care to inform his Daughter of it in all the aggravating Terms imaginable. This by Degrees lessen'd my Father's Resentment, and open'd his Purse. Having besides strain'd my Credit to the utmost, I was now furnish'd with sufficient Provision to make us live happily in an unknown Condition in a foreign Country. The Lady (by Consent) seeming now to reject my Suit, I obtain'd Leave of my Father to go to *Venice* to an Uncle of my Mothers, from whom I had no small Expectations of Interest, and with whom I pretended I should with the more Ease wear off a Passion, that this last Lady had rais'd in my Breast.

UNDER this Pretence I fet out of *Rome*, and went two Day's Journey in the direct Road to *Loretto*. There was a Fryar, that had been my School-Fellow, who partly for old Acquaintance, and partly in Hopes to make me his Friend hereafter, and partly for the sake of a considerable present Bribe; furnish'd me not only with a Habit of the Order, but Letters of Recommendation to the Father-Confessor to this Nunnery of poor *Clares*, and to the Convent of Fryars in *Florence*,

BY this Means, in a little Time I got to the Sight of *Olympia*, and convey'd into her Hands

Hands a full Account of all, that I had done and suffer'd since our Separation ; not omitting my Pageant Amour the better to conceal my Designs ; begging her if she would have me support my Life a few Days longer, to give me Assurance of flying away with me to *Leghorn*, where we would take Shipping to some other Country more favourable to our Amour.

HAVING remov'd all her Doubts, the Time was agreed on, the Ladders provided, and she got into the Garden in order to make her Escape. By the Help of my Friends I convey'd her over the Walls to a private House in that City ; where she chang'd her Habit, and I mine ; and dressing her like a young *Benedictine* Novice, and my self like a Monk, we got on Horse-back, and riding all Night we made such Dispatch, that we arriv'd safe and undiscover'd at *Leghorn*.

A SERVANT, I had intrusted, had provided me a Retreat, where we retir'd to the most secret Part of the House, and chang'd once more our Habits, she to a young Cavalier, and I to that of a Merchant ; but neither of us ventur'd Abroad, but did all our Business by our Landlord, and my trusty Servant, as the getting of Shipping, and Provisions with the utmost Dispatch.

IN the mean Time having gotten this Opportunity

tunity of being alone, mutual Love taught us to employ it in all the innocent Endearments, that so much Passion could inspire. We immediately contracted our selves, as firmly as we could without a Priest; which made Way for those Freedoms, which could not be expected without such Security. But the little Liberties she allow'd me, only serv'd to raise my Desires of greater, which in Spight of her Reluctance, secure of such an Advocate within her, as her Heart, I forc'd from her, repeating my Assurances of confirming our mutual Happiness by the Forms of the Church, on the first Opportunity. Yet I could by no Means obtain the last Favour till all was accomplish'd, which by the Help of our Host we did the next Day, by the bribing an old Priest to administer the Sacrament in our Chamber.

'TIS impossible, Madam, to relate to you the Extracies of that Night. If you did ever *love*, Madam, if you have, Madam, ever been happy in the Object belov'd, you may easily guess what may flow from the Union of Souls, as well as Bodies. But alas! this Happiness was too extream to last! She was soon miss'd at the Nunnery, and publick Proclamation obtain'd for securing her where-ever found, and Rewards for the Discovery sufficient to bribe a mercenary Mind. There was so perfect a Description of her Person made, that it was impossible not to know her; and our treacherous Landlord pre-
tending

tending Piety to Religion, as if I had stolen a Nun from her Convent, betray'd us. Under Pretence, that the Ship was not ready he got Time to dispatch an Account of his Suspicion, that we were the Persons design'd in the Proclamation. My Man discover'd the Treachery but the Moment, they were putting it in Execution. He had only Time to run up Stairs, and let us know, that the House was surrounded, and that our Host was the villainous Informer, and led the Officers up to seize upon us both. She begg'd me to try to make my Escape without her, but with all the kind Indignation so much Love could inspire I drew my Sword, and vow'd, I would sooner lose ten thousand Lives, than basely leave her to her Pursuers; and lose the *dear Reward of all my Pains, and Labours.* For if I must lose her, *Death would be the welcome Cure of all my Woe; but if I could bear her off Fortune might be more kind, than hitherto we had found her.* My faithful Servant fell by me in Defence of his unfortunate Master, and I being now wholly surrounded, and faint with the Loss of Blood from so many Wounds, they easily disarm'd me, and ravish'd from my Arms all my Wishes, all my Hopes, my poor, weeping, complaining *Olympia*, calling to me for Help, but calling in vain, being my self captive, and weak; her Eyes she rivetted on me, as long as she could see me; and from them seem'd to send her parting Soul full of charming Grief, Desire, and Despair. Ah, Madam! your tender
Soul

Soul may better imagine, than I express the Darts, that pierc'd ; the Throws that tore our miserable Bosoms on so terrible a Parting of a Pair so vastly, and so violently loving, and so lately united ! But, Madam, I forget my self, I forget where I am, and my own unhappy Condition, I will not therefore detain you so long in my Story, as to dwell on every Circumstance.

THO' my Wounds were desperate, yet having them dress'd I got into a Litter, and made what Speed I could after my Wife to *Florence* ; by my Acquaintance with a Lord in that Court I got my Case represented to the Grand Duke, inform'd him of our Marriage, and desir'd his Protection.

HE free'd me, indeed, from that Guard, which was set on me on my Arrival, and gave me some Hopes of his powerful Mediation. After some Attendance, and my Wounds being now pretty well, I easily discover'd the Delays, and double Answers of that Court, and soon perceiv'd, that I was only a Prisoner at large, and destin'd a Victim to my Father's Anger on his Order, as I found *Olympia* had been ; who was sent to *Rome* from the Monastery the very Night, she was brought back, full of piercing Complaints, fainting, and almost dying with Love, Desire, and Despair.

I HAD the good Fortune to make a Friendship,

ship, with a young *Florentine* of the Court, who gave me Information of the Design against me. I took immediate Care of all my Bills, Jewels, and Money, and resolv'd not to fall too suddenly into my Father's Hands, and thought it my securest Way to make my Escape even to *Rome* it self. I got to that City in the Night, and undiscover'd reach'd the House of a near Relation, who lov'd me in a particular Manner, there to conceal my self till my Father was pacify'd; and till I had made some Enquiry about the Fate of my dearest *Olympia*. My Cousin inform'd me, that my Father had vow'd my Destruction, and that both he, and *Mellini* had in Spight of their Enmity agreed in this, both having dispatch'd Bravo's to *Florence* to murder me. But I had greater Troubles, than any personal Fears could suggest, hearing from my Relation, that the charming *Olympia* was dead of a Fever caus'd by our miserable Separation; but this was only given out to conceal the true Cause of her Death, Poison, as it was really believ'd by most, that knew the Temper of her Father.

FORGIVE, Madam, these Tears, a Review of such Misfortunes compel from my Eyes; it is impossible, Madam, to reflect on such Misfortunes, without such Pangs, as cannot be immediately suppress'd.—At which Words he seem'd quite vanquish'd with Grief; the Tears, like an Inundation, pour'd down his Cheeks, and a Storm

Storm of Sighs seem'd to rend his Heart in a thousand Pieces. — After a little Pause, he thus proceeded. I confin'd my self in this Manner in my Cousin's House, secluded the Conversation of Mankind with great Ease, as not desiring to behold the Face of Man or Woman, since the Cruelty of Parents had robb'd me of the most charming of Wives, and made that Life, they had without my Consent bestow'd upon me, a Curse. One Year past on, and no Mitigation of my Father's Wrath ; nay it was so inveterate, that he grew averse even to my Cousin for speaking in my Behalf ; and from some Words he had let fall guess'd, that I lay conceal'd in his House, which was soon after every Night beset with Bravo's. Till my Cousin weary of these Animosities, and fearing some Mistake might intercept him, with my Fate, advis'd me to travel, to see if Time would wear out the Resentment in a Father of the Offence of a Son in his first Youth. This being agreed on, ere the Morning's Dawn he gets me out of *Rome* ; whence with all the Speed I was able to make I directed my Course to *Gaeta*, and thence by Sea to the *Basilicate* ; whence I travell'd by Land to the extreamest Part of *Italy*, and changing my Name I liv'd in a melancholy obscure Corner of the World from the Knowledge of all the active Part of Mankind.

WHEN I had liv'd there some Time, *Olympia* one Night in a Dream, seem'd to appear to
me

me shining all round with full Beams of Glory ; and charg'd me by our mutual Passion to think of her no more with Anxiety ; but to resume my ancient Gaiety ; hope for better Fortune, and travel nearer Home. The Dream was so lively, that I could not but think of it long, as I lay awake, and that thinking so intently upon it, made the same dear Image return when again I fell into a Slumber : And being now persuaded, that it was no less, than a heavenly Vision, having offer'd up my Prayers to my dead Saint, I began to think of putting her Commands in Execution. From this Time I frequented the publick Places, the *Corso's* of the adjoining Cities, the Resorts of the Fair to the Churches ; but never met with any Thing capable of touching my Heart, or my Curiosity.

TIR'D of this insipid Life, I resolv'd in Confidence of my Vision to return to *Rome*. Being, in my Journey, arriv'd in this City, I made some Stay to combat with fresh Doubts, which arose in my Mind. For the nearer Approaches I made to my Father, the more Dread I found of his implacable Resentment. Considering Matters therefore with a little more Caution, I determin'd first to write to him from hence, with an humble Acknowledgment of my youthful Errors, and an Assurance of my Sorrow for them, and earnest Desire, that he would revive some Part of that paternal Love for me, which I had enjoy'd before my Transgression, and that
he

he would give me Leave to return, by my Submission, Obedience, and Penitence to restore the rest.

I RECEIV'D no Answer to my Letter before this Night at the Points of the Bravo's Swords. For returning this Evening from a Visit to a Friend (not being desirous to be seen much in the Day) a Pistol was let fly at me, with these Words — *Your Father sends you this Token of his Love.* The Darknefs of the Night, or the Fear of the *Bravo* deliver'd me from the Bullet. I drew my Sword, and having for some Time defended my self against them, and finding them press harder upon me, I chose rather to trust to my Heels, than singly to my Sword against a Multitude; and perceiving your Ladyship's Door open, I ventur'd to slip in and clap it to.

C H A P. III.

The Continuation of the Affair of Tancredo, and Laodamia.

THIS, Madam, brought me in so rude, and surprizing a Manner to your Apartment; for which Offence, if your Cruelty had rather punish, than your Generosity protect an unfortunate young Man, your Commands shall immediately restore me to the Murtherers, with my Death
to

to put a speedy End to greater Miseries, than any I have hitherto experienc'd. But, Madam, if you will take a middle and more merciful Course, than to let me fall by the Hands of Bravo's, take this Sword, and pierce this Bosom with the finest Hand in the World. But if your Hand refuse an Office so bloody, let that Tongue, that should pronounce nothing but Mercy, declare my Doom, or even those Eyes, made to inspire Love into the most frozen, look the fatal Sentence on him, that has already been a double Martyr to Love; deserted by Heaven, persecuted by Man, and all this only for loving too faithfully, and well. If such a Venus as you, Madam, can look such a Death to a Lover, behold I'm ready to put it in Execution.

OPENING his Bosom at the same Time, and clapping the Point of his Sword to it, he fix'd his Eyes on hers; where he found no such severe Decrees, but *Love* basking in her Eyes, and spread a conscious Blush all over her Face. Her Looks were rivited upon him from the Beginning of his Story; which she listen'd to with all the Pleasure, Attention, and Concern in the World; in short, she was so wholly lost in her Consideration of his Person, and Speech, that she scarce knew what she did; at last, in a murmuring Whisper, as I may call it, she softly pronounc'd — *I forgive you, put up your Sword, and sit down on the Couch.* The sudden Joy, and the unexpected Success made him

him with a Start pierce his Breast a very little, wet enough to make some Drops of Blood trickle down his snowy Bosom; flying from the Couch she claps her Handkerchief ready to faint away on the Place, to the diminutive Wound, and cry'd out in these Words—*What do you mean to kill me for my Indulgence?* Warm'd by the Touch of the finest Hand in the World, the Solitude of the Place, her yielding Condition, and his own Youth and Assurance, he press'd the good Fortune, that seem'd to offer him a Felicity; which nothing but his Impudence could expect.

ZEALOUSLY avowing his Passion, swearing eternal Fidelity, mixing Flattery, and Love, and adding a little grateful Force, he made the Mourning Couch the Scene of his Happiness, and Joy: In which he had the Art so far to engage her Affection, that she would not suffer him to stir, not fearing any Interruption, because by her Order none durst approach her Apartment till call'd for. She therefore put him to Bed with her own Hands, summon'd the Servants to their Repose, and then retir'd to her Gallant, in whose Arms she pass'd the Night in Pleasure, and Transports; which she had never known before; which engag'd her in a Resolution to marry him the next Day.

FLORA

FLORA in the mean while was not a little pleas'd with the Success of her Project, which she had observ'd from the Beginning to the End secure of Discovery by the Engagement of the Parties. Her Satisfaction was too great to suffer her to conceal her Triumph from the Maid, that was now her Mistress's Favourite, to whom she related the whole Story; adding, that she did not now in the least doubt of her being reinstated in her Lady's good Graces, in Reward of her having found out so agreeable a Way of diverting that excessive Melancholy, which else must have bury'd her alive.

THE Morning came, the Favourite Maid was call'd up Stairs, and order'd to go immediately, and buy a Wedding-Ring, and desire the Presence of the Parson of the Parish in order to marry her that very Day. The Maid concern'd for her Mistress's Misfortune frankly inform'd her of all, that *Flora* had told her about her Brother, and the foregoing Night's Adventure, and that she thought her self in Duty bound not to conceal any Thing from her, in which her Happiness was so very much concern'd. *Laodamia*, discovering not the least Surprise, said, *Flora is a discreet Girl, send her up to me, and wait you below 'till I have farther Occasion of your Service, or Advice.* *Flora* coming up, her Lady order'd her to do the same Business, she had first design'd for the other, which *Flo-*

re dispatch'd with no little Joy, and Expedition.

LAODAMIA returns to her Gallant now dressing himself to the best Advantage, and promising himself that good Fortune, his former Successes had assur'd him; and suffering a false Frown to usurp her Face a Moment, accus'd him of the Imposture. Impudence, that had thus far befriended him, he thought his surest Retreat on this unexpected Attack; and therefore, very freely owns the Charge, and ingeniously confesses himself *Tancredo*, the Brother of *Flora*, and Valet to an old decay'd Gentleman. *This, it is true (said he) Madam, is my real Condition; but this bold Attempt of my generous Ambition is an Argument, that my Fortune, and my Soul are ill match'd. And in my Opinion, Madam, it would have been much less Glory for you to have marry'd the Son of the Marquis of Ruspogli, than the humble Tancredo. In the first you might have been thought to have yielded to his Title, and the magnificent Expectations of his Fortune; in the later, you will be thought only to have sacrific'd to the noble Sentiments of Love. In the former you would be but the Creature; in the later the Creator; and as much, as the Creator excels the Creature, so much will your marrying me, excel your Marriage of the Marquis of Ruspogli. In pursuing your former Resolve of confirming my Happiness by the holy Tie of Matrimony, now you know my Condition,*

Condition, you will exercise a Sort of Divinity, by raising, like Fortune, by your own Power whom you please ; or rather correcting the Error of Fortune, by a superiour Power raising him, whom she had thrown down to the Bottom. She often makes a Prince of a Peasant, and humbles the haughty Monarch from his Throne to the Level of the most contemptible of his Subjects ; but still with a blind Conduct never regarding the Deserts, or Demerits of her Creature ; while your fine Judgment can distinguish whether I am a fit Object of your Favour ; and in that, Madam, you will excel that hoodwink'd Disposer of human Affairs. Since, by a happy Stratagem, which your Eyes, not my Sister, inspir'd, I have got Possession of all your wonderful Charms, it is more for your Honour to confirm that Happiness by Choice, than to expose your self to Censure, by recalling the Favour you have with such Caresses assur'd me of. You are Mistress, Madam, of your self, and your Estate, and ought therefore, to chuse by your own Eyes, and not those of Relations, who have always more Regard to some private Design of their own, than to the Happiness of those, they advise. The Difference, Madam, between Man, and Man, which some falsely place in the Degrees of Quality, and Favours of Fortune, is there only imaginary, but real in the Person ; Nature's Favourites, are very seldom those of Fortune, 'till Eyes, so judicious, as yours help the blind Goddess to determine more justly.

However, divine Charmer, if you are in the least uneasy at what has pass'd, my Sword is still ready to execute your Commands, for I desire to live no longer, than I am pleasing in your Eyes.

WITH these Words he drew his Sword, and as he was going to offer it to his Bosom, she lay'd hold of his Arm, and with a Kiss assur'd him, that her Love was of his Person, not his suppos'd Dignity ; and that since she pleas'd her self in the Choice, she did not know whom else she had to consult ; that those who lik'd it not might forbear their Visits, and she would easily atone for their Loss in his Arms ; for since *Love* had given her that Fortune, in Justice she thought herself oblig'd to return it to *Love* : To which End she had sent his Sister for a Parson, notwithstanding the Discovery she had imprudently made to her Fellow-Servant ; and that in the mean while she had only a Mind to hear what he had to say for himself, in which he had acquitted himself with so fine an Address, that she was sufficiently confirm'd in her Resolution.

IN short, Madam, she was so weak, as to marry him, and make him Master of her self, and her Fortune ; tho' she might have retain'd him as her Servant, and menial Instrument of her Pleasure to discard, or dispatch as she thought fit. This Match made her the Sub-
ject

ject of Lampoons for a Quarter of a Year, having been a fatal Example of an uncommon Change, the Excess of one-Passion thus ending in the Excess of another. *Flora* was now made her Companion, and preferr'd to a reputable Husband as the Reward of her Treachery, and Revenge.

C H A P. IV.

The Lady's Comment on the foregoing Relation. The old Lady's Satire on Gentility. The Story of Aquilina, and Prospero Sterace: By his Folly he loses the Fortune he hop'd for, and Aquilina secur'd her Liberty. Their Comment on this Story; the Cause of Widows Unhappiness in second Matches. The Story of Roderigo, the Widow of Lucini, and Castruccio, with his Letter for her preferring a Man of Sense to a rich Pretender. The old Widow's Arguments for the culling of Mankind.

HERE the loquacious old Gentlewoman return'd to a momentary Silence, to hear how the Company approv'd her Relation. The Lady of the House smil'd at her Impertinence, and the rest of the Company descanted upon it, and the Censures on *Laodamia* were various, as the Temper of the Speaker inclin'd her; but all but the young Widow agreed in Severity, and ill Nature.

‘ HAD it been a Gentleman (said the young
‘ Maiden-Lady with whom I came up) the
‘ Folly had been the less ; but to be lost on a
‘ Varlet, the Son of a Catchpole, is a Fate so
‘ very odious, and mortifying, that I could not
‘ in Conscience wish a worse to my Enemy. A
‘ Gentleman (interrupted another with a scorni-
‘ ful Laugh) prithee, my Dear, what is a
‘ Gentleman above a Plough-man, unless he be
‘ rich. Without Wealth his Gentility is but
‘ a Burthen, throwing him out of all the certain
‘ Roads to Plenty, and Prosperity. No, had
‘ *Laodamia* marry’d but a Man of Wealth, the
‘ Matter had not been much what his Father
‘ had been. What Advantage has a Gentleman,
‘ that Money can’t purchase ? Will Gentility
‘ make a Man great at Court ? agreeable to the
‘ Ladies ? courted by the Clergy ? esteem’d by
‘ the People ? bless’d by the Poor ? and carefs’d
‘ by the Rich ? Yet *Money* can do all this with-
‘ out Gentility, *Money* shall give a Farmer’s
‘ Son a Pass through the *Corps du Guard* to the
‘ very Presence, nay Cabinet of Princes ; draw
‘ the Eyes, Bows, and Cringes of Statesmen,
‘ and their Dependants the *Honour-Brokers* ;
‘ while every supercilious Blockhead shall lay
‘ by his magisterial Pride, and pay him the ser-
‘ vile Fawn, squeeze him in a close Carefs,
‘ while your Gentleman with his tatter’d Coat
‘ out at Elbows shall be stopp’d at the Porter’s
‘ Lodge, and be even a Scandal to the Foot-
‘ men in Spight of his Gentility. What you’d
‘ tell

‘ tell the Courtier your Cousin (when you are
‘ in Poverty) that you are a Gentleman of an
‘ ancient Family, and squeeze a Promise from
‘ him, which he never designs to perform, meer-
‘ ly to shake off thy scandalous Company; while
‘ my Money shall make him speak Truth to me;
‘ tell me *Truth*, do’st mind me? make a Cour-
‘ tier speak *Truth*. A pretty Pretence, when a
‘ young, lazy, spend-thrift Fellow’s out at Heels
‘ and half starv’d, to a Bevy of young, brisk,
‘ buxom Ladies, to say, *Ladies, I am a Gentle-*
‘ *man*, when they had rather be surpriz’d in a
‘ familiar Dialogue with their Footman, as the
‘ less scandalous Companion. I prithee, my
‘ Dear, tell me no more of *Gentility*; it is the
‘ lazy Pretence of *Sloth*, and *Idleness*; the com-
‘ mon Refuge of Beggars, and Pick-pockets;
‘ Thieves, Bawds, Pimps, Whores, and Bravo’s,
‘ Sharpers, and the rest of the Vermin of Man-
‘ kind; give me a Boor’s Son, with an Estate,
‘ before a Lord’s Son without one.

‘ BUT a Gentleman (reply’d the other) has
‘ a noble Spirit, is above all this, which you call
‘ Advantage, that is fit for nothing but the Pur-
‘ suit of vulgar Minds. Honour is his Idol, his
‘ second Religion, the Darling, and Creator of
‘ Hero’s. For this, and his Love he fights, and
‘ discovers, by his Contempt of Death, how much
‘ he deserves to live; and at once merits, and
‘ enjoys the Esteem of all that know him, or
‘ have heard of his Reputation.

‘ THE Advantages you now urge (return’d
‘ the other) are not peculiar to a Gentleman,
‘ nay are feldom found in one now-a-Days. In
‘ my Opinion, he that contemns Death deserves
‘ not to live ; for if he thought it a Thing
‘ worth the poffeffing, he would be more care-
‘ ful to avoid that, which muft destroy it. There
‘ is nothing, that I know of, which perfonal Va-
‘ lour will do, which Money will not effect
‘ with more Eafe, and lefs Hazard. The *Sol-*
‘ *dier*, and *Bravo* will fight for you, or revenge
‘ you for your Pay to more Good to the Publick,
‘ and more Security to the Private. I leave you
‘ therefore to your neceffitous Hero of a Gen-
‘ tleman, while I’m humbly content with my
‘ Banker, and fee which will lead the happier
‘ Life ; you on the airy Titles of Gentility in
‘ Want, and Penury ; or I amidft my mechanick
‘ Bags of Gold and Plenty. Should it ever be
‘ my Fortune to be lewd as *Aquilina* was, the
‘ fame fhould be my Conduct.

AQUILINA was a Woman of a tolerable Beauty for five and twenty, and a Widow ; her Fortune was unknown, but imagin’d very confiderable ; the Reputation of which was artfully heighten’d by herfelf and her Friends, which brought her more Addreffes, than the Fame of her Beauty, or Vertue. In fo large, and populous a City as this of *Naples*, it is no eafy Matter to get a perfect Information of Things of this Nature. *Prospero Sterace* was a Gentleman, as
you

you call him, of little, or no Fortune, and supported his little Expence by gaming and sharping ; but uneasy in that Condition he became a Buble to *Match-Makers*, by their imaginary Help to repair his broken Fortunes. By their Cunning and Address he was introduc'd to *Aquilina*, as a Lady of immense Riches, while his Estate by the same fair Artifice was magnify'd in Proportion to *Aquilina's* Desires. Each being willing to impose on the other, the Match was soon agreed on. The Wedding-Day comes, and a Friend's House of the *Match-Makers* for Privacy made Choice of for the Dinner, and Consummation. Dinner being over more Wine was wanting, and he being ask'd for Money to pay for it, comes to her with the same Demand; but she refusing him, he tells her he had none, nor any Thing else in the World but what she saw about him, all his Hopes, and Expectations being in her Fortune alone. She with a great deal of Presence of Mind, but with a seeming Frankness reply'd, We are then both abus'd ; for I marry'd you in Hopes of what I wanted, an Estate, having nothing but my Credit to depend on ; and you have marry'd me with the same Aim, and an equal Disappointment. This put him into a Rage, which transported him to some Rudeness in Language and Behaviour, as much a Gentleman, as he was. She gently appeas'd his Passion by desiring his Patience to hear a Remedy propos'd for both their evil Luck. This being joyfully allow'd, she deliver'd her self to him in
this

this Manner. Signor Prospero, *give not Way to a Passion, that may render Things more incurable, than they are, but can never mend them; you find that we have both been impos'd on by pretended Friends; and we have found out the Error in good Time; since nothing has yet pass'd betwixt us but Words, it is, therefore, the most prudent Course, we can take, to give each other a Discharge, and enter into Bonds sufficient to hinder each other from any, and all Claim to each others good or bad Luck in the World, the later of which this is the only Way to retrieve.* He had so much Eagerness for his Redemption from his imaginary Misfortune, that without any Consideration he allow'd her good Reason, and the Bonds were immediately drawn, and all Engagements by them cancell'd.

THIS being perfectly compleated, *Aquilina* thus address'd her self to him — Prospero, *believe me, you are the unhappiest of Men: for wanting both Money, and good Sense, Manners, and Wit, you set up for a Fortune-Hunter, and yet know not when you are come in with the Quarry.* For know, that I am really that Fortune I have been represented, which, had you had less Brutality, and more Sense, and good Manners, you had discover'd when it had been too late for me to have escap'd the Ruin. So, good Sir, leaving you to ruminate on your own wise Conduct, I commit you to that blind Goddess, who is wont to be very kind to Persons of your Capacity.

SHE

SHE immediately withdrew, with this Satisfaction, that she had not only reveng'd her self on *Prospero's* ill Nature, but kept up the Reputation of her Wit, and her Wealth in so very ticklish a Conjunction.

I CANNOT but applaud her admirable Address (said another of the Company being a Lady of about Forty) and hope, that she had the good Fortune afterwards to reap the Harvest of her good Conduct. For as with great Generals the Honour and Glory of a surprizing Victory, and the Service of his Prince, and Country is thought but a frail Good, and little Reward, unless Possessions or Presents supply one more substantial ; so the Glory of *Aquilina's* baffling the Coxcomb *Prospero*, was but narrow, if all she gain'd by the Benefit was only to get rid of so troublesom a Fool.

BUT assum'd the former, tho' it is no small Advantage to a Widow to get rid of a Fool, a Beggar, and a Knave, yet *Aquilina* manag'd her Affairs so, that, retiring to *Rome* lest this Affair should take Air, she marry'd a *Major Duomo* of a Cardinal-Nephew ; who being pretty aged, and easily wheedled, was so civil in a little Time to die, and treble her Fortune. But then indeed she prov'd so bewitch'd to marry the third Time for Love, the Bane of all human Happiness, and especially when a Woman is once turn'd of seventeen. We are all
sensible

sensible how hard it is to retain the Heart of a Man after Marriage, or even to make him observe any Decorum, or lay aside the insupportable Tyranny, that Custom has invested him withal, tho' in the strongest, and most engaging Bloom of Beauty. How impossible, therefore, is it for a Woman past thirty to hope to engage the Inclinations of a young Fellow of three and twenty? Possess'd of her Wealth he forgets his Benefactress, and squanders that on Adultery, and Boys, which being the only Charm, that made her agreeable, when gone leaves her despis'd at Home, and laugh'd at Abroad; for a Wretch so voluntary deserves no Pity. *Aquilina* was a Proof of it, for after having been very ill treated she had much ado to retire to a Nunnery, with that small Reserve, she had kept from his Knowledge.

THE Cause, Madam (assum'd the youngest Lady of the Company but one) the Reason, I say, that Widows are generally so unhappy, when they remarry more for *Love*, than Money, is, that they generally make so irrational a Choice. They never consult the Merit of the Person in his Understanding, and Sense; but are taken either with the strong Proportion of the Body, or some agreeable Features of the Face, which are seldom the Companions of *good Sense*: Or they are won with the loud Impertinence of the Address, which is always a Sign of Self-Opinion, Ignorance,

rance, and Want of Understanding. A Man of true Sense, and Merit is naturally diffident, and modest, Qualities, that very seldom afford them any Advantages with the *Great*, and the *Fair*, whose Favourites are generally but shallow Pretenders, or downright Fools. I mean not Idiots, but more troublesome, and much less manageable. For my Part I must speak by Experience, which is certainly the best Rule; I was left a rich Widow by the Indulgence of my first old Husband *Girolamo Lucini*, who was drown'd in passing the *Po*. My Fortune drew many Admirers, or Pretenders, and my Person I have Vanity to believe might draw some. I fell by Accident into the Acquaintance of a Gentleman by Birth, but who by Misfortunes, or Inclination had taken upon him the Trade of *Match-Making*, but that being wholly unknown to me, his Family and Age gave him the easier Admittance into my Acquaintance; which furnish'd him with the Means of bubbling some, and imposing on others, as if he had no small Influence over me. Among the rest there was a *Spanish* Merchant, whose Estate lying in the *West-Indies*, he had come into *Spain* to negotiate some Affairs, which in the Process brought him to *Naples*, and Accident into the Company of *Accio Viconti* the Person I mention'd; and he assur'd him of so considerable a Fortune in me, that he imagin'd, by obtaining it he might easily repair the Breaches of his own, and get the Government, he was in Pursuit

suit of into the Bargain. For *Don Roderigo* had so good an Opinion of himself, that he thought few Ladies could resist the Charms of his Person, and Address ; for I never knew a Fool have a more humble Conceit of himself, than the greatest Man of Wit.

IN his Person he was tall, and well enough shap'd, and promis'd as vigorous an Embrace, as any Widow could reasonably desire from a Man of about thirty eight ; his Hands were scraggy, rivell'd, and hard ; his Face rough, and ill-favour'd, his Tongue flippant, and foolish. But as little a Master of Wit as he was, he fancy'd, that some Attempts that Way would prove agreeable to my Inclination. He therefore applies himself to a Poet of his Acquaintance to make for him a Copy of Verses to me, and who it seems had been the Medium of his Acquaintance with *Accio Viconti*, and so knew his whole Affair, and Pretensions.

AFTER he had receiv'd many Denials, and Repulses, I sent him a Letter to desire no more of his Company, and seal'd it with black Wax, and a Seal on which was grav'd two Hearts on an Altar blown into a Flame by a *Cupid*, which gave him the Subject of this Copy of Verses, which because the Performance of my *Castrucio* I will repeat.

To

To *Belinda* on her sealing a cruel Letter with black Wax, and a *Cupid* blowing two Hearts on an Altar into a Flame.

WHile in your Billet you express your Hate,
Your Signet proves the Emblem of my Fate.
Mine is one Heart, that on the Altar lies,
The Cupid, that blows up the Flame, your Eyes.
Oh! that to make the Emblem more compleat,
Yours were the other burnt with equal Heat.
But that alas! you cruelly deny,
While from the very Flame you light, you fly.
Enough, fond Cupid, hast thou blown my Fire,
See I consume in restless wild Desire.
I burn enough, thy Flame devours my Heart,
And spreads its Fervour to each distant Part.
It rages every where without Controul
Diffus'd around it animates the whole,
Is every where alike, nay is my very Soul. }
But if thou thy Omnipotence woud'st prove,
Turn all thy Pow'r on her, and make her love.
Melt down that Ice, that thus surrounds her Heart,
There point thy Beams, there try thy utmost Art.
But should'st thou find thy Fires are all too weak,
Make haste, and from my Breast much stronger take.
Thine may be faint tho' Native of the Sky,
Mine must be fierce since lighted by her Eye.
Unite them both, then fail thou can'st not sure,
No Ice so cold, that can such Heat endure.
If thou succeed, the Altar then will prove
The sacred Union of connubial Love.

But

*But if Success the cruel Fates deny
Her Victim on Love's Altar, I will die.*

I HAD not long receiv'd these Verses, too visibly none of his, but one Day a Foot-man brought me this Letter from an unknown Hand. The Odnefs of the Thought, and the following Adventure made me Mistress enough of it to be able to give you a Recital; which I am willing to do, because I believe that will in some Measure be the Excuse of my Actions, produc'd by my *Curiosity*, a Quality extreamly natural to our Sex.

The LETTER.

*Of the Advantages of a Widow's marrying a
Man of Sense.*

‘ IF Report (which I confess is a great Retai-
‘ ler of Falshood) speak true of you, Madam,
‘ when it assures me, that you are a Woman of
‘ Sense, the worst Effect of this Letter will be
‘ to prove your Diversion; if not, condemn it to
‘ the Fire, or an Office more agreeable to the
‘ Writer's Desires.

‘ THERE is no Manner of Doubt, Madam,
‘ but that you have had Abundance, and Variety
‘ of Adorers before this; Men of all Capacities,
‘ and all Humours (for a Widow is the common
‘ Game for all Fortune-Hunters to fly at) drawn
‘ either by your Person, or your Fortune. But
an

‘ an *invisible Lover*, I presume has not yet fallen
‘ to your Share, and therefore I hope in this
‘ curious Age the Novelty may recommend the
‘ Experiment. If ever any Man could love any
‘ Woman by Description, I dare venture to say I
‘ have a Sort of Tendre for your Ladyship; tho’
‘ yet I never saw you in my Life; your Beauty,
‘ your Humour, your Age, nor your Under-
‘ standing I am as well acquainted with, as if I
‘ had sigh’d at your Feet above this Twelve-
‘ month. And all these I find, by my Art, ex-
‘ tremely agreeable to my Gusto and Inclinations.
‘ For first I never could endure the raw, green
‘ Trash of Fourteen, they are all Body, and gau-
‘ dy Colours, like a Tulip, without the fine
‘ Flavour and odoriferous Scent which is so en-
‘ gaging. If it were not for their Warmth and
‘ Impertinence, one might as well converse with
‘ their Pictures, which, if by a good Hand,
‘ would be much more entertaining. Children
‘ are fit Lovers for one another; for my Part I
‘ am for Grapes full ripe, not sour to set ones
‘ Teeth on Edge. Then for your Eye, I find it is
‘ black or hazle. But let it be black, or grey, or
‘ blew, they have all their peculiar Charms, and
‘ those sufficient to engage my Heart. Some Po-
‘ ets describe their *Venus* with grey Eyes, some
‘ with blew, some with black; tho’ the *Nereids*
‘ were alway blew-ey’d Lasses. Thus, Madam,
‘ let your Eyes be what they will, provided you
‘ have Eyes, they will be sure to have Beauties
‘ enough to secure my Heart. But if you have
D none,

‘ none, you will not want Gods and Goddesſes
‘ to warrant the Defect ; you may be *Fortune*,
‘ or a Female *Cupid* ; and the blinder you are
‘ the leſs Fault you will find in your Adorer.
‘ Thus if you are tall, I ſhall find in you the
‘ Maſteſty of *Andromache* or *Juno* ; if little, I
‘ remember that Nature is always admirable in
‘ her Minatures. If you are gay you muſt be
‘ pleaſant ; if ſerious thoughtful, and Thought
‘ is an Argument of good Senſe, and that is an
‘ extraordinary Charm in your Sex. If you are
‘ a Medium in both you muſt be excellent, ſince
‘ Vertue conſiſts in the *Mean*. You muſt be good
‘ humour’d, becauſe you have nothing to ſow
‘ your Temper, and good Humour is a Beauty,
‘ that can never decay, but every Day increaſes
‘ in Eſteem and Value, contrary to the other
‘ Qualities of your Sex, which continually loſe
‘ by a too familiar View. The Ugly by that
‘ grow leſs diſguſtful ; the Handſom grow, if not
‘ indifferent, at leaſt leſs awful, and command-
‘ ing ; but good Humour continues the Empire,
‘ that Beauty but begins. But if you ſhould be
‘ ill-humour’d—Why then I’ll uſe ſo good a Re-
‘ medy for the Malady, as not to fail of the Cure.
‘ Thus, Madam, it is very plain, that be you what
‘ you will, I can, and will love you, that is, if
‘ you will but give me leave to do it. But the
‘ Difficulty now lies in this Queſtion, Whether
‘ you will as eaſily like me?—As for your Know-
‘ ledge of my Perſon, it is on the ſame Foot with
‘ mine of yours. And tho’ a Man is generally
‘ the

‘ the worst Painter of himself in the World, yet
‘ we find good Masters in the Art have drawn
‘ their own Pictures with Success. I confess the
‘ Task is not so difficult to draw the Body, as
‘ the Mind, and that is easier with the Pencil in
‘ Colours, than with the Pen in Writing; in
‘ the first he draws himself, as he really is, in
‘ the later, as he thinks himself; and Provi-
‘ dence has given every Man such a necessary
‘ Portion of Vanity, as is sufficient to make his
‘ Figure as well as Mind so agreeable to him-
‘ self, that few think amiss of either. However
‘ under all these Difficulties I’ll try what I can
‘ do. ’Tis the Mode to present our Mistresses
‘ with our Pourtraits, and if mine be not like
‘ ’tis because I sit in an ill Light, and am but a
‘ meer Novice in the Art. First then I am near
‘ six Foot high, neither bulky nor lean. Next
‘ as I’m no Shape, so I am not deform’d. My
‘ Countenance is too manly to have the effemi-
‘ nate Air of a Beau, for I never did sweat for a
‘ Shape, or cup for a Complexion; my Hair is
‘ brown, my Eyes grey, my Aspect grave, so as
‘ for my Person, if I mistake not, I may pass a-
‘ mong the Crowd of your Adorers.—But now
‘ for my Mind, tho’ that’s a Trifle the Ladies
‘ seldom trouble their Thoughts about, I have
‘ some Reason to think, that Nature has made
‘ me no Fool, and Men of Sense are pleas’d to
‘ think me worthy their Conversation. Educa-
‘ tion has not impoverish’d what Nature be-
‘ stow’d. I love my Ease, and therefore People

generally take me to be a good-humour'd Fellow. My Constitution is amorous, but in that I have something peculiar to my self, *Possession*, that generally is the End of Love in other Men, serves to confirm mine, and make it more robust, and strong. 'Tis impossible, Madam, to give you all my Features of Mind and Person in Black and White; Experience will be much the best Painter, for that adds the Colours which will best distinguish them. *Modesty* I have too much for a Man, tho' this Letter may persuade you to be of another Opinion, but Paper bears no Blushes; and when the Danger, and Awe of Beauty is at a Distance, I can be bold enough. The next, or rather the first Thing that Ladies are for enquiring into, is, how Fortune has dealt with me? There indeed I have very little to boast. Fortune, and Nature seldom club to make a Man compleat, or happy. As she is blind so Fools have generally her Favour, (I wish the Ladies were not too much of her Mind) and if that Proverb be true, I have a large Claim to Sense. For I have not been oblig'd to her Goddeship for so much, as one Smile. Faith, Madam, I have nothing to recommend me to your Choice, but Truth, Honesty, and I hope a little Understanding; which if they should be of any Weight with you, it will be an Argument, that you have a singular Taste, and are not so blind as Chance, and the rest of your Sex. But you may ask if I have not yet any stronger Motive to prevail? I know

‘ know not what it may do with you, but I have
‘ one, that is of some Force with most of your
‘ Sex. Woman, they say, of all Things loves So-
‘ vereignty, that, Madam, you can never main-
‘ tain so securely, as with me. For if you marry
‘ a Man of Fortune he comes on the Level, and
‘ he has little Regard to what you bring him, be-
‘ cause he supposes it all his Due, and then the
‘ Right of a Husband gives him an arbitrary Do-
‘ minion, which how he’ll use, depends on his
‘ Temper, and his Understanding, of both which
‘ Men of large Estates have very little Share. If
‘ they are born to it, Pride, Self-Love, and Igno-
‘ rance of Misfortunes make them self-will’d,
‘ and imperious. If they get it themselves, the
‘ Qualities of getting an Estate are inconsistent
‘ with Generosity ; and he, that is not generous
‘ can never be good-natur’d, and he that is not
‘ good-natur’d must be a surly and arbitrary
‘ Lord. Now, Madam, by marrying a Man,
‘ whose Fortune you make you tie him with
‘ Gratitude to your Will, and so he is of Choice
‘ whatever you can desire him to be. But then,
‘ Madam, you must be sure, that he is a Man of
‘ Sense ; for a Fool, a Coxcomb, and dull igno-
‘ rant Fellow never knows how to return a Be-
‘ nefit. Cunning may make him servile in his
‘ Address to gain a Dominion, he can’t have Mo-
‘ deration to exercise with Honour. But a Man
‘ of true Sense must be grateful ; and while he
‘ knows, he owes all his Fortune and Felicity to
‘ his Wife, must make it his Study to return it

‘ with equal Happiness in being entirely at her
‘ Devotion. Farther, Madam, it is great in you
‘ rather to make a Gentleman’s Fortune, than
‘ to throw your Store into the full Tide of ano-
‘ ther’s, who, therefore, has no Reason to think it
‘ an Obligation. I confess, there are very few of
‘ your Sex, with whom these Motives will be of
‘ any Force ; but it is because extreamly few of
‘ them conduct their Resolves by right Reason,
‘ and therefore very few make themselves happy
‘ with all their Wealth. I have but two Obje-
‘ ctions more to bring this long Letter to a Con-
‘ clusion. The first is, that you have no Thoughts
‘ of Marriage; the second, that if you have, you
‘ know how to dispose of your Person, and For-
‘ tune to your Satisfaction, without any intru-
‘ ding Advice. As to not marrying at all, that
‘ would be inexcusable.—A Widow indeed may
‘ be allow’d to suffer a while, the Addresses of
‘ the Fortune-Hunters of the Town; the Odness
‘ of their Tempers, Qualities, Court, and Pre-
‘ tensions may be an entertaining Comedy for a
‘ few Months, but to do so always shows a very
‘ ill Taste of Life. You may be sure, Madam, you
‘ will be perpetually teiz’d with some Coxcomb,
‘ or other, ’till you resolve on a Retreat to some
‘ happy *one* Man to the Exclusion of all the rest.
‘ You ought therefore to marry in your own De-
‘ fence, that you may get rid of that Train of
‘ Knaves, and Fools, whose Hopes, and Desires
‘ not suffering them to rest, revenge their own
‘ Disquiet by interrupting the Repose of other
‘ People .

‘ People. Against this Impertinence Marriage is
 ‘ your only Refuge, or a *Nunnery*; but that is a
 ‘ Remedy worfe, than the Disease, since the Im-
 ‘ pertinence of another Sex is always more to-
 ‘ lerable, than that of our own,

‘ IN short, there are a thousand Troubles you
‘ escape, and a thousand Benefits you enjoy by a
‘ Partner in your Bed, and Heart, in your Joys,
‘ and Concerns, which a single Life can never
‘ afford; these and other Advantages of Wed-
‘ lock are so evident, that you will certainly
‘ marry one Time or other. As to the bestowing
‘ your self to your Satisfaction, ’tis certain, that
‘ every Woman does so when free in her Choice.
‘ But if she obeys her Fancy more, than her Rea-
‘ son, her Satisfaction ends where it should be-
‘ gin, and one Month is the Extent of its Dura-
‘ tion. In fine, Madam, if you can bestow your
‘ self more to your Satisfaction, than by making
‘ a Man owe his Fortune, and Happiness to you,
‘ and one that must always be sensible of, and
‘ grateful for it, then I must have no Hopes;
‘ but if on Tryal you find you can’t, then I am at
‘ your Service and Command, who am, Madam,
Yours, *Incognito*.

HAVING read this Letter over two or three Times, I confess I had Curiosity enough to desire to see the Person, who had made so peculiar an Address ; so in a few Days I resolv'd in Answer to send him an Invitation to my
D 4 House,

House, which he comply'd with the following Day. I must own to you I was very much disappointed at his Appearance, having form'd my *Idea* of him from my Desires, for there I had given him the Beauties of *Adonis*, and the Wit of *Mercury*, or *Apollo* ; but when I saw him, tho' he had the Face and Mien of a Gentleman, yet I perceiv'd, that he was past that agreeable Vigour of Youth, which is so pleasing to a Lady in her Lover.

THE first Conversation made but little Impression on my Heart, for a modest Confusion had perverted his Understanding, and render'd his Address not so sprightly, as I expected from a Man of Wit. But by a frequent Repetition of his Visits, and the Freedom, which that produc'd, I found that good Sense, and good Humour, which only could make a Woman happy. He frankly own'd his low precarious Fortune, and sufficiently demonstrated the Advantage I might find in making him Master of mine. I was indeed sensible, that mine was sufficient to furnish not only the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life, but even the Superfluities ; and I consider'd, that all the Wealth in the World could not add to my Enjoyments ; I remember'd that he was a Gentleman, and a Man of Sense, and Learning, and so Master of every Thing, that could assure me of a delightful, and happy Life. Thus being pleas'd with his Conversation, and not disliking his Person I bestow'd my self.

self, and my Fortune upon him. Nor have I yet had any Cause to repent of my Choice, whilst a Fidelity in his Passion, and Gratitude in his Conduct makes me find my self every Day happier, than the former. 'Tis true, if a Woman will blindly raise her Foot-man, or Coach-man, a Sharper, or a Fool to her Bed, she must expect to be as miserable, as the greatest Lord can make her. But if she marry a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Man of true Sense, and be her self Mistress of any Temper, she cannot be unhappy.

HERE the pretty Lady made an End extremely to my Satisfaction, to find a Woman, nay and a Widow too, once in the right. But I soon found she had not spoke so much to the Satisfaction of the rest of the Company. For the Lady who had so freely declar'd for the tricking of Men heard her out with no little Impatience, and Indignation, and she had scarce done, when she resum'd her Discourse in this Manner.

‘ YOUR Fate, Madam, is very singular both
‘ in the Cause, and Event : But there is no gene-
‘ ral Rule to be drawn from particular Instances.
‘ It is very certain, that the State of *Man*, and
‘ *Woman* in Regard of each other, is a *State of*
‘ *War*, and *Stratagem*. And Deceit is more ne-
‘ cessary, than Valour in this *Warfare* ; and she,
‘ who entertains any generous Sentiments in
‘ this Campaign, may soon find the Ravages of a
‘ merciless

‘merciless Conqueror, but never the Pleasure,
‘and Blessings of a triumphant, and victorious
‘Success. The *Day-Dreams* of young Love-sick
‘Maids drawn from the Fumes of foolish Ro-
‘mances, or the Whimsies of crack-brain’d Po-
‘ets, serve only like *Ignes fatui* to lead them in-
‘to Bogs, and Quagmires, where they must cer-
‘tainly sink, and perish without Pity or Relief.

‘*MAN*, therefore, ought to find no more
‘Quarter, than he gives; and *Woman* ought to
‘make a Prey of that proud Animal, that aims
‘at so unbounded, unreasonable, and despotick
‘a Tyranny over her, as to make no Scruple
‘of sacrificing her Life, and her Happiness to
‘his own Will, and Pleasure. Tho’, Madam,
‘it was your extraordinary Chance to stumble
‘on a Felicity, which you could not reasona-
‘bly promise your self, it was so much more
‘owing to Fortune, than your Conduct, that
‘I think the Example rather worthy of Admi-
‘ration, than Imitation. I am of Opinion, that
‘*Tarquinta Lachetti* of *Florence* ought rather to
‘be follow’d by all prudent Ladies, who never
‘had any Regard to *Man*, but as it answer’d ei-
‘ther her Pleasure, or Profit.

C H A P. V.

The History of Tarquinia Lachetti of Florence, her mean Birth, her Rise, the several Tricks she play'd her Husbands, and her Death. The young Lady's Doubts about marrying remov'd by an old Widow, in the History of Lauretta. An Invective against Man, which concludes the Widow's Visiting-Day.

THIS great *Heroine* was like *Tamerlane* and *Arsaces*, the Off-spring of a Shepherd; and being at fourteen advanc'd into the Family of her Father's Master, she soon from the lowest Menial found Admission to his Bed. Tho' she had Beauty, and Cunning enough, yet she was not on a Bottom to capitulate, but surrender'd on his Summons at Discretion. She had so much Cunning as never to propose Marriage, since in all Probability, that would have rebated the Edge of her Master's Appetite, being without it sufficiently secure of her Expectations by her artful Address, and her sedulous Care of finding out, and soothing his Humour with so agreeable a Flattery, as bound him in surer Chains to her *Will*, than those of the Priest ever proves in *Italy*. He was old, and a Widower, and therefore a profess'd Enemy of Wedlock; the very Name of it had been sufficient to disgust him in the Height of his Desires, and Enjoyment. But *Tarquinia* took
Care

Care not to give him any Disquiet on that Article, by which she insinuated her self into his Affections so strongly, that her Sway in all Things was far more absolute, than that of any Wife : So that on his Death she had in her Possession not only his Plate and Money, which was considerable, but great Numbers of rich Jewels, which yet his Heirs, and Relations pretended to wrest from her : To which End immediately after his Death, they clapp'd her up in Prison for the Theft ; and got from her the Plate by Way of Composition ; the whole being mark'd, with his Arms, afforded a sufficient Proof of its Owner. But her Adversaries not being able to prove any more upon her, she was set at Liberty ; and soon shifted the Scene of her Affairs from the Country, where hitherto she had liv'd, to *Florence the Fair*.

THERE she soon set up a pretty tolerable Equipage, and made so considerable a Figure, that by it she easily convey'd herself to the Assemblies, which are there very common, nay almost every Evening, where the promiscuous Company consists of Men, and Women, that spend some Time in Play, and Conversation, in both which *Tarquinia*, being of a ready Wit, soon arriv'd at Perfection.

IN these Assemblies, it was, that she met with *Antonio Lachetti*, a Relation of her *Quondam Master's*, whose Character she was perfectly
ly

ly acquainted with, tho' neither knew the Person of the other. He was so taken with her Figure, and her Conversation, that after some Weeks Addresses he prevail'd with her to accept him for a Husband. He was a Man of a good Family (which was her chief Motive to the Match) a tolerable Fortune, and a Person not at all to be despis'd ; but having travell'd in *England*, and *Germany*, he had there learn'd to be an entire Devote to the Bottle. Thus qualify'd before Marriage, she had the Address afterwards to govern him absolutely, and to make him stand in Awe of her Frowns. As *Antonio* had nothing shocking either in his Person, or Conversation, so he was a Stranger to those Charms, which are capable of gaining, and retaining a Heart ; and *Tarquinia*, who marry'd him only for her own Convenience, took Care not to lose the Advantage, she had obtain'd ; especially in indulging that amorous Temper, which was so much a Part of her Nature.

AFTER the Caresses of many a young vigorous Lover, whom she either dispatch'd, or discarded, as was consistent with her Reputation, or her Pleasure, she fell into a more, than ordinary League with *Hostasio Poletano*, an accomplish'd young Gentleman of about twenty six. After many happy Days, and Nights, they were one Evening both in her Bed full of Desire, and Pleasure, when *Antonio* her Husband return'd from an *English* Merchant's full laden
with

with Love, and with Wine ; drawing Courage from his Liquor, he was resolv'd to venture to Bed with his Lady without her Permission, or asking her Leave. And full of this Design mounts up Stairs to her Door ; where as soon as she heard him she leap'd out of Bed from her Gallant ; and even in her Shift forbid his Entrance. Wine having supply'd, that Valour, which sober he generally wanted, all, she could do, could not prevail with him to go up to the Garret, his ordinary Bed-Chamber, nor into any other Apartment ; nay he grows outrageous, upbraids her with Adultery ; that she had her Gallant in Bed with her ; that having made an Example of the Rogue, he would inflict such a Punishment on her, as her Crime is commonly judg'd to deserve.

HAD he been as strong in his Hands, and Legs, as in his Tongue, he might perhaps have put his Threats in Execution ; but she full of Terror and Surprize, giving him a sudden Push, threw him over the Rails down the Well of the Stair-Case. Which Fall made a Fracture in his Skull, and broke one of his Thighs, and one of his Arms. He is taken up, she runs down half naked all in Tears, and full of Cries, and Lamentations ; she complains of her Misfortune, rails at the Servants for letting him go up alone in that Condition, since had any one been with him he might have escap'd so dismal a Catastrophe.

IN

IN short he dy'd in three Days, was decently interr'd, and left her the Reputation of a much greater Fortune, than she was really Mistress of. For most of his Estate went to his Family, and that little ready Money, that his Extravagance and hers had not consum'd, was not sufficient, without parting with her Jewels, to hold up that Port, which she had hitherto maintain'd. By the Help, therefore of *Hostasio*, she made several Bonds, and Bills of Exchange, Certificates of considerable Stock in the Banks of *Genoa*, and *Venice*, with so much Art, as to confound the Comparison of the *Counterfeit*, and the *Real*. Setting up with this Fund of Wealth, and a much greater in Hypocrisy, she made her self a Devote to the Religious Orders, flattering their Avarice with Hopes of a Share in her Fortune, which with the Industry of *Hostasio* soon brought her Abundance of Pretenders.

AMONG the rest there was a rich old Merchant of *Leghorn*; who not content with that Plenty, which he already ow'd to blind Fortune, must needs in the very Winter of his Age tempt her in Matrimony. It was neither his Person, nor his Sense, that prevail'd, but the great Stock of ready Money, which he was said always to have by him. By the artful Management of *Hostasio*, and the covetous Hopes of the Fryars, whose zealous Devote she appear'd, she gains the old Merchant, marries him,

him, delivers up her Bills, Bonds, and Titles to her Stock in the Banks of *Venice*, and *Genoa*.

WHILE her Husband was gone to *Leghorn* to take Care of his Affairs, and dispatch'd his Bills to the other Places, *Hostasio* and *Tarquinia* knowing this to be the only white Spot of their Fortune, and the only Time of escaping a Discovery, which could have no prosperous Event ; gets all her Jewels, all those of her Husband's, with several Bags of Gold, and take their Way from *Florence* to *Genoa* ; where being arriv'd, they hir'd a *Felucca* to pass thence to *Marseilles* with the Booty ; but a Tempest rising dash'd their Boat to Pieces, *Tarquinia* perishing in the Place, while *Hostasio*, and some of the Crew swam to Shore. So fell the illustrious *Tarquinia*, who had she liv'd, would, I dare believe, have reveng'd all Woman-kind on the proud imperious Sex.

‘ I CONFESS (said the youngest of all,
‘ when this Lady had done) what I have
‘ heard gives me Abundance of Pain ; for if
‘ to live an old Maid be so infamous, that we
‘ all naturally, and generally, abhor it ; and
‘ to be marry'd gives a Necessity of such Mis-
‘ chiefs, and such dishonourable Stratagems,
‘ and Tricks, I am in a very solicitous Sus-
‘ pense to know what to do with my self. A
‘ Husband I must own would be extreamly
‘ agreeable

‘ agreeable to me, were he always what he
‘ seems when a Lover; but when all you
‘ Ladies have more, than once experienc’d
‘ the sudden Change of that Appearance, the
‘ odious State of an old Maid seems to be the
‘ more eligible Condition. Especially since
‘ the Infamy of that may not only be taken
‘ away, but even sanctify’d into Veneration
‘ by a Nunnery. ’Tis true I must own, that
‘ I do not find within me any of those frozen,
‘ or seraphic Notions, which should invite
‘ me to a State so recluse; but do now and
‘ then feel some tender and warm Desires for
‘ that Society with Man, which Nature or-
‘ dain’d; but since the frail Sweets are blended
‘ with so much Gall, I think I shall resolve
‘ to hazard the tedious Solitude of a Con-
‘ vent.

‘ THE best Advice, that I can give you
‘ (reply’d one of the elderly Ladies) is to
‘ follow the Example of a young Lady of this
‘ City, who being my near Relation, and par-
‘ ticular Favourite, I am particularly acquain-
‘ ted with all her Affairs, in which she gene-
‘ rally took my Advice. We will call her
‘ here *Lauretta*, for the better telling her Sto-
‘ ry, at the same Time that Decency obliges us
‘ to conceal her real Name.

LAURETTA was now about twenty, and
tho’ from fifteen Mistress of a tolerable Fortune,
E yet

yet the hard Fate of her Acquaintance had struck such a Dread into her of being that Slave call'd a Wife, that 'till these Years she continu'd a Maid. But finding her Years come on apace, and the *old Maid* staring her every Day more grimly in the Face, and yet unwilling to retreat to a *Nunnery*, she in Despair ventur'd to marry a rich, doating old Fellow, whose Age promis'd her a speedy Release from her Slavery.

THIS old *Guido* (for that was his Name) was strangely fickle in his Temper, starting frequently from one Extream to another. For sometimes he would be extreamly fond of *Lauretta*, settling on her his whole Fortune on his Death, and persecuting her with an awkward Expression of a nauseous Tendernefs: And then on a sudden he would fly into the Height of Jealousy, in whose Dominion he constantly destroy'd, what he had done in his Dotage. Tho' he was old, paralytick, peevish, ill-natur'd, and jealous, yet the last, tho' the most teizing in its Turn, yet was more agreeable to her far than his Embraces, which brought all his Defects to so near a View, that she seem'd to embrace a Charnel-House in her Arms, which the cadaverous Scent that arose from his putrid Carcass confirm'd, at the Expence almost of her Health and Repose. These cleaving Mischiefs were remov'd to a Distance by his jealous Fits, of which nothing was intolerable

tolerable but her Confinement, which was so severe as to be lock'd up so close, as not to see much of Day-Light for a Fortnight together, nor receive any Sustenance but from the Hands of so disagreeable and cruel a Goaler. But what added to her Uneasiness were her Fears lest *Guido* should die in one of these sudden, and ill-natur'd Resentments, and so disappoint her Hopes and Desires of a rich, and affluent Liberty.

SOME Days before the Return of his amorous Fondness, she was permitted the Freedom of the upper Part of the House, which was every Day increas'd 'till she came down to his Table, and so to his Bed. After this, his Tenderness increas'd for two or three Days, 'till now arriv'd to the Zenith of his Fondness, and Dotage, he renew'd that Settlement, which his next Relapse was sure to destroy. She, therefore, resolv'd to put an End to such Terrors, and deliver her self at once from those Severities, and more odious, and disgusting Persecutions of an enervate, and impotent Passion, that had now quite tir'd her Patience, and damn'd up that Current of Pleasure, which her Constitution naturally requir'd.

IN one of his indulgent Moods, she prevail'd with him for Leave to go to Church, which Opportunity she so dexterously improv'd, as to procure a gentle Dose, that would

decently dismiss him from an Office he could so ill perform, and secure her the Fund of Pleasure, which she could never hope for while he liv'd. The Dose she convey'd with such Art, as to avoid all Suspicion, and her Zeal in his sudden Illness confirm'd her Interest by getting a Bequest of all he had, while he retir'd from the balmy Bosom of *Lauretta*, which he had so unjustly usurp'd, to the *Grave*, whose Right, extream old Age, and Multiplicity of Infirmities had long since made him.

THE Formalities of the Mourning being over, she soon grew the gayest Lady of *Naples*; and took up a Resolution to revenge herself on every one of the Male-Sex, that came into her Power, except such as being consecrated to Heaven, were sacred to her Pleasure.

SHE was a mighty *Fille Devote* of the *Jesuits*, among whom she had cast her Eye on a rosy young Father, and in Confession acquainted him with her Inclination for him. The good Father, happening not to be over-mortify'd in the mid'st of Plenty, and Ease, with no great Difficulty, or any unreasonable Scruples, assur'd her of his immediate Endeavours to do Justice to her Passion. I confess, I do not believe, that *Lauretta*, was not carry'd to her Choice of this Father before any
of

of the Lay-men, who had offer'd their Vows without any Return: But that she thought, with a great deal of Reason, that her Fame, and Reputation was a great deal more secure in the Favours she granted to a *Jesuit*, than if they had been allow'd to a *Lay-man*.

HAVING this private Resourse of secret Pleasures, she gave a Loose to her beloved Coquetry in its utmost Extent. She would make all the Advances, that could exalt Hope into Assurance, and keep it still on the Rack without any substantial Compliance. This rais'd the Opinion not only of her Beauty, but her Vertue, and the Opinion of the later frequently produces more Attempts, than the most exquisite Charms of the Person, *so much more Satisfaction do Men take in the Mischief, than in the Pleasure.*

THUS she liv'd admir'd, belov'd, and pursu'd by all Men, but yielded to none; Mistress of her own Liberty, and Delights, which she ever freely indulg'd, but not with the Men of this World, but with whatever good Father of the *Jesuits*, her Fancy or Appetite requir'd. And for the good Services of that Order in her amorous Affairs, she left her whole Fortune, without any Regard to her Relations, to their College on her Death; and is in a fair Way of being a Saint, if the Charge of the Canonization be not an Obsta-

cle, that the Society may not think worth their while to break through.

‘ I AM thinking (assum’d another grave
‘ Lady, finding the former had done) that
‘ after all there is nothing so pernicious to a
‘ *Woman*, as any Inclination at all to a *Man*.
‘ ’Tis visible to me, that *Tarquinius* ow’d the
‘ Loss of her Triumph for all the Victories
‘ gain’d over the Sex to her Dotage on *Hosta-*
‘ *sio*. For had she delay’d her Flight ’till her
‘ Husband had been undeceiv’d about her For-
‘ tune, it is more than probable, that her
‘ Husband would for the Sake of his own Re-
‘ putation have smother’d the Disappointment,
‘ and given her Time by her fine Arts to have
‘ made him her Slave; or he would certainly
‘ have hang’d himself on the Defeat of his
‘ avaricious Hopes. For we frequently find
‘ the Disappointments in Avarice, as fatal, as
‘ those in Love, and then she would at least have
‘ had an Opportunity of securing good Part of
‘ his Wealth; and of extending her Prowess
‘ to more of the Sex. But her Dotage on
‘ *Hostasio* at once put an End to her Life, and
‘ her Glory. Let me, therefore, advise you,
‘ young Ladies, never to value Mankind, but
‘ as they contribute to your Interest, or your
‘ Pleasure, both which will be heighten’d by
‘ Variety more, than by fixing your Thoughts
‘ upon One.

THIS

THIS pious Harangue finish'd the Tattle of these reverend Ladies, and had I had Hands I should have bless'd my self from the whole Sex, but especially from Widows, whom I have ever since look'd upon, as the Crocodile, the Hyæna, the Scylla, and Charibdis of those unhappy Men, who venture out into the stormy, and rocky Seas of Matrimony; and I have ever since put it into my Litany, from Widows and deadly Sin, good Lord deliver me.

THE Hours growing late, but not their Tongues weary, they took their Leaves of the Lady of the House, who had all the while given them patient Hearing, without interrupting their Discourse by either Story, or Remark. As far as I could discover through all my Canine Travels, I could never find a Woman free from the Influence of some violent Passion, which govern'd her Actions. If she was not amorous (which some few may not be) she was cruel, revengeful, avaricious, superstitious, proud, vain, or the like. Thus the Constitution of the Lady of the House was not so prone to Love, as most of her Sex; but then she was cruel, implacable, jealous, and revengeful, as will plainly appear from the Sequel of her Story.

C H A P. VI.

The Attempt of Father Ignatio, a Jesuit, to ravish Renate, Fantasio's Mistress, and how he deliver'd her in the Minute of Distress. The tragical Jealousy, and Avarice of Renate, with her murdering her Husband Julio's Sister in a barbarous Manner, poisoning her Husband, the Doctor, that help'd her to the Poyson, and his Wife, &c. with her terrible Punishment on the Discovery.

THE Visitors were no sooner retir'd, but the Veil was thrown off, and discover'd a Face, if not the finest that ever was seen, yet, adorn'd with those Charms, that might justify a Flame in any Beholder. There was however something fullen in her Countenance, and a Promise of that Violence of Temper in Jealousy, and Revenge, of which I was afterwards an uneasy Spectator. The Veil being off, I could not find, that her imaginary Grief had left any Footsteps in her Face, where all was serene, and easy.

SHE almost stumbled over me before she saw me; but then not a little pleas'd with the accidental Treasure (for Women have a strange Inclination to Dogs) taking me in
her

her Lap she exprest her Satisfaction in my Beauty and Figure, which shew'd me to be a Dog of no mean Consideration. She caus'd me, according to my Wishes, to be plentifully fed with the best Victuals in the House, and the clearest Beveridge her Servants could get. Having satisfy'd the importuning Desires of my Appetite, I pay'd my Acknowledgments by the licking her Hands, and Face, and frisking my Tail, and all Manner of Dog-like Expressions of Gratitude ; a Vertue something peculiar to that Animal ; and which I found my self so much partake of, that I from that Moment took an inviolable Love for my Mistress, and Benefactress. She pleas'd with my Fondness, to make my Quarters the more agreeable took me to her own Bed, and lodg'd me in her own snowy Bosom ; where the Charms were so strong, as to make me wish, that *Biancha* had transform'd me into some Shape more proportion'd to my amorous Desires.

THE Morning being come, the fair *Renate* rose like a *Venus* from her Bed of Snow, discovering a Skin more white, and Beauties sufficient to charm another *Mars*. Soon after she was up, her Maid brought her Word, that Father *Ignatio* was below, and desir'd to speak with her. The Father (by his Coat) was a privileg'd Man, and was admitted without those Formalities, that had
been

been observ'd to the Ladies the Night before.

DINNER not yet being ready, the good Father was unwilling to lose this Opportunity of being alone with her in her Bed-Chamber. Being therefore sat down by her, he address'd himself to her in a most Cavalier Manner ; protested, that he had been long in Love with her before her Husband dy'd ; who being so near a Relation, and so great a Friend to the Order, he had with a great deal of Difficulty curb'd his Inclinations : But that since her Widowhood the Flame was grown so strong, that it could only be quench'd in her Arms, which she might permit, now she was Mistress of herself without Injury to any one ; that she had no Reason to be averse to Pleasure, when in his Character she was secure of her Reputation, with which Advantage she might continue the Intrigue, as long as she pleas'd.

S H E seem'd extreamly surpriz'd at the impudent Declaration, and Address, and began to move towards the next Room, for Fear the Place, and his Lust should inspire some Rudeness, which she was not willing to experience. But he stopp'd her by Force throwing his Arms about her, and embracing her with all the Ardour of eager Desire ; he drew her by Degrees still nearer the Bed,
not

not without much struggling on her Side ; but finding him too strong for her, she desir'd a Parley, demanded her Liberty in disposing of herself, with less Guilt, and Impiety, than by prostituting herself to a Church-man, who had made a solemn Vow of Chastity.

THIS was talking to the Seas, and Winds, his Appetite was too strong to admit of a Repulse. But to calm her Scruples, and as far as possible to comply with her Desire, he gave her a few Minutes Respite to hear his Justification. But to secure her from Flight he plac'd her in his Lap, and himself on the Bed-side, with his Arms fast lock'd about her Waste.

‘ WERE the Action (said he) I persist to
‘ commit an Evil, yet you might commit the
‘ Deed without Fear, since you should soon
‘ receive an easy Absolution for the agreeable
‘ Transgression ; for *Mariana*, and *Suarez*,
‘ and the greatest Doctors of our Order agree,
‘ that you may do Evil, that Good may come
‘ of it. But where the Ill is in this I cannot
‘ conceive : We are both single Persons,
‘ and at our own Dispose in the Pleasures,
‘ and Actions of the Body. But the Good
‘ you would do, in a gentle Compliance, is
‘ manifest as the Sun, by easing the Pangs of
‘ an unhappy Passion, that takes up all my
‘ Thoughts, and renders me unfit for all the
‘ Functions

‘ Functions of my Order. The *Good* being
‘ thus plain, and the Evil so uncertain, and
‘ so easily redress’d if real, I can by no Means
‘ discover any Shadow of Pretence for your
‘ Scruples. *All human* Actions are in them-
‘ selves *indifferent*, and only receive the Marks
‘ of *Good*, or Evil from the End they are di-
‘ rected to. This is evident from the Scri-
‘ ptures, and the Practice of our *holy Church*.
‘ Murder was a Merit in *Judith* and *Jael*,
‘ tho’ attended with an inhospitable Treache-
‘ ry. Revenge was Piety in the Brothers of
‘ *Dinah*. Dissimulation, or in plain Terms a
‘ Lye was Prudence in *Abraham*, *David*, and
‘ *St. Paul*. Thus Theft in the Children of
‘ *Israel* before their Departure out of *Ægypt* ;
‘ because all done *for the greater Glory of God*
‘ in the Service, and Support of his Church,
‘ his People, or his Priests. Thus tho’ every
‘ Man has a natural Right to Liberty in his
‘ Conscience, yet the Church has establish’d an
‘ Inquisition to destroy that natural Right, be-
‘ cause it would be detrimental to the Church,
‘ the main Pillars of which are our Order ;
‘ which makes every Thing, that is done for
‘ the Pleasure or Service of *that*, or any
‘ Member of it not only highly innocent ,
‘ but meritorious. Thus all, that is given to
‘ us is turn’d into fine Churches, magnificent
‘ Altars, and an Abundance of learned Men.
‘ And when the *Fille Devotes* of our Order
‘ oblige us in this, or any other Way, all is
‘ done

‘ done with that Decency, Decorum, and
‘ good Manners, that Scandal can never en-
‘ sue to either Party. For we are reasonably
‘ indulg’d the private Gratification of human
‘ Frailties, provided we avoid the Scandal,
‘ which alone is the Crime in all Affairs of
‘ this Nature. For how in Reason can the
‘ Thing it self be a Crime, to which Nature,
‘ and the Cause of Nature has annex’d such a
‘ Pleasure ?

‘ THEN throwing her down, — resist no
‘ more (continu’d he) in vain, for if you
‘ strike me you are excommunicated, an Evil
‘ far greater, than what you pretend to avoid ;
‘ and all other Struggling will but heighten
‘ the Pleasure of the rapturous Victory.

THE Lady unmov’d by all his prophane
and impious Sophistry, not only struggled
with him with all her Force, and Strength,
but scratch’d his Face, and beat him with
her lovely Hands with all her weak Power ;
but as often, as she endeavour’d to cry out
he smother’d her Voice with Kisses, and had
now so far vanquish’d her, that her Strength
being spent, her Resistance was weak, and he
almost in the guilty Possession of a Happiness,
which she could scarce any longer with-hold
from his Violence.

I PITY'D my Lady, and was in full Indignation at the Priest, but in my present State knew not how to bring her Relief. To call the Servants was impossible, I wanted Means to convey my Complaint, as well as Time. But taking the only Course Necessity had left me, I exerted my Force, and before he was absolute Master of his Wishes, I leap'd at the Calves of his Legs, and fix'd my Teeth so eagerly in them, that I hung down by them, 'till the Pain made him start from the Rape, and so give Liberty to my Mistress to run immediately into the next Room. Unsatisfy'd with preventing the Mischief, I was bent on a proportionable Revenge ; for as soon as he turn'd about on the Assault I seiz'd on a more tender, and dangerous Part, not without the desir'd Effect, having left the Impression of my Teeth, where it could not be so easily, and secretly cur'd. The Agony of the Pain, and the Danger of the Wound, made the good Father hurry away without much Excuse to the Lady for the insolent Attempt. Order was given never more to admit either him, or any one of his Order into the House ; while I was caress'd in her yet trembling Arms, with no small Satisfaction, as her wonderful Deliverer.

THIS unhappy Catastrophe of the good Father's Amour, alarm'd the *Society* with Fears of some publick Discourse. They, therefore, with

with much ado, and by the Means of a Favourite Maid (for in *Naples* the *Jesuits* have a mighty Power over all Servants) they obtain'd Admission for a reverend, grave old Father of the Order, who pretended to come from *Ignazio* to beg her Pardon, without which he could not die, as he suddenly expected, in Safety and Peace ; desiring her, in his Name, to impute the Looseness of his Arguments to the blind Prevalence of his wicked Passion, of which he seriously, and in Floods of Tears had now repented. To this were added many other Innuendo's, that Regard was to be had to the Order, which ought not to be condemn'd for the Folly, or Vice of any particular Member, and was too eminent really to suffer by the Tongue of any one Lady ; that want of Silence in the Misfortune of the Penitent would redound more to her Disadvantage, than his.

THE fair *Renate* was indeed too bigotted to the Order, to retain any Resentment against the Father on so plausible a Submission, and Acknowledgment of his Error, which was facilitated by the natural Pride of the Sex, in finding so extraordinary an Effect of her Beauty, as to pervert the Religious themselves. For tho' a Woman like not the Man, she never is really angry at the Passion ; or can long retain an Aversion to him for its most violent and impudent Efforts.

THO'

THO' this Lady was not naturally amorous, yet when she took an Affection to any Particular, it seem'd, by the Event to be very unruly, and subject to rise up to strong, and dangerous Jealousies. It happen'd, that *Fulio* the Son of *Guido Imperiale* was recommended to her for a Husband, and was introduced with so much Advantage, that he in a little Time prevail'd on her Heart, and over her Liberty ; if I may say so of her marrying a Man, who left her not only Mistress of her own Actions, but even of his. But his Fondness, and Indulgence was so far from hindering his unfortunate End, that they furnish'd the Means of her implacable Revenge, and all those Murders, that ensu'd, 'till they brought her to an ignominious Fate.

TO give a true Narrative of the Matter, it is necessary, that I go back to the Family of her Husband, from whence indeed sprung the unhappy Occasion of these Tragedies.

GUIDO, the Father of *Fulio* her Husband, was a Man of an obstinate Temper, and of no Principles of Religion, or Humanity. His Affairs call'd him away to *Spain* when his Lady was big with Child; but having a mortal Aversion to Female Children he order'd her, if she brought forth a Girl, to send it away far from that Country, if she could not destroy it with Convenience, and Safety. He lay'd this Injunction

junction with such Earnestness, and so many Imprecations, that his Wife was too much afraid of his Anger not to obey him in some Measure. For being deliver'd of a Daughter, she sent her to an old Tenant of her Mother's, giving the Child in Charge to her with sufficient to maintain it 'till a farther Opportunity. On her Husband's Return to prevent his Enquiry she told him, that she had indeed brought forth a Daughter, but that it dy'd in a Week, and was bury'd in the Parish-Church, where she had indeed taken Care, that a Coffin should be bury'd as if it had really contain'd a dead Infant.

THE Years passing over, she was now arriv'd to a marriagable Age, and a very large Share of Innocence, and Beauty. But the Mother unable to marry her according to her Birth, she was oblig'd to impart the Secret to her Son. He knowing his Father's implacable Temper took Care to conceal it, and covering over the Piety of a Son, and the Love of a Brother, with the Pretence of meer Charity he takes his Sister Home as an Orphan without Father, or Mother ; and at last out of his own Pocket gave her a Fortune, and marries her to a particular Friend of his own.

BUT tho' all this was perform'd with the utmost Holiness, and Piety, yet it could not escape the malevolent Aspect of Fortune : by
F whose

whose accursed Influence an unlucky and fatal Jealousy invaded the peaceful Mansion of the innocent *Julio*. The Secret of that Tenderness, and Intimacy betwixt *Julio*, and her being unknown to his Wife, it gave Rise to her suspecting her as the Rival of her Bed, and that being fix'd in her Imagination, it was no Wonder, that a Woman of so impetuous a Temper should first hate her, and then contrive her Ruin in those Snares, her Revenge had lay'd for her Life ; which she effected in this Manner.

HAVING stolen her Husband's Signet, she retires to a little *Villa* that she had about half a Mile from *Naples* ; and thence immediately sent to her suspected Rival, a Servant too faithful to his Mistress, and deserving no Reward for a Fidelity so criminal. This Servant was to tell her, that *Julio* being gone to his *Villa* desired her Company without any one with her. That there might be no Scruple to hinder her going, he gave her the Signet, his Mistress had stolen from his Master, which added Force, and Faith to his Words. She paying a just Deference to her Brother's Commands, went to the *Villa* alone, as she suppos'd, that her Brother had order'd her.

BEING thus betray'd into a Snare so unexpected, the furious Wife commands her to be stripp'd, and whipp'd in a cruel and barbarous

rous Manner ; tho' she all the while cry'd out, that she was his own Sister, and therefore there was no just Ground of a Jealousy so enrag'd, as she express'd. But she incredulous of all she could say, as if a common, or lame Excuse, thrust a burning Spit up her Body, and so she expir'd. A Barbarity so inhuman gave me an Aversion to my Mistress, and made me wish for a lucky Opportunity of escaping the House of Wickedness in Extream.

THE Husband coming by Chance into the *Villa*, found his unhappy Sister thus wretchedly dying by the Hands of a Woman. he lov'd more, than Life ; and whom he could not accuse, tho' Justice, and Reason so loudly call'd on him for Revenge. In this Agony he fell into a Fever, and unable to remove, he there took his Bed ; while his Sister was by his guilty Wife privately bury'd.

THE Wife pretending Sorrow for her fatal Mistake was assiduous at his Bed, and that nothing might be wanting advis'd a Physician. But she having now pass'd the Boundaries of Vertue, and enter'd the horrid Confines of Murder, thought herself not safe but by committing new. She had therefore taken Care to poyson the Servant, who only was Witness of her Crime ; and now had made an Agreement with a Doctor of a scandalous Principle, tho' tolerable Reputation, for a thousand Crowns to bring

such a Potion, as should certainly, and speedily carry him out of the World. These Matters being thus agreed, the Physician pretends, that nothing would recover him but a *Nostrum* of his own, which he prepar'd with his own Hands. The Family being now present, with some Friends, and Relations, as the Doctor was just going to give the Patient the Dose before agreed on, the bold audacious Woman, that she might remove the Witnesses of her Guilt, and save the Money she had agreed to give him for his impious Service, stopping the Cup before all the Company deliver'd herself in this Manner.

‘ My dearest Husband (said she) shall not
‘ drink of this Potion, ’till you have drank a
‘ good Share of it your self, for how else should
‘ I know, whether it may not be a Poison in-
‘ stead of a Cordial. It can be no Offence to
‘ you, Sir, so good, and so learn’d a Man, as
‘ you are; if a religious and loving Wife sol-
‘ licitous about the Health of her Husband, ex-
‘ ercise a necessary Caution in Times so aban-
‘ don’d.

THE Physician perfectly surpriz’d at the Impudence of the Woman, and fearing any Concern should betray it self in his Countenance, having no Time to consider, and lest any Thought by his trembling should discover his Guilt, took a hearty Draught of the Potion; and after him *Fulio* made no Scruple to take off the rest. The
Doctor

Doctor would on this have made haste Home to have taken an Antidote to expel the Venom, but the Lady was too accomplish'd in her Impiety to do Mischief by Halves, and, therefore, would not let him stir from her, pretending that he should stay, and see the Operation of his Medicine ; but being tir'd with his Tears, and afraid of his Threats of discovering all, if she kept him any longer, she let him depart.

BUT the Poison by this Time having seiz'd on his Vitals, scarce drawing his Legs after him in a dying Condition he reach'd his own House, having scarce so much Life left, as to tell his Wife what had been done, and to give her his Order to demand of the Lady of *Imperiale* the Reward of this double Death of her Husband, and himself; and thus over-reach'd this worthy Physician went out of the World in a Vehicle of his own preparing. *Julio* soon had the same Fate, expiring in the Arms, and in the mid'st of the false Sighs, and Tears of his treacherous Wife.

THE Mourning for the Dead being now pretty well over, the Doctor's Wife comes for the Reward for the Death of both their Husbands. The Lady always of a Piece, and like her self, putting on a friendly Countenance made no Scruple of assuring her of the promis'd Reward, and provided she could help her to some more of that Portion to compleat the Business, she had but begun, she would double the Money. The Doctor's Wi-

F 3

dow,

slow, won by the Lady's cunning Arts, and hoping to ingratiate herself with a Lady of her Wealth and Interest, runs Home with all Speed, and brings her the whole Box of Poison. *Imperiale* having got these Materials, and Means of greater Mischiefs, stretch'd out her bloody Hands as far as Providence would suffer them to reach.

SHE had a little Daughter-in-Law, who by the Law would inherit her Husband's Estate, which on her Death was settled on her. The unfortunate Child was then at Home with her, and not yet remov'd by her Father's Relations, but thus defenceless expos'd to the Fury of an avaricious Woman, who had now thrown off all Thoughts of Heaven or Hell, or any Thing that stood betwixt her, and her covetous Desires.

TO exceed all cruel Mothers, as she had already all barbarous Wives, she went on in the same hellish Track she had enter'd. Having invited the Doctor's Widow to Dinner, with a Promise of paying her her Money, she poison'd both her and her Daughter with the same Dose. The Strength of the Poison immediately destroy'd the tender little Creature, but the Physician's Lady held it out something longer, yet feeling the Shock of her Spirits, and finding some Symptoms which confirm'd her Suspicion of what was done, taking her Leave of the Lady, she goes immediately to the House of the Judge, and chief Civil Magistrate, where by declaring

claring she had a strange Discovery to make, she soon got Admission to his Presence ; and having told the whole History of the bloody Deeds of my Lady, she fell down with a great Groan at the Magistrate's Feet, and striving yet to say more she expir'd in the very Act of Speaking. The Magistrate not suffering this Matter to lye neglected, immediately seizes her, and her Servants, and soon by the Question discover'd all her Villainy, and condemn'd her to a Punishment in some Proportion to her Crime, being to be broke on the Wheel, and there left without the *Coup de Grace*.

‘ THIS Lady confirm'd my Belief, that Women are not vertuous for Vertue's Sake, but shun a Vice, they take no Pleasure in, for the Pursuit of that, to which they are peculiarly devoted. Thus she could well resist the Assaults of Father *Ignatio* ; but not those of Revenge, and *Avarice*, to which the Sullenness of her Temper more naturally led her. But since neither Woman nor Man can be exempt from criminal Passions, those I should most esteem, and think even more innocent, whose Passions were less injurious, and less bloody ; and which bring none of these doleful Catastrophes, to which the cruel *Imperiale* was thus betray'd.

THE Jesuits made a double Use of this sad Event, underhand pressing on her Execution, and

openly caressing her 'till she came to the *Wheel*. By which they got of her to pray her Soul out of Purgatory some Jewels, and Bonds, which she had sav'd from the Seizure of the State. I must needs say, my Lady retain'd to her last a mighty Kindness for me, and with almost her last Breath recommended the Care of me to the holy Fathers. By which Means I then became a Member of the College of *Jesuits*, where the Provincial himself at that Time resided.

C H A P. VII.

Of Fantasio's being carry'd into the Jesuits College, and what Discoveries he made there. Of a blind Girl kept in Father Francisco's Chamber. The Invektive of an old Sodomitick Father against Women. The Story of the Philosopher Secundus, and his own Mother, &c. Father Francisco's Defence of the Fair Sex.

I CONFESS I was under no little Apprehension of my Life in the Hands of those Men, who were Brethren of the good Father *Ignatio*, whose frisking I had so valarously defeated and punish'd : Not doubting but those, who had so little Regard to Humanity in their Resentments against their Enemies of their own Kind, would have no Commiseration on an impudent Dog, that had not only spoil'd a good Father's Recreation for the present, but in all Probability put him

him past the like Sports for the future, and perhaps into the Hazard of his Life. But trusting to the uncommon Beauty, which *Biancha* had given me, and the greater Deference, I might hope, the good Fathers might pay to a Dog, than a Man, I submitted to be carry'd in the Arms of the Jesuit to his College, having seen my last Mistress all bruis'd, and broken to Pieces before we retir'd.

I WAS pretty well comforted, when I found I was to enter another College of the Society, and not the Residence of good Father *Ignatio*; where I found either no Knowledge, or else a total Oblivion of the Adventure. The Father soon carry'd me up to his Chambers, where I found a pretty young Girl in a Novice's Habit, but perfectly blind, and as ignorant of the Place of her Abode, as of Colours.

THIS Girl it seems had been a Beggar about the Streets, and expos'd to such Hardships of Necessity, which her Face did not merit, tho' it wanted those Lights of Beauty the Eyes. Father *Francisco* my present Master, had artfully contriv'd the Matter so, as to pick her up in the Night, and by round about Ways convey'd her into his College, and up to his Chamber without her knowing where she was. Her Condition was much alter'd for the better; she had good Food, and Wine, and the good Father's soft Bed, and his vigorous Embraces, instead of Poverty,

verty, and Want, and the hard Lodging of the open Streets, and the nerveless Careless of an half-starv'd Beggar.

HOW long she had been there I can't tell, having never heard them mention any Thing of the Matter ; but I found it had been long enough for the Jesuit to have gotten her with Child ; and being at a Nonplus what to do in this Matter, he resolv'd to consult with a Brother in Iniquity, in a Door or two of his own Chamber, to take his Advice for his Conduct in this ticklish Affair,

FRANCISCO had no sooner open'd his Case, but the old Fellow (whose Chamber we were in) very gravely rebuk'd him for a Folly so uncautious, in risking the Reputation of his College in so silly an Adventure. *Francisco* soon satisfy'd him, that she was blind, and knew not where she was, and that the only difficult Point, on which he recurr'd to his Advice, was to know how he should convey her away without a Discovery, since it was not very likely, that she would be willing to return to her former Condition, especially with the Addition of a Bastard within her.

‘ THOU Fool (said the old Fellow) what
‘ Need hadst thou of all this Hazard? ’Tis true
‘ we eat well, and drink well, and have a good
‘ Air, Appetite, and Digestion, and therefore it
‘ is

‘ is but natural to have some Inclinations, that
‘ are not easily remov’d, without some adequate
‘ Relief. But have we not many pretty young
‘ Novices of our Order, as charming as *Bathyl-*
‘ *lus*, *Alexis*, *Hylas*, or *Ganymede* himself, obe-
‘ dient to thy Will, and sequacious of your
‘ Touch? A Pleasure, *Francisco*, heighten’d by
‘ the Secrefy, and Freedom from *Scandal*,
‘ which, in the meer Frailties of Life, is the
‘ principal Part of the Guilt.

‘ I HAVE no manner of Guſto (interrupted
‘ Father *Francisco*) of that Sort of Amour;
‘ Nature fram’d ſoft, delicate Woman for the
‘ Satisfaction, as well as Cauſe of our Deſires.
‘ And how little ſoever you admit Religion into
‘ the Controverſy (which I know is like an A-
‘ pothecary’s Medicines for our Patients, call’d
‘ *Penitents*, not for our ſelves) yet Nature that
‘ has diſcover’d ſo much Wiſdom in the Forma-
‘ tion of all Things, and in its adapting each to
‘ its proper Uſe, ought certainly to ſway in theſe
‘ nearer Endearments of Pleaſure and Love, by
‘ which ſhe preſerves that Species, which ſhe
‘ had made.

‘ NO more of that Folly (ſaid the other,
‘ taking him up very warmly) name not *Woman*
‘ to me, I hate her; where Folly and Imperti-
‘ nence mix’d, make up the Feaſt, what Man of
‘ Senſe can have any Appetite? In my Pleaſures
‘ I would not conſeſe wholly with the Body,
‘ or

‘ or owe them intirely to that ; I would have
 ‘ some *Sense* to raise and heighten my *Gusto*,
 ‘ which a Fool must always rebate. But let
 ‘ me give thee a small Sketch of that silly Sex,
 ‘ and then see whether they are the proper Ob-
 ‘ jects of the Passion of a Man of Letters.

Against Women.

IGNORANCE is their universal Character-
 ristick, and seems fix’d on them by *Nature* it
 self ; for when any one of them aims at get-
 ting above the *common* Level, and is (for the
 foolish Experiment of their Parents) admitted
 to something of Letters, she finds them like
 strong Wine to a weak Head, for they intoxicate
 the poor Creatures in so wild a Manner, that
 their *Impertinence* is so far from being cur’d by
 their *Learning*, that it is heighten’d. It is hard
 to find *one* of the pretended learned Women of
 Antiquity, whose Follies, and Vices were not ad-
 vanc’d by their *Twilight* of Knowledge. If they
 have any Wit (that is Pertness and Repartee)
 it is but the Bawd to their Pleasures, and Prosti-
 tution ; or a Plague to all they converse with ;
 ’tis so overpois’d with *Affectation*, and *Vanity* ;
 that a Fool, that would be but silent is far the
 more desirable Companion.

BUT then take the *Gross*, the *whole Rabble*
 of the Sex, and all their Thoughts, like a
 Frippery-Shop, are full of nothing else but
 Ribbons,

Ribbons, or Cloath, of Dreffes, and Modes ; of Scandal and Calumny ; Luft, Pride, Avarice ; dear Intimacies for Moments, and Enmities for Ages.

BY a useful Hypocrify they throw behind the Curtain the Filth, and Uncleannefs of the Sex, and bring on the Stage the false Appearance of Neatnefs, heighten'd with all the Advantages of artificial Beauty, which furpizes the unguarded Hearts of their fond Adorers ; who muft deſpiſe the Idols, they worship, could they but ſee them in their natural State of Naſtinefs, in their Chambers, and Beds, unaffiſted by the Mil- liner, the Taylor, the Perfumer, the Pomatum, the Red, and White, and the reſt of the Female Armory, whence they borrow the Darts, that render them ſo formidable. There is nothing, that a Woman would not do to accompliſh her falacious Deſires, nor any Thing ſo abſurd, which ſhe would not endeavour to force on your Credulity either to conceal her Guilt, or promote her Pleaſures.

*No Mean in Things their furious Temper knows ;
With Rage their Love, with Rage their Hate
diſcloſe.*

IF ſhe finds any Coxcomb's Heart really engag'd by her imaginary Charms, ſhe grows vain and proud of the Conqueſt, which ſhe pretends not to know, ſhe has obtain'd ; with an
inſolent

insolent Pride of Cruelty avowing an Incredulity in her Lover's Passion, at the same Time, that it would be an unspeakable Mortification to her to suspect its Reality. As if all Women were *Circes* they all love to transform their Vassals into fawning Dogs, or bearing Asses, that they may the more passively bear the intolerable jilting of a Sex, fond of Empire, and incapable of distinguishing betwixt Worth, and Pretence, or ever preferr'd the first to the last.

TO fix her Dominion over that Fool, whom she appears to disdain, she puts on the Vizor of Severity, and Modesty, casting her Eyes with a bashful Blush on the Ground when she speaks, or is spoke to, as *Virgil* has it; — *With down-cast Eyes few Words she speaks* — as if she never had known the Pleasures of a guilty Amour; and yet sets off her Face, and exposes her Bosom to fascinate the Eyes of her Lover, or to spread her Conquest farther, than a single Adorer: Replenish'd with the Cunning of the Fox, she governs by an affected Simplicity.

THESE are the Arms, Weapons, and Arrows of *Woman-kind*. They have the Piety of the Crocodile, wheedling their Lovers with their false Tears into a Destruction, they cannot escape, if they suffer them to prevail. But
Mantuan

Mantuan gives you a lively Description of the Sex in these few Lines.

*If with affected Gravity she frowns,
Her awkward Air the Affectation owns.
If Gaiety, and good Humour smooth her Brow,
A thoughtless Lightness all her Motions show ;
Lewdness stares boldly through her gloating Eyes,
And Whore's confess'd in wanton Raileries.
If we survey her justly, we shall find
Strange Contradictions fighting in her Mind.
She weeps, she laughs, is tame, mad, fearful, bold ;
Will, and will not, a Grizel, or a Scold.
Various, inconstant, rambling, babling, vain ;
Imperious, full of Threats, and fond of Gain.
Outragious, double-tongu'd, inur'd to Lies,
Yet credulous of all the Legend Fooleries.
She's bloody, and rapacious, yet profuse,
Envious of others, hates, yet loves Abuse.
Impatient, still complaining, lazy, proud,
A maudling Drunkard, always rash, and loud.
Like Asps a deadly Poison darts her Tongue,
Weak in her Faith, in Superstition strong.
By her the Palate's nicely understood,
A very Brawn in dishing out her Food.
Her slacken'd Nerves a lifeless Sloth enjoy,
While wanton Dalliances her Thoughts employ.
Her Beauty's her Religion, all her Care,
That brings her to the Church, and not the Pray'r, }
Her Heav'n is to be thought divinely Fair. }
Tenacious of her Anger, and her Hate,
For sure Revenge a proper Time she'll wait.
Faithless,*

*Faithless, ingrateful, impotent of Will,
Cruel, litigious, and a Rebel still.*

*Her Crimes, she murmurs in a tragick Tone :
She'll laugh at Friendship, and all Ties disown.*

To her own Int'rest she is still confin'd,

For that she'll fawn, and flatter, nay be kind.

Fantastick Rumors through the Crowd she spreads,

Always to one, she adds a thousand Heads.

From Mole-hills she a Mountain can produce,

And turn the ghastly Fantom to her Use.

Inventive of Deceit, for that she's made

Fit only for that ignominious Trade, &c.

BAPTISTA Mantuanus in these Verses paints the fervile Sex in lively Colours. Nor is there any Thing more cruel, and barbarous than *Woman*, a proud, and insolent Generation, lofty beyond Bounds, Measure, or Reason. Regardless of the Limits of *Right*, and *Wrong*, and always pleas'd with the Extreams. All they do, is done with a precipitate Rashness, and earnest Intenseness, or Obstinacy of Desire. *Woman* is either slothful, and sluggish in Excess, or violently active and hasty : She is always Winter intractably cold, or *Midsummer* intolerably hot, or *April* still varying in her Temper, as *Virgil* has it.

Woman's a various, and a changeful Thing.

THO *Woman* be in her Nature the very-
 est *Coward* of the Creation, yet nothing can
 be more Bold when caught in a Fault, as if
 from Guilt she deriv'd her Courrage, as well
 as Anger. *Plautus* calls her *a Sea, that de-*
vours what ever you give her; she is never sa-
tisfy'd, or says she has enough. Every Mem-
 ber of *Woman* has a strong Relish of Avarice,
 Rapine, Treachery, Gluttony, or Luxury,
 making Men, by their Witchcrafts, degene-
 rate into Beasts. As *Woman* is said to have
 been *the first discoverer of Sin*, so she has ever
 since prov'd the perpetual Fewel of Evil.
 Which made *Origen* call *Woman the Head of*
Sin; the Weapon of the Devil; and the Cor-
ruption of the Old Law. They have had the
 Art, and their Wickedness has been of so
 strong an Infection, that those, who have re-
 sisted, and have been proof against all other
 Evils, could not escape them. Whence sprung
 the ten years War of *Troy* but from *Helen*?
 Whence the Expulsion of the *Roman Kings*,
 but from the Pride and Cruelty of *Tullia*?
 Who betray'd the secret of *Sampson's* strength,
 but *Dalilah*? *Rebecca* deceiv'd her Husband;
Hippodamia her Father; *Deianira* destroy'd
Hercules by her Gift, whom all the Labours
 of *Juno* could not overcome; *Scylla* betray'd
 her own Father; *Briseis* drew *Achilles* out of
 the Field; and *Eve* all Mankind out of *Para-*
dise.

*WHO can be safe from Womans fatal Wiles,
That have betray'd Adam, Samson, Lot,
David and Solomon?*

A WOMAN is all Destruction, and Poison;
she Burns with her *Eyes*, and Inflames with
a *Touch*: Her Hands are Birdlime; or, like the
Blood of *Nessus*, fair to the view, but destru-
ctive to feel: Her Eyes are *Basilisks*, and Kill
by a distant Infection. By Nature she's an
Unclean Animal, but adventitious Cleanness
she acquires by Art, as *Mantuan* expresses it.

*HER Daily wants she still prepares by Night,
To make the Unclean Animal Fair by Light;
Baths and Pomatums, Powder, Patches, Paint,
To Cure, or to Conceal the native Taint:
All o'er Deceit, and Art, all Player, she
Is ne'er alas! the thing she seems to be.
Her Council, and her Master is the Glass,
Where all her Wise Debates and Consults pass.
Here 'tis she learns her each peculiar Grace,
And every Air, that she would give her Face.
By This she's taught her Bosom to advance,
And how to cast the most alluring Glance.
By this she learns to form th' inviting Smile,
And the becoming Laugh, tho' full of Guile.
By this she learns her Mien, and every Motion,
To draw her Bubles to her curs'd Devotion.
Why thus their naked Breasts do they display,
Only to throw Temptations in our way?*

To make the penetrating Poison spread
The more, and the foul Stygian Flame get head,
While with their Eyes, like Basilisks, they look
[us dead.]

These are the Rocks, the Quicksands and the
[Shelves

Where the unheedful Youth still wreck themselves
Fierce Scylla's Dogs, and loud Carybdis Roar,
Which the incautious Voyager devour.

Of Phineus old these are the Birds Obscene,
That with their Touch made e'ery thing Unclean:
Their Vile Contagion while they spread around,
Nothing Sincere, and nothing Sweet is found;
Beds, Tables, Temples, the Infection feel;
Rivers, Seas, Hills, exhale the naïsone Smell:
These are the dire Medusas that of Tore,
Turn'd Men to Stone upon the Lybian Shore, &c.

WITH this the Clitipho of Terence agrees.

Dost thou know the Nature, and Temper of Woman?
She is a Tear in Combing, Washing, and Cleansing
herself.

AND Parmeno in the Eunuch speaking to
Phythia. I must tell you another of my Acqui-
sitions, which I think a singular Palm. For it is
of use for a Young Fellow to have an Early
Knowledge of the Filting Tricks of the Whores,
that when he is acquainted with them he may
ever detest and avoid them. When they are
Abroad nothing seems more Inviting and Neat,

so Belle, so Gay, and Engaging; but when they have got their Cullies to the Tavern, they are for Devouring the Nicest and Dearest Dishes they can get. But then, when you find 'em at Home, the nasty Sence is too Nauseous to draw, but yet such as is of use for a Young Man to know. If you are in Love with her, and let her know it, you are certainly undone.

AND thus *Parmeno* says, in the *Eunuch*, to *Phædria*, *In the Love of Woman there are Truces, and War, but uncertain Peace. But not to Dwell on the Sollicitudes, Cares, Fears, Jealousies, and Disquiets, which make up your Amour with that Sex, I shall conclude with the Story of Secundus the Philosopher.*

THE Philosopher *Secundus* flourish'd at Athens, in the Time of the Emperour *Adrian*, and was of the *Pythagorick* Sect. Having often heard from his Master, during the course of his Studies, That all Women were Whores, being now come to Mans Estate, adorn'd with all the Ensigns of a Philosopher, as a Staff, a Scrip, a Long Beard, and Long Hair, he return'd in that Equipage to his own Country, and his Father being Dead, unknown to the Family he came to his Mothers House, and was willing to make the Experiment of the Widow's Continnence, and whether the Imputation he had heard so often given the Sex by his Masters were true or not. He therefore Negotiates with one of her Maids,

Maids, assuring her of Ten Golden Crowns if she cou'd procure him a Nights Lodging with her Mistress. The Maid had too much of the Avarice of the Sex to be able to resist the Charms of the Gold; and therefore mannag'd the Affair so dextrously with her Mistress, that the Bargain was struck, and he, by her Conduct, admitted that very Night to her Bed. But to the great Disappointment of the Lewd Widow, he lay still the whole Night, and Slep in her Bosom till Morning; when detesting the Incest, he was getting out of Bed, the Salacious Woman, Impatient of Venus, catches him in her Arms, and says with an Amorous Concern, Why thus do you Tempt me to no purpose, and raise Desires you design not to quell? Was this all we came to Bed together for? Will you have nothing for all the Money you have given my Maid for this Opportunity? And are you so foolish a Prodigal, as to throw away so considerable a Sum for nothing at all?

IT is not Lawful for me, reply'd Secundus, to enjoy my own Mother, or to re-enter the Vessel out of which I came when I was Born. She being perfectly astonish'd at his Words desired him to explain himself, and let her know who and what he was. I am, said he, your Son Secundus: Do you know me?

But Secundus fearing that, by this Adventure, and his Speech, he might be the Cause of

his Mother's Death, impos'd on himself a perpetual Silence.

SOMETIME after this the Emperour *Adrian* came to *Athens* on purpose to see, and speak with this Philosopher. Having Saluted him with a peculiar Deference and Respect, he desired him to Discourse on some Head that was worthy his Hearing and Learning. But the Philosopher cou'd not be mov'd from his Resolution of Silence, either by Threats, or Torments, but in Obstinate Silence, expected Death it self. *Adrian* admiring his Constancy order'd him some Tablets, on which he shou'd Write the *Law* and *Reason* of his *Silence*; saying, *If you will not speak to me, let your Hand speak your safety with your Pen.*

ON this *Secundus* Wrote down this Sentence, *I fear thee not, O Adrian, because thou art the Prince of this Time; nor was I ever affraid of thy Threats, or thy Punishments. It is true, you may kill the Body, or inflict many Blows upon it; but what then? For tho' you are now the most Powerful Idot of the World, you have not Power sufficient to compel me to speak according to your Pleasure against my own Will.*

ADRIAN was pleas'd with his Reply, and told him he had very well clear'd himself, and desir'd him therefore to answer him some Questions, which he did. But among the rest the Emperour

Emperour ask'd *What was WOMAN?* And *Secundus* having a perfect Knowledge of that Sex, gave him this Answer. —

WOMAN is Man's Confusion; an insatiable Beast; a continual Sollicitude; the Impediment of Man; the Ship-wreck of the Incontinent; the Vessel of Adultery; a Pernicious Warfare; the Worst of Animals; the Heaviest of Burthens; the Incureable Asp; the Humane Captivity, in whom Beauty was the Vanquisher; the Fortune of a little time; a Fading Flower; a Carnal Felicity; an Incomposit Business, &c.

SO that it is no common Lot to have a Good Wife, and it is much Happyer to Bury than Marry a Wife. A *Woman* has no Notion, or Taste of any thing that is not unlawful. There is no Evil so near and dangerous, as a *Woman*. The Sea, Fire, and a *Woman* are three Evils, says the *Greek Monostick*; and so I leave you to a review of the Case whether this be a Creature worthy the Passion of a Man of Letters.

I CONFESS (said *Francisco* after the Zealous Son of *Sodom* had done) the *Follies* and *Vices* of the Sex are not much less numerous, and extended than you have made them; but then, on the other side, we shou'd consider the *Follies* and *Vices* of our own Sex; and when we view both with an Impartial Eye, we shall find their

Bulk much of a size: As, therefore, there are few Men worthy the Friendship of a Man of Sense and Letters; so there are few Women worthy their Love. And that there are such I know by Experience, not only in *France* where their *Liberty* is greater, but ev'n in *Italy* it self, whose fine and distinguishing Wits prov'd their Beauties of Mind equal to those of their Body, agreeing in such an Harmony of Excellence, that he must have a jarring Soul indeed that is not touch'd With the Melody.

BUT were all your Invective, as Universally true as you wou'd make it, yet *Nature* has better fitted them for these Pleasures, than your *Nauseous Alexes*, or *Bathylli*, which, without any thought of *Religion*, of which I have been Cured by my Study of our Maxims, are most shocking to me. *Nature*, for this End, has lavishly bestow'd all her Favours on the Sex; she has given them Tendernefs, Softnefs of Body, and Sweetnefs of Voice, and such a secret Power of *Beauty*, that, like *Harmony*, penetrates the *Soul*, and makes the *Heart* dance to the motion of her *Eyes*; her *Hands*, and the very heaving of her *Bosom*. By *Woman Nature* Propagates *Mankind*, which else must perish in an Age, contrary to the Universal Bent and Desire of *Mankind*, against which your Pleasures directly Rebel.

AS for your Rational Conversation, and
Sublime

Sublime *Contemplations*, they all vanish in the Reign of Impatient *Desire*; and in the short Epilepsie of *Enjoyment* the *Mind* has so little to do, that the *Sense* and *Wit* of the *Object* is the least thing we can consider. The *Body* is all, that is then engag'd, and all that is requir'd to the height of the Pleasure.

WELL, well, (*interrupted the Old Pathique*) every Man in his Humour. The matter we have now in Debate, is to remove the *Obloquy*, your *Folly* may bring upon our *Order*. My Advice is, therefore, That having given her a Dose of *Opium*, you have her convey'd far enough from our Colledge.

THAT is, indeed, a hard, but a necessary Lesson to Expose my Child to the hardship of a *Beggar's* Condition. I have likewise a Salvo for that, reply'd the other, which shall turn to the Honour of our *Society*. Knowing where you lay her, I and another of our *Order* shall come by in the Morning, and finding her, Examine and Catechise her for her Transgression, and then seem out of *Charity* to have her dispos'd to a place more convenient for her Condition, where the Child may be preserv'd and brought up by our *Order*; and this will get us a Reputation of *Piety* and *Charity* useful to our Ends.

CHAP. VIII.

Of some Vows, Morals, Poetical Maxims, and Secret Misteries of the Jesuit's Order.

FRANCISCO was just going to answer when the *Provincial* came in, and put an end to the Conference; and seeing me in his Arms, was so taken with my Beauty, that he begg'd me of the Father to make a Present of me to *Donna Theresa*, the Niece of the Cardinal *Contelmi*, then at *Rome*, and who having a very great Influence over the Cardinal, a present so peculiar might byass her in the Favour of a Negotiation he was just ready to go about. The good Father *Francisco* easily yielded me up to Considerations of such Moment, as the Intrest of their Order.

THE personal Vices of the *Jesuits* (which I observ'd during my stay among them) are of too Nauseousa kind to dwell on, or to describe. I shall therefore only say, That the good old Father, who argu'd with *Francisco* so zealously against Womankind, had abundance of Disciples in this Pious Fraternity; by whose Maxims the Intention of any the most criminal Actions makes them Good, or Evil, and so leaves them indifferent in themselves; and since one of them is, That the Opinion of any One Learned Doctor is sufficient to fix a Probability on the falsest, and most absurd Doctrine

ctrine, that is, they are easily secure in what ever they do. By this means, no doubt, they found a Tranquility in their Consciences in the midst of all these Unnatural Vices, which otherwise they must certainly have wanted, if, at least, it can be properly said, That a *Jesuit* has any Conscience at all, having long since destroy'd all the Foundations of Religion and Morality,

NOT but that we must own, That there are some among them of a very good Life, and full of all that blind Zeal of a Mistaken Opinion, which is generally the off-spring of Ignorance. But to set this in a true Light, I must give you an account of what I have discover'd from the Provincials Discourses with the Heads of all these five Colleges at *Naples*: The sum of which will be found in as few words as possible, from the following Political Maxims of their Order, by which they have got not only the Mastery, and Rule of all *Naples*, but so great a Revenue, such immense Riches, and so vast a Power and Int'rest in almost all parts of the Christian World. For tho' the *Fryars* have five times the number of Convents, and the *Carmelites* many more, than the *Jesuits*, yet the *Jesuits* have far the greatest Sway, and Interest in the particular private Families of that City. For they are, as it were, the only Offices of Intelligence, and dispose of all the Servants in *Naples*, and by that

that means, have a diligent and faithful Spy or two in every House, by whom they know how to attack them for their own Advantage.

THE Arts and Means of this Order of arriving at these Riches, and Power, which they now possess, have been many, and intricate, of which the few I have discover'd I shall communicate to you.

THEY are always to have Respect to these following Qualifications in the Persons whom they admit to their Order. He must either be Rich, which brings Money into their Bank, from whence they draw one of the chief supports of their Power and Grandure : Or He must be a truly, thoroughly, believing, credulous Bigot, who Knows little, and Thinks less, and is wholly possess'd with their Legendary Worship and Religion. These scatter'd up and down, and set off to the best advantage, which they are too cunning and sagacious to neglect, give them the Pretence to, and the Reputation of Holyness and Piety. For tho' they will not allow any Faults or Opinions of particular Members, or particular Bodies of their Society to Reflect on, or include the Whole, yet they will have the imaginary Perfections of a Few Sanctify the Whole Body. Or else he must be a Person of a promising Genius for Learning and Study, by which they get the Reputation of Learning: Or he must discover a Cunning,
and

and Adress in Business, and the management of Affaires, by which they get into the *Palaces* of Princes, and *Burses* of Merchants. And those, who have the appearance of Religion, Wealth, Learning, and Cunning to Fight for them, are a Party too formidable for my Pen to cope with.

ANOTHER Observation which I made here, was, That besides the three Vows common to other Orders, the *Jesuits* had three more peculiar to themselves. *Poverty*, *Chastity*, and *Obedience* all *Regulars* take. The *Jesuits* besides Vow a peculiar Zeal for the promotion of their Orders Interest, and Grandure, and this they all take. After they have been of some years standing, those, who, by the Heads, are thought fit and qualify'd, take another Oath, by which they are let into some Secrets of Management, and Principle, unknown to the Rest. But there is a third Oath, or Vow, to be taken, to which very few are admitted but such as are, or are designed to be Heads, and Managers of the Order, when the whole Mystery of Iniquity is reveal'd. But this is never done, but to such, whom they have sufficiently experienc'd, and who are safe in the Bribes they enjoy by this means of *Benefit*, *Power*, and *Trust*, against any manner of fear of a Discovery, by which they must lose Advantages they could no otherwise obtain.

I SAW one admitted to this Last Secret of the Order, but as if they were ev'n affraid of the presence of a Dogg, or it be the rule of their Maxims, the whole Ceremony was not only perform'd in a sort of Murmuring Whisper, but in a Language, or Gibberish, they only understood.

I WAS heartily tir'd with this Seminary of Hell, but finding, that the *Provincial* was immediately going for *Rome*, being extreamly desirous of seeing my Old Mistress *Donna Theresa*, and in so secure a Disguise be a Witness of her Actions, and the Cardinal's Resentment, I did not endeavour at an Escape, with which my Horror for the Place wou'd certainly else have inspir'd me.

The End of the Fourth Book.



B O O K V.

C H A P. I.

Fantasio's Departure from Naples, with the Provincial of the Jesuits. His Arrival at Fundi, where they saw the Funeral of Camilla, which occasions an Account of the unfortunate End of both those Lovers by the Treachery of a False Friend.

TH E long wish'd for Day was now come, when the Sun rising with a gayer Aspect, and his Beams burnish'd up in a more Illustrious manner, than usual, the Season being warm, the *Provincial* took the Opportunity of a Vessel, that was Bound directly for *Fundi*, on which we Embark'd, and in a few hours Arrived safely, but without any Adventure, at our desired Port.

W E were no sooner Landed, and got into the high Street, but we discover'd a Pompous, and Magnificent Funeral, in which there being a Sword hung with Mourning, carry'd before the Corps, gave occasion for the *Provincial* to make an Enquiry into the Particulars of that Ceremony: By the Answer I found it was the
Funeral

Funeral of my Old Protectress *Camilla*, just carrying to be laid by the side of her Unfortunate Husband *Baldinotti*, Betray'd by his too Generous Credulity in a *False Friend*, and *Secret Rival*, to the loss of Love and Life at once. A Fate so surprizingly Unfortunate, and a Revenge so justly Cruel, I am perswaded will not be unacceptable to you, I shall therefore relate it to you just as it was delivered to the *Provincial at Fundi*.

YOU may remember the former part of *Camilla's* Story, her delivery from the *Banditti* by the Stratagem of her Beloved *Baldinotti*, and their inter-Marriage on her Return to *Fundi*, where I was oblig'd to leave them on the Day of their Nuptials, the happiest of Mortals in all appearance, mutually Loving, and being Beloved, all Difficulties vanquished, and the Extent of both their Desires most Fortunately obtain'd, being in Possession of each other, with a flowing Fortune, and the Love and Esteem of the whole Country where they dwelt, which is the Sum of all Human Happiness: The best Grounded of which is no Proof against the *Treachery* and *Villany* of a Wicked Man, as *Camilla* and *Baldinotti* are too lamentable an Example.

IN *Taracina*, the *Anxur* of the Antients, and the Capital of the *Volsicians*, and yet an Episcopal City, lived a Young Nobleman of the
First

first Quality of the Place: A Youth of great Activity of Person, a good Rider, and very Rich; but entirely surrender'd up to *Whores*, *Luxury*, and *Wine*, and Eminent, round the Country, for his daily *Debauches*: His dissolute *Life* had brought into his Acquaintance Men of as dissolute *Principles*, and such as might be Ministers of his *Pleasure*, and Revenge without *Scruple*; for his Hands, tho' Young, were not Innocent of *Humane Gore*: His Name was *Torquato*, of the Family of the Dukes of *Atri*: As this was really his *Character*, so it was his *Reputation* and *Fame* all round the Country.

TORQUATO, as Debauch'd, as he was, and as much devote to the Pleasures of *Whoring* and *Drinking*, was however touch'd with the *Virtue*, *Modesty*, *Wit*, and *Beauty* of *Camilla*, in so sensible a manner, that, despairing of gaining his Desires by Corrupting her *Integrity*, he made his Applications to her Parents and her self, with that *Zeal* and *Violence* to obtain her in *Marriage*, that if his *Manners* had not been so infamous and so known, his *Quality* and Personal *Merits* must have succeeded. But now, tho' his *Estate* and *Birth* were far more considerable, than those of any other Pretenders, yet the Parents had such Regard to the Happiness of their Daughter, and she such a Sense of *Virtue*, and

H her

her own *Felicity*, that his Suit was by Both Unanimously rejected.

BUT *Love*, when it has once got Possession of the *Heart* is not easily driven out by our firmest Resolutions, and Endeavours, much less when it finds such a Dissolution of *Manners*, that there is not the least effort made towards the Liberty, that is wanted. Thus *Torquato*, who had no Sentiments of *Virtue*, and only like other Men of Quality Measur'd things, as they were Serviceable to his own Will, was so far from trying to smother a Successless Passion in its Rise, or removing the Obstacles to its Success, by a just Reformation of his *Life* ; that he wholly employ'd himself in indulging the Thoughts of *Camilla's Perfections*, and how he might compass the Enjoying her, and the Disappointment of his Rival by means how Wicked and Cruel soever he cared not.

THUS the good *Baldinotti*, being Bless'd with the Possession of the Charming *Camilla*, the Profligate *Torquato* employ'd all his Thoughts how yet to compass the Embraces of a Lady, whose Happiness was inconsistent with his Desires.

THE Day that she was deliver'd from the Hands of the Robbers, by the Cunning and Virtue of her Husband ; *Torquato* mingled himself
himself

himself with Croud of those Friends, who came to Congratulate her Enlargement; concealing his real Sentiments, with a false Joy in a very particular manner wish'd her and her Husband a long and happy Life, and abundance of Children, as if in that he plac'd his chief satisfaction. Tho' his Company was not the most desir'd in that Place, yet in regard to his Quality, and high Birth, he was receiv'd into the House among the principal Guests, disguising his mischievous Designs under a plausible outside, and under the specious Name of Friend belying the secret Rival.

BY frequent Conversation, and a strong Dissimulation, he had insinuated himself into the Friendship of the good *Baldinotti*, in Confidence of which was a Commerce too dangerous for *Torquato* to Enjoy, since the more he saw the Object of his unlawful Desires, the more Perfections he found in her, and by consequence long'd for the Pleasures she cou'd impart with greater Impetuosity. For *Love*, who in his first approaches to the Heart, like some Deliverers, and pretended Patriots, promises only *Pleasure* and easie *Joy*, whose gentle Emotions shall Transport, not Rack the Mind, when he is fix'd in his Dominion by Custom, and fomented, and encreased by the strong Fuel of a nearer and constant Acquaintance with the Cause, rages like

a Tyrant, with immoderate Heat, and ravages and burns up the Heart of his Vassal.

TORQUATO, in short, had long consider'd with himself how he shou'd gain an opportunity of a private and unwitness'd Interview and Discourse with *Camilla*, but found every day the difficult encrease by the Multiplicity of Servants, his want of Interest among them, and the extream Caution of the Lady's own Reserv'dness. He was satisfy'd, and plainly discover'd, That it wou'd be in vain to attempt the breach of such firm Bands of Love, which every day grew more strong, and indissolvable. But tho' he cou'd not compass his Pernicious Aims, and Despair'd of being ever able to pervert the constant Affection betwixt them, yet impell'd by the stubborn Bent of his Passion, he still pursu'd his Design as if still in his Power.

THAT which at first view seems difficult and not to be obtain'd, *Love*, every Day more fortify'd and robust, makes appear easie to be accomplish'd. Give Ear, and listen with Attention to the curst Events, the Fury of *Lust* will hurry a Man, that submits entirely to its sway.

BALDINOTTI takes with, him one day, *Torquato* a Hunting in the Chase of the Wild Beasts, if we may call the *Wild Roe* by such Name.

Name. For *Camilla* wou'd not let her dear Husband venture the Pursuit of those, that were Arm'd either with *Tusks* or *Horns*. The *Hounds* being come to a little Hill obscur'd with the gloomy shades of the spreading Boughs; they were all uncoupled, and set at the Avenues, while knowing their Discipline they divided themselves, and began to open at first with a sort of murmuring Noise, but the signal being given, they fill all the Valleys and Groves with their deep Mouth'd sounds, in which was a sort of terrible Harmony only known by the *Huntsmen*.

NO *Ske-Goat*, or *Wild-Roe*, or the *Trembling Doe*, or the *Mildest* of all these sorts the *Hinde* was roused by them, but instead of so harmless a Game out rushes a large and terrible *Boar*, a Beast seldom seen in those Parts; Fat and Bulky, Arm'd with a thick Skin, all over Deform'd with shaggy Hair, frightful Bristles erected strait upright on his Back, his Mouth foaming, and grinding his Oblique Tusks with a fatal Noise; his fierce minacious Eyes darting gloomy Fires like flashes of Lightning.

ON the first On-set he rends to pieces the most forward and boldest of the Dogs, that durst venture to fall on him in the Toils; then breaking thro' the Nets that were laid for him, he flies away from the *Hunters*. All

the Servants, who were not us'd to this rough, and dangerous Chase, and being then wholly unarm'd, and unprepar'd for the Sport fled some one way, and some another, hiding themselves in the Trees, and the Bushes most out of the way.

BUT *Torquato* believing he had now got an opportune Time and Place for the Villany he long had design'd, in the following manner rous'd *Baldinotti* to fall into the Ruin he had laid. *What shall we too be like these servile Creatures, our Vassals, said he, vanquish'd by our Fears, and stand Trembling here, while we lose so noble and uncommon a Quarry? No, no, let us to Horse; take you the Hunting Spear, and I this Javelin immediately without any farther delay:* They Vault into their Sables, and putting Spurs to their Horses pursue the formidable Beast, with the utmost Eagerness and Desire. The Beast not forgetful of its Genuine Vigour, returns the Violence they offer with all the Fire of its Native Ferocity.

BALDINOTTI was the first that assaulted him with a Manly and Vigorous blow with his Spear on his Back. But the Treacherous *Torquato*, instead of seconding his Friend, and wounding the Beast with his *Javelin*, cuts off the Hind-feet of *Baldinotti's* Horse; who being thus wounded Tumbles down

down Backward, and with the Fall throws his Master to the Ground. The *Boar* immediately attacks him while he strives to get up, and with his deadly Tusks first tears his Cloaths, and then his Body with many a Wound. The Bloody *Torquato* was not satisfied with this Danger and Distress, into which he had brought him; but while *Baldinotti*, was endeavouring to Guard his Legs from the pressing Wild Beast, and imploring his Assistance, he thrust him into the Thigh with the less fear, believing that the *Javelin* wou'd not be distinguish'd from the Tusks of the *Boar*. *Baldinotti*, now unable to revenge himself on the Beast, or the more savage *Torquato*, gave up the Ghost; while he with an Address of which he was Master, at one blow finish'd the Chase in the Death of the *Boar*.

THE Servants cou'd not distinguish the Combate, or know more of the matter, than afterwards appear'd to them, when *Torquato* summon'd them out of their lurking Holes to see the miserable Sight. Tho' one of them that was nearest had some suspicion of the false Play, yet the Power of *Torquato* was too great to be attack'd with one Witness, and on Grounds not sufficiently evident. They all came with the utmost Concern to the Dead Body of the Best of Masters, and with an unfeign'd Grief bewail'd his Misfortune. *Torquato*, tho' sufficiently pleas'd with the

Destruction of his *Rival*, knew it to be contrary to his Interest, and further Designs to discover so invidious a Joy. Wherefore Disguising his secret satisfaction in the most artful Grief in the World, acted the Part of true Mourner, and real Friend, tho' in all his Sorrow he cou'd not force one Tear from his false Eyes ; in all things else conforming himself to the sad Condition of the Company, he bely'd the Beast with his own Barbarity.

THE ill News soon spread it self to the House of *Baldinotti*, and Wounded the tender Ears of his most unhappy Wife, who, as soon as she heard the terrible Account, like one struck with the wildest Frenzy in Nature, flew out, undress'd as she was, into the Street, and thence took her course into the Fields, distractedly exclaiming on the too Miserable Chance of her Husband ; Sorrowful Troops of *Matrons* and *Virgins*, as to a Publick Loss, attend her with one Confederate Grief ; nay, the whole City of *Fundi* empty'd it self to view and deplore the Woful Spectacle.

CAMILLA flying to the Body of her dearly Beloved Husband on all the Wings of *Love* and *Despair*, falls down in a Swoon upon it, and was just on the point of giving up that Life to his Cruel Fate, which *Love* had made entirely his ; with much ado, and a great deal of Reluctance in her, she was by
the

the Care of her Servants recover'd to Life, and forc'd from the Violence of Sorrow, which sprung from her Ardent Embraces of her Dead Lord.

THE Body was attended to the Grave by all the People, and *Torquato* in the Funeral Pomp exclaim'd with Extravagant, and over acted Passion, and tho' at first his dry Eyes cou'd not afford a Tear, yet now his Joys in his Imagination grew nearer, he cou'd shed a Deluge. The *Hearse* being come to the *Paternal Monument*, Tears, and Groans he thought not enough, but falling on the *Coffin* he call'd the Dead *Baldinotti* by all the endearing Names he cou'd think of, with those to dissemble the Truth. He call'd him *Companion*, *Brother*, and *Friend*, and us'd such endearing Expressions of his Loss, as he thought wou'd render him more agreeable to *Camilla*. Sometimes wou'd endeavour to hold her Charming *Hands* from beating her Beautiful *Bosom*, and try by all means to appease her *Grief*, and soften her *Complaints*, and rebate the edge of her *Sorrow*. He endeavour'd to *Comfort* her from the Examples of the common and various Chances, to which *Humane Life* and *Happiness* were subject; aluding at the same time, that her *Fate*, and cause of her *Grief*, was as singular as the Object of her *Love*; that he felt all the Pangs of anxious Concern for the Loss of his *Friend*, yet for his sake, to whom
her

her *Peace* was always dear, he must strive to lessen the Rage of a Fruitless Indulgence of *Woe*, that cou'd not better her Misfortunes. He strove, in short, with all the Offices of a *false Piety* to be about *Camilla*, foolishly thus Propagating his Odious and Baneful *Love*, by the Delight, which he found in being near her.

THE Funeral Rites being over, *Camilla* endeavour'd to follow her Dead Husband with that calm Resolution, that she wou'd not make use of any Weapon she had in her Power to a speedy dispatch. She took her leave of the Light of the *Sun*, nor wou'd any more behold those chearful *Rays*, that had Lighted her *Baldinotti* to *Destruction*, but confining herself to Perpetual Darkness, she refus'd all manner of *Food* or *Drink*, or the refreshing *Repose* of her *Bed*; the *Floor* being her *Couch*, and *Tears* and *Despair* what she Fed upon.

BUT *Torquato* by the Obstinacy of his Endeavours with her Friends, and those with her Parents, drag'd her, as I may say from this desparate Resolution for the *Grave*, to the use of *Food*, and the sufferance of *Life*. Tho' she was perfectly Obedient to her *Parents*, who Lov'd her as their Souls, had yet much ado to prevail o'er her Passion so far, as to Obey them in this; but at last yielding to the Religious Necessity of her Duty, she underwent

derwent the Offices of that Life, which she hated, tho' not with a pleased, yet a calm, and serene Countenance.

BUT *Grief* prey'd on her *Heart* incessantly, while she spent whole Days, and whole Nights in her sorrowful Desires. She plac'd the Picture of her Husband always before her, so Feeding her *Torments* with her only *Comfort*.

TORQAUTO was too impatient a *Lover* to wait the Decrease of her *Grief*, till the daily Current of her Tears had wash'd it away; and the Rage of her *Wounded Mind* resided into a Calm, and *Sorrow* by its Age had worn it self out. It was the Fate of his Guilt, that he cou'd not but give some Light into the secret Villanies of his Heart, that had not else, perhaps, been known, by his Impudence in attempting a *Marriage*, while she was yet *Weeping* over her Dead Beloved Husband, and Tearing her *Garments*, and *Hair* with the violence of a Grief of so fresh a Date.

CAMILLA so abhor'd, and detested the impious Motion, that as if struck with a sudden Blast of *Light'ning* she sunk down in a Swoon. But being recovered, and Pathetically Chid by a *Father* and *Mother*, who lov'd her, and whom she lov'd, she bore their Importunity with less Concern, and more seeming Complaisance,

Complaisance, secretly resolving rather on a thousand Deaths, than ever yielding to any kind Thought for *Torquato*; whose suddain, and troublesome Address rais'd some Scruples in her Mind about him in regard, that he was present at her Husband's Death, and came off without any harm; which argu'd his Guilt, or his Cowardice, both Obstacles unfurmoutable to any Thoughts in his favour. But to gain time, and get rid of him for a while, she put him off till the Expiration of her time of decent *Widowhood*.

IN the mean time, while she interrupted the Silence of the Night with her sorrowful Sighs, and Groans, she beholds the Ghost of her Husband to lift up his dear, and well known Face, tho' all over Deform'd with *Wounds*, and *Blood*, who thus Addressefs himself to her.

MY Dear, my Belov'd Wife, I come to reveal that to you you cannot know perfectly from any Body else. If yet the Memory of me, and my Cruel Fate has not already cut the Knot of our mutual Love, hear me with Attention, and Belief. If you wou'd Marry again; if a second Love can warm that Chaste Bosom, you may with more Safety, and Justice, Marry any one, than the Bloody and False Torquato: Admit not him to thy Speech; sit not at the Table with him, much less permit him to approach thy Bed. Fly, fly,

flie my Murtherers Bloody Hand; and let not Parricide be the detested Omen to thy second Nuptials. Those Wounds, whose Blood was wash'd off my Body by thy lovely Tears, are not all the Wounds of the Tusks of the fatal Boar. Those were receiv'd from Cursed Torquato's Javelin, which Robb'd me of thee, and thee of me.

IN short the trembling *Camilla* received from the Ghost a full Account of all the Villany of *Torquato*, and disappear'd. O'er-burthen'd with excess of Grief, and reclining her Face on the Pillow, she wash'd it with her flowing Tears, and with a thousand Sighs, renting her Shift she beat her *Ivory* Arms and Bosom. But keeping to herself this Discovery of the Ghost, and entirely dissembling her Knowledge of the matter, she determin'd to punish the foul Assassine, and then deliver herself from a Life full of Grief, and insupportable Horror. However for fear this shou'd be some Illusion, she carefully examin'd every Servant, that was with her Beloved that Day; but of all of them cou'd hear nothing to the purpose; till finding by the Hesitation of One, that he knew more, than the rest, by Prayers and by Threats she got enough to confirm her that what the Ghost had told her was perfectly true.

TORQUATO

TORQUATO Improvidently eager after detestable Pleasures, came again to assault the Ears of *Camilla* with a Proposition of Marriage, which were Seal'd up against it. But she with more Gentleness, than formerly rejecting his Importunity, in this manner. *As yet, said she, the dear and beautiful Aspect of your Friend, and my most dear Husband is full in my Eyes ; as yet the beauteous Baldinotti lies here in my Bosom. It wou'd therefore be more Prudent in you to allow, to a Miserable Woman, a necessary time for her Legitimate Grief, at least till the Months remaining fill up the Year of my Widowhood ; which Request has not only an Eye to my Modesty, and Reputation, but to your Safety, and Happiness, lest by the Immaturity of our Nuptials, we provoke the sad Manes of the dead Baldinotti to do you a Mischief.*

TORQUATO, unsatisfy'd with this Promise of distant Joys, presses his Suit with the utmost Obstinacy, murmuring in the softest Expression his Impatience of the least Delay ; till *Camilla* seemingly overcome replies in this manner. *This at least you must grant to my Intreaty Torquato, that our Embraces be Private, and unknown to every Body e'en of my own Family till the rest of the Year be over.* Torquato was infinitely pleas'd with the charming Compliance, and the deluding Promise of the justly Fallacious Young Lady ; and willingly agrees to the furtive Enjoyment, wishing for the coming

coming Shades, that wou'd bring him the Joys, which he only desir'd in this World. *But besure you come alone about Midnight, missl'd so well up in your Cloke, that you cannot be discovered, and giving one single Whistle, you shall be admitted by this my Nurse, who only with the Priest, whom I shall provide, shall know ought of the matter, and she shall watch your coming, and Conduct you without any conscious Light to my Bed-Chamber.*

TORQUATO was pleas'd with the kind Contrivance of the Scene of his feral Nuptials, void of any Apprehension of Evil, and in a Tumult with the Expectation of secret Joys, all his Complaint was of the tediousness of the Day, and the Slowness of the Night's Approach.

AS soon as the bright Sun had given place to the dusky Gloom of the Evening, and the Night was now advanced, at the appointed Minute he was receiv'd at the Post of the Assignment at his Signal by the Nurse; and Conducted by her into a Chamber full of Hopes and Desires. The Old Woman sweetening him by her Lady's Order, steals out a Bottle of Wine, mix'd with a Soporiferous Draught, often pushing the Glas, and excusing her Mistresses delay, as yet attending her Sick Parents, and so easily, and without Suspicion bury'd him in Sleep.

HE

H E being thus Defenceless, and expos'd to all Injuries, being all along on his Back, *Camilla* comes in, and invades him with a Mind full of Violence and Revenge; and fitting herself on the Assassine, she speaks in this manner. *Behold (said she) the faithful Companion of my Husband! See a wonderful Adorer, and inviting Charm to Second Nuptials! This is that Hound, which shed my Blood? This is that gloomy Breast, which form'd such round-about Plots for my Destruction! These Eyes to which I have with an evil Fate been pleasing, are now an Omen under their present Darkness to their future Condition of Punishment. Rest secure, O! Happy Man! Sleep on, and Dream of your present Fortune. I will not pierce thee with the Sword, or pointed Steel; far be it from me to give thee the Honour of the same Death with my Baldinotti. Thy Eyes now drown'd in Wine shall perish there, nor shalt thou ever more behold any thing but in Dreams. Thou shalt think the Death of thy Enemy a far greater Happiness, than thy Life. For certain thou shalt no more see Light, nor shalt thou have the Hand of a Friend, or Servant to lead thee; nor shalt thou ever Contaminate Camilla with thy Impious Embraces; nor shalt thou enjoy thy promis'd Nuptials. Thou shalt neither have the Relief of the Quiet of Death, nor be Joyful in the Pleasure of Life. But thou shalt wander a kind of Image or Ghost betwixt Hell, and the Sun. Thou shalt long seek the Hand that has put out*
thy

thy Eyes; and that, which is the worst in Misery, thou shalt not be able to tell whom to complain of. But I will offer the Blood of thy Eyes at the Monument of my Baldinotti.

BUT why do I let thee enjoy this Interval of thy Torments, while perhaps thou Dreamest of having me in thy Arms, and in some sort Prophaning my Image with thy Imaginary Polutions? Wherefore quitting the Shades of Sleep, awake to another penal Darkness! Lift up thy empty Face, know my Revenge, understand thy Misfortune, and compute thy Sorrows. Thus only do thy Eyes please and charm a Woman of Modesty; Thus the Hymeneal Torch lights thee to thy Nuptial Bed; your Bride-Maids shall be Revenge, and Blindness, and the perpetual Sting of thy Guilty Conscience.

IN the midst of these Reproaches taking a Bodkin out of her Head-Dress she wounds his Eyes all over, and leaves him perfectly Blind, till the unknown Pain of Sleep awakes him. She taking with her the naked Sword, which Baldinotti us'd to wear, flies in a Frantick manner through the City directly to the Monument of her Husband. The poor old Nurse fearing Mischief, follow'd her as fast as she cou'd, and call'd some others to pursue her, but unable to close with her to disarm her of the fatal Weapon, she waving it about with Threats, the Standers-by had nothing but
I Tears

Tears to soften her Fury, which *Camilla* observing, she spoke to them in this manner.—

CEASE your *Importunate Tears*, give over your *Lamentations*, which are alien to my *Vertue*, and my *Love* ; I have *Reveng'd* my self on the *Cruel Bloody Murtherer* of my *Husband* ; and now the *Destin'd time* is come, when having no more *Business* on *Earth*, I shou'd cut my way to my dear *Baldinotti*. And having in a very few Words given them an Account of the *Ghost*, and her after *Discovery*, she plung'd the *Sword* into her *Bosom*, and fell immediately on his *Tomb*, and murmuring some imperfect Words, sent out her *Masculine Soul*.

THEN her Friends taking up her Body, afterwards in a solemn Funeral united the *Lovers*, the *Husband* and *Wife* in one *Tomb*. When this *Narration* was making to the *Provincial*, one came in and told us what became of *Torquato*. Who hearing an Account of all these *Transactions*, being unable to render his *Destruction* answerable to the present *Slaughter*, which he had caus'd ; and assuring himself that a *Sword* was not a sufficient *Punishment* for so villanous a *Wickedness*, he was brought by his desire to the *Sepulchre* of the *Lovers*, and crying out, *Behold O ! ye Vertuous Manes*, I am here present a *Voluntary Victim* to you who hate me ; and with all his *Force* he flew from those that held him, and dash'd his *Brains* out against the *Monument*. THE

THE Company were extreamly mov'd at the unhappy Fate of the two Lovers, but not enough satisfy'd with the too hasty dismissal of *Torquato* from a Life so miserable as *Camilla's* Transports had doom'd him to. For my part, whether there be any thing more Satyrical in a Canine Nature, or whether it was something, that was Congenial with me, or that the Experience I had had of the general Vices, and Follies of the Sex I know not; I was tempted to this Malicious Reflection, *That if there be so much Impotence and Obstinacy in the very Vertues of the Sex, what shall we think of their Vices.* *Camilla* was a very uncommon Wife, but then she abandon'd her Reason, and the Dictates of Nature, when she gave herself up to an Impotence of Sorrow, and suffer'd herself to be led Captive by a Passion which only cou'd end in Destruction. The best I cou'd say for her in my Thoughts was, that she was Mad. But in spite of these Reflections I must not forget the Epitaph I made on the Memory of their Story, as Pathetick, as extraordinary; which tho' it reach not the Dignity of the Subject I shall venture to set down.

The EPITAPH.

HERE lies a faithful Youth, and faithful
[Maid,
By a false Friend to cruel Death betray'd,
I 2
One

*One Heart, one Soul in both their Breasts was
[found,
And Both soon Perish'd by One fatal Wound.
For that base Hand, by which the Shepherd fell
The Nymphs Hand furnish'd with the fatal Steel.
Love join'd them close, when they enjoy'd their
[Breath;
But ah! Love joins them closer yet in Death.
Tho' Mortal they, Immortal is their Fame,
And every Lover will invoke their Name,
And wish their Love, tho' not their Fate the
[same.]*

C H A P

CHAP. II.

Fantasio's Journey with the Provincial from Fundi to Rome. The Adventure of the Coopers Wife. Their Arrival at Rome, and Visit to the Cardinal and Theresa.

THE Provincial having Rested a few days at *Fundi*, hired a Litter to proceed on his Journey, but passing betwixt *Taracina*, and *Fossa nuova*, by the Negligence of the *Litter-Man*, the Fore-Horse ran against a Post, which not only beat them both out of the way down the side of a Bank, but so bruised the Pole, that we were fain to stay at the Village where this happen'd till the Damage was repair'd. In the Fall I leap'd out of the Litter, and ran as far from the Danger as possible, and too far for my Return to the *Provincial*, for I was immediately snapt up by poor *Coopers Wife*, who design'd me a Present to her Landlady. So that running immediately home she Lock'd both herself and me up in her Room, where she waited the Rendezvous of her Lover in her Husband's Absence.

THE Husband was an honest poor Fellow, a Journey-man Mechanick, defending himself and Family from the Incommodities of a heavy Poverty, by the Work of his Hands. He had a Wife little enough in Person, tho' large enough in the Fame of her extream *Lasciviousness*.

He being that Morning gone early out to Work, she had stept out to give the *Adulterer* Notice of an *Amorous Rendezvous*, when she found me in her way and carry'd me home ; where we had not been long but her *Gallant* arrives, steals secretly in, and soon puts in Execution the design of his coming.

IN the midst of the Engagement, and contrary to their Expectation, Home comes the poor *Cuckold*, and finding the Door fast, praises in his Mind the *Continence* of his Wife ; and with a Whistle gives her notice of his Return. The Wife a notable Housewife in Affairs of this Nature, set free her Lover from her strict Embraces, and hides him in a large Tub, that stood there half overwhelm'd , but empty. Then opening the Door, she greeted her Husband with this Juniper Lecture. 'Tis very fine indeed ! what are you now turn'd Gentleman, and saunter idly up and down with your Hands in your Bosom, without any Care or Concern, by your Labour to provide Victuals, and Drink for your Family ? Whereas I, Wretch that I am, must Work Night and Day my Fingers to the Bone, and wear out the Vigour and Strength of my Nerves, only to keep our Candle lighted, as they say. How much more happy is my Neighbour Baldo's Wife, she enjoys her Pleasure, and Lovers, ev'ry Morning has a good Breakfast, and a Whet of good Wine.

THE Husband being thus Nonplus'd by his Wife's Complaints, made her this moderate Answer. *You Quarrel with me, my Dear, without Reason, said he, for tho' our Master, by his Absence at a Law Suit, has to Day made us keep Holyday, yet I have taken Care of a good Supper at Night. You see that great Tub there, that has done nothing but Lumber our little House this many a Day, I have Sold it for five Groats to a Neighbour, whom I expect to come immediately, and pay me the Money, and take away his Goods. I prithee therefore tuck up thy things, and lend me thy hand to set it up right for the Buyer.*

THE Wife starting a Subterfuge for her Roguery out of the Exigence of Affairs; pretended to burst out into a ready Malicious Laughter, and said — *I've got in you indeed a Notable Headpiece, to take Care of me! You are an admirable Fellow at a Bargain, to Sell that at the under Rate of five, which I a Woman confin'd to my House, have long since Sold for Seve Groats. The Husband overjoy'd at the Encrease of the Price, demanded who it was, that had been so good a Chapman. You Fool, said she, why he has been all this while in the Tub examining it very nicely to see whether there are any chinks, or holes in it.*

THE Spark in the Tub immediately took the Hint, starts up and speaks to her in this manner.

manner. — *This Tub, my good Dame, is too old, and full of chinks; and you, my honest Friend, whoe'er you are* (says he to the Husband) *wilt thou get me a Candle, that cleansing it of the Dregs, and the Dirt, I may see what use can be made of it, unless you imagine, that I come very easily by my Money.*

THE poor honest *Cuckold*, smelling nothing of the Matter, goes and Lights him a Candle, and coming to the Tub, says, *Stand you aside, my Friend, whilst I put it in fit Order for you to take.* Then pulling off his Coat, he gets into the Tub, and falls to scraping off the Dregs, and the Filth of the Vessel. In the mean while the *Cuckold-Maker*, a notable Young Stripling, while the Wife was holding the Candle to her Husband, and stooping to the Tub, very fairly attacks her Hind-Quarters, falling securely to the Work. While she, like a true *Whore*, bamboozl'd her Husband all the while, her Head being in the Tub with him, pointing first to one place and then another to keep him employ'd till now, the Work being finish'd on both sides, the poor wretched *Cuckold* receiving his seven Groats, and taking up the Tub on his Shoulders was oblig'd to carry it to the House of his *Cuckold-Maker*.

I WAS not a little surpriz'd at the subtilty of this *Village-Harlot*, and concluded
from

from this Discovery, that to find a Chaste Wife in *Country* or *City* was, as hard, as to find One so *Ignorant* in either, as not to know how to conceal her *Vices*, and abuse her Husband's *Credulity* with a cunning Address.

BUT the *Provincial's* Litter being now Repair'd, and he Recover'd from the Fright of the Accident, soon miss'd so valu'd a Creature as his *Dog*. He therefore made an earnest enquiry after me, but all in vain, till he caus'd me to be Cry'd with a considerable Reward for my Recovery. *Gold*, that Bribes *Cities*, *Courts*, and *Armies*, and *Senates*, here prov'd its Force in the *Village*, and *Cottages*, which only want that *Gold* to be as eminently Wicked as the Other. For the *Thieft* was soon discover'd for the Reward, and I Restor'd to the *Provincial*, with whom I Arriv'd at *Rome*, not much fatigu'd with so easie a *Journey*, and in so easie a *Vehicle*.

I WAS full of desire and curiosity to know the State and Condition of my lovely Mistress *Donna Theresa*; so that thinking the *Provincial's* delay of his Visit to the *Cardinal* very tedious, I resolv'd to take the first Opportunity of running away. Yet Fear still prevail'd with me to defer it, lest I should be seized in the Street by some other, and so be further from the aim of my Wishes, than I then was. Suppressing, therefore, with this Consideration

sideration my Impatience a few Days, the *Provincial* takes me with him to wait on the *Cardinal*.

AFTER many Affairs Discours'd on, and past over, the *Provincial* told the *Cardinal*, that he had brought me for a Present to his Niece believing me a curiosity, that cou'd not be unacceptable to *Donna Theresa*, that, therefore, by his Permission he wou'd then deliver me to her,

ALAS! said the *Cardinal*, *I thank you, my good Father Provincial, perhaps she may divert her inveterate Melancholly by so pretty a Plaything. I had a little pretty Dwarfse, about a year agoe, who fled away from me for fear of a Discovery of his Amour with my Niece, and never was heard of since. I sent all over Naples, as far as the Basilicate, where I was inform'd he lay conceal'd; but all we could there recover of him were some Cloaths of my Nieces, in which he made his escape. My Servants took up the old Woman of the House, on suspicion, but nothing being prov'd against her she was acquitted. My Niece has ever since shut her self up for most part of the day, and surrenders her Youth to the Tyranny of a perpetual Melancholy; discovering an extream, but unnatural Aversion even to my self, as the Cause of the Loss of her beloved Fantasio.*

I

I BEG you, good Father, to go to her Chamber, and make her this present, and to assure her from me, that if her so much valu'd Fantasio can ever be heard of, she shall have him; even for her Husband, if her Thoughts can sink so low. I know your Address with the Ladies, the Volubility of your Tongue, and that the agreeable Fables you can tell her, must amuse, if not remove her Chagrin.

I WAS not a little satisfy'd to hear of the Fidelity of my Mistress, but very much surpriz'd at that, and the Cardinal's Generous Design of making me his Son-in-Law. But I was not then capable of either of the Advantages; and indeed, rememb'ring the Chaste Inclinations of *Theresa*, I was not so extreamly fond of the Happiness as to be much concern'd for the Disappointment.

THE Cardinal conducts us to *Theresa's* well known Apartment, conscious of the Scene of my past Joys, I cou'd not but feel a secret satisfaction. Being left by the Cardinal at the Door, we enter'd the Chamber, and found *Donna Theresa* sitting in a gloomy Corner of the Room, the Curtains being drawn over all the Windows, shaded the Light with so dusky a hue, that shot a sort of pleasing Horror through my Veins; she being in a Melancholy, and Dejected Posture on a Couch receiv'd us in Silence.

THE

THE *Provincial* the first Complements being over endeavour'd to Comfort her with the *Cardinal's* Assurances of all in his Power to Content her, if *Fantasio* cou'd be found. That in the mean time he hoped she wou'd listen to his Advice, and receive that Comfort from his Endeavours, which might render her Disgust not so shocking to the *Cardinal*. *As a little Diversion* (Madam, said he) *I have brought you a Curiosity in my Mind, in this beautiful Lap-Dog.*

THE Words were no sooner out of the *Provincial's* Mouth, but I leap'd on the Floor, and ran directly to *Theresa*, expressing by that, that I wou'd give my self to her, and not be the Gift of another; I shew'd my Joy to see her in all the Canine Complements, I cou'd think of, I wag'd my Tail, frisk'd up, and down, jump'd into her Lap, lick'd her Fingers, and those well known Lips and Bosom, but with another and weaker *Gust*, than I had in my Humane Shape.

THERESA having received me with some satisfaction, the *Provincial* endeavour'd to remove her Obstinate Sorrow by Arguments drawn from various Topics both Spiritual, and Temporal, season'd to her Palate by many pretty diverting Stories; which, finding she gave some Attention to, he began in this manner,

CHAP. III.

The Story of Psyche and Cupid.

The Beauty of Psyche draws the Adoration of all Men from Venus which provokes her to order Cupid to make her in Love with some mean Person. Her Father consults the Oracle, which promises a Monstrous Husband, and Commands her to be expos'd on a high Mountain.

WE ought not, Madam, to despair of those good Events, which we Sigh for in the extremity of such Misfortunes as seem to forbid all hopes of Relief. For the Evils of Life well managed are a sort of Sauce to the Goods of our happier days, which give a greater *Hautgoust*, and Relish. The Story of *Psyche*, and *Cupid*, so valu'd of Old, and so admir'd in various Authors, is both a Lesson against the Curiosity of the Sex, and a pregnant Proof of a certain if not speedy Deliverance of Providence from the cruelest of Misfortunes. The Parallel of this Story with yours makes it yet more proper to tell you ; You have lost your *Cupid*, and still fight to find him out. *Psyche* lost her *Cupid*, but indeed by her own fault, in which the Parallel fails. But the Story it self will best explain the Matter, and give you the greatest Pleasure.

THERE

THERE was a King and a Queen of a certain City in *Greece*, and in the Ancient Days of *Paganism*, who had three Beautiful Daughters. The Charms of the two Elder, tho' sufficient to engage the Hearts of Particulars, were not endowed with that irresistible Force, as to Command the publick Adoration of Mankind. But the Beauty of the Youngest was so peculiarly Excellent, that the Poverty of Human Language is unable to express its due Praise. The Fame of Her Beauty was so great, as not to be confin'd to the Natives of her Paternal Dominions, but all the Surrounding Nations throng'd together in vast Troops to see so wonderful a Sight, and amaz'd at the Lustre of her Eyes, and the divine Harmony of her Features and Limbs, look on her with Amazement, paying her that Adoration which they thought due to her as if *Venus* herself Cloath'd in Humanity.

IT was now a Report of the utmost Credit spread round the Nations, that either the Bright Goddess, brought forth by the green Ocean, and nourish'd by the Dew of the froathy Waves, laying aside the awful Distance of her Divinity, convers'd now most visible in the Assemblies of Mankind; or else that some new *Conjunction*, and Influence of the Planets, the Earth, as the Sea had formerly done, had brought forth another *Venus* in the Bloom of her Youth, replenish'd

plenish'd with all the divine Honours of her Face.

THIS Opinion ev'ry Day encreas'd in a prodigious manner, and flies into the Adjacent Isles, and more distant Provinces. Now Men undertook tedious, and dangerous Pilgrimages by Sea and Land to have but a Sight of this stupendious Miracle of the Age. No Pilgrimage was made to *Paphos*, or *Cnidos*, and ev'n the *Cythereans* themselves forgot their Homage to the Altars of *Venus*. The Rites of that Goddess were wholly deserted, slighted, forsaken; Her Temples deformed for want of Care, and the Frequency of Worshippers; her Tabernacle trampled under foot; Her Ceremonies neglected; Her Images uncover'd, her *Widow'd* Altars defil'd with cold Ashes. All Men turn their Devotion to this young Virgin; Her they Supplicate, and e'er they go out in the Morning strive to propitiate absent *Venus*, in the Face of the Royal Maid, diverting their Vows, their Victims, and Banquets from the Goddess to the Mortal. As she pass'd the Streets the People sent forth their Prayers to her, strowing her Way with Chaplets, and Flowers.

THIS immoderate Translation of Honours due to the Immortal Powers, to the Worship of a Mortal Girl, gave the last Provocation to the real Goddess *Venus*. Impatient of Indignation,

nation, shaking her Ambrosial Head with Rage she crys out in this manner. — *Behold me now the ancient Parent of Nature ! Behold me the initial Origin of the Elements ; behold me the holy genial Venus of the whole World, have my Honour divided with a Mortal Girl ! And my Name, that is hid in Heaven is prophan'd by the Corruption of Mortality. 'Tis very fit indeed, that I shou'd have an uncertain share of those common Expiations of a deputed Worship, and that a Girl, that must dye, shou'd bear about my Image, and usurp my Person.*

IN vain did that Royal Shepherd, whose Honour and Judgment was approv'd by the Great Jupiter himself, prefer me to the Immortal Beauty of Goddesses so Great as Pallas and Juno. But whoever she is she shall not with so much Joy, and Satisfaction usurp my Honours. I will give her Cause to repent of so unlawful a Beauty.

HAVING utter'd her Resentments in this manner, she immediately calls to her winged Son, who spreads Corruption through Families with his Flame, and his Darts, contemning all the Rules of publick Discipline, Debauching the Wives, and Daughters of Men at his Will, and doing no manner of Good, to ballance all this Mischief. This young Gentleman, Mischievous enough in his own Nature, she rouses, and provokes yet more by her
revengeful

revengeful Insinuations. She leads him to the City, and shows *Psyche* to him (for that was the Name of her young Rival in Beauty) and full of Grief, and Indignation, addresses herself to him in these Words.— *I beg thee, my dear Son, by all the tender Love of a Child to his Mother; by the secret Wounds of thy Arrows, by the pleasing Fires of thy Flames, give to thy Mother a Revenge as compleat as her Injuries are great, punish that Contumacious Beauty; and let it be done with the greatest Expedition, and strongest Application. Now the hated Bosom of that haughty Girl shew'd a most violent Passion for some low, mean, ill-Natur'd Scoundrel; so that she may not in the Universe find any one such a Wretch as herself.* — Having said these Words, and Brib'd her Son with many delicious Kisses, she made to the next Beach and with her Rosie Feet trip'd over the Tops of the Waves to the Court of the Ocean secure of the Execution of her Commands by her Son.

THE Daughters of *Nereus* came to pay their Court to her all Singing in a *Chorus*, and *Portumnus* rough with his azure Beard, and preghant *Salacia* with her fishy Bosom, little *Palemon* riding on a *Dolphin*, while all around the *Tritons* rejoice, this sounds his *Sonorous Conch*; another extends the *Purple Sail* betwixt the Beauties of *Venus*, and the *Hostile Sun*; a third bears before his Sovereign

K

Lady

Lady a *Glass* for her to view herself in, and others Swim round about, and under her shelly *Chariot*, drawn by two Milk white *Turtle Doves*; with this Train attended she makes her Progress to the Midst of the Ocean.

PSYCHE in the mean while exalted so much above the rest of her Sex by Beauty more, than Mortal, receiv'd no manner of Benefit from all her Charms. 'Tis true the Eyes of all Men are cast greedily upon her, and every Mouth sings her Praises; but yet neither *King*, *Royal Youth*, or *Plebeian*, presumes to demand her in Marriage; all adore but none desire her; and the Possession of the greatest Beauty depriv'd her of the Advantage of the least. Every one it is true admires her Divine Form, but it is, as the fine Womanship of some fine Artist, as some exquisite Statue wonderfully finish'd.

HER two Elder Sisters of moderate Charms, had now been long Marry'd to two royal Princes. But *Psyche* sitting in her *Widow'd* Apartment, without Mankind deplores her neglected Solitude; sick of that Beauty, which while it pleases all Nations, is hated by herself.

BUT the unhappy Father of this most unfortunate Child fearing the Anger of the Gods consults the most Antient Oracle of the *Milesian*.

lian God; and with Prayers, and Victims endeavours to beg of so great a Deity a Husband for his obnoxious Daughter. *Apollo* made him this Answer in Verse.

PLACE the Devoted Virgin, soon, on High
Where the aspiring Mountain hits the Skie;
In Nuptial Robes the fatal Bride adorn,
And thither let the Bridal Pomps be born.
Nor hope a Son-in-Law of Mortal Race,
A cruel Mischief challenges that Place.
Who wildly flying through the liquid Air,
On Wings of Light'ning ranges every where;
And ev'ry thing with Fire and Sword annoys:
The Strong enervates, and the Weak destroys:
Dreadful to every God, that dwells above
He strikes a Terror into trembling Jove:
Fear'd by the Floods, and all the Vocal Glades,
And terrible to the very Stygian Sades.

THE King till then not sensible of any Misfortune having heard this holy but dreadful Oracle, returns home full of Grief, to impart to his Wife this Precept of *sinister Fate*. Many days they pay a sorrowful Tribute of Lamentations and Tears to her Miserable Condition. But now comes the cruel Event of this cruel Fate, and the best submission to the Decree of *Apollo*, and the Mourning Habits prepar'd for the Funeral Nuptials of the unhappy Devoted Maid. The Nuptial Torches were sable, the Light gay Notes of the

Zygian Pipes, chang'd into the more querulous Measure of *Lydia* ; and the Joyful *Hymeneal* Song, clos'd with dreadful Exclamations, and Howlings ; the Bride makes use of the Nuptial Veil to dry up those Floods of Tears, those detested Nuptials excite.

IN her doleful Complaints the whole City bore a Part ; the Fate of the Royal House, spread a loyal Infection of Grief through all the People, while all Business, and the Administration of Justice ceas'd in the Publick Calamity ; and yet there was a Necessity of Obeying the divine Orders, which demanded the Wretched *Psyche* to her destin'd Punishment.

THE Melancholy Solemnities of these mournful Nuptials being now perform'd with Grief equal to the unfortunate Occasion, the living Funeral is produced, and tho' *Psyche* cou'd not refrain her Tears at her Obsequies not Nuptials, yet when her despairing Parents, over-whelm'd with Evils so insupportable, sought delays for the Execution of the horrible Sentence, she herself comforts them, and exhorts them to the Performance of the Injunction of the Gods in these Words. ———
Why, my dear Parents, do You torture Your unhappy Old Age with perpetual Apprehensions, and Sorrows ? Why waste You those faint aged Spirits, in which I move, and live with such frequent

*frequent Groans, and out-cries? Why do You
sully those reverend Faces, which I venerate,
with Tears in efficacious, and painful form so
behold? Why in Your Eyes do You pierce my
Bosom with Wounds more anxious, than my
own? Why thus do You taste Venerable Grey
Hairs? Why beat with such Fury Your sacred
Bosoms? These, these, must be the Rewards of
a Beauty uncommon, and being now struck with
the Phangs of black Envy You find it too late.
Alas! then You shou'd have grieved, when the
People, and Nations persecuted me with Divine
Honours; when with one Voice they call'd me
a New Venus; Tes, then You shou'd have
wept, then You shou'd have given vent to Your
Sorrow, and bewail'd me as certainly lost. I
am now sensible, I now perceive, and evidently
see it, that I perish only by the Name of Venus.
Lead me, lead me, set me on that lofty Rock,
to which unequal Fate has destin'd me. I
am in Haste to enjoy these happy Nuptials;
I long to behold that generous Husband, that
is my Lot. Why do I delay? Why do I put a
stop to his coming, who is born for the De-
struction of all the World.*

THE Royal Maid having utter'd these
Words held her Peace, and with a bold un-
daunted Action mingl'd herself with the
Pomps of the following People. They
mount to the eminent Rock on a steep
Mountain; On the very Summit of which

leaving the Royal Maid alone with the Nuptial Torches extinguish'd with their Tears, and all the Nuptial Pomp now being over, with Heads dejected, and Hearts desponding they all return home.

HER miserable Parents languishing under a Loss so touching, returning to their Palace, shut up the Gates, and retiring themselves into Darkness devoted themselves to a perpetual Night.

C H A P. IV.

How Psyche is born by Zephyrus into a lovely Valley, and comes to a Magnificent Palace, her Entertainment, and Admission of her unknown Husband in the Dark, who always departed before the Return of the Light.

BUT while *Psyche* stood on the lofty Ridge of the Mountain with her Breasts panting with Fear, and her Eyes full of Tears, the gentle *Zephyr* raising her up with a pleasing Blast bears her in his airy Bosom with an easie Motion into a flowry Dale, which yet with a steepy Height overlook'd a Subjacent Valley. *Psyche* having now appeas'd the Perturbations of her Mind, and calm'd her tumultuous Thoughts lays herself down on the Grassy Bed to repose. Where being sufficiently refresh'd with Sleep, she rises up with a Mind quiet and compos'd; and moving forward she discovers a pleasant Grove of tall, and stately Trees, in the midst of which she saw a Fountain sending forth clear, and chrystal Waters; and fast by the Fall of the Waters a Royal Magnificent Palace, built not by Mortal Hands, but by the Divine Art of some heavenly Architect. Its august Front wou'd easily convince you, that it was the happy Retreat of some God. For the lofty vaulted Roofs curiously hollow'd with *Ivory* and *Citron-wood*, were supported by Pillars of massy *Gold*; the

Walls were all enrich'd with excellent *Alto Relievo's* in Silver, of Beasts of Chace, Cattle, and the like, which saluted your Eye in a most agreeable and surprizing manner, at your Entrance, and nothing less, than a Demi God cou'd be so Subtil a Workman,

THE very Pavement was all Histories, and Landscapes, wonderfully wrought in *Mosaic* Work, precious Stones of various kinds expressing the Variety of Colours, and Shadows. The several Parts of this Palace spreading far into various Apartments, were precious beyond all Price; and all the Walls being Solidated with Bars of pure *Gold*, seem'd to have a Light of their own, as if in the Absence of the Sun, it cou'd maintain an unborrow'd Day, so bright was the Porch, the Chambers, Baths, and Apartments. The Furniture of the Place was answerable to the Richness of the Materials; so that you might reasonably conclude it built for *Jove*, in his secret Commerces with Human Kind.

DRAWN by the Surprizing Beauty of the Place, and the Delight, which so charming a Spectacle afforded, she came near to the Building, and taking Courage ventur'd to enter the Palace. Every Object, she met employ'd all her Sight with Pleasure, and Amazement. From the Apartments she views the Granarys and Store-Houses built in a lofty, Magnificent manner,

mannner, and replenish'd with all the Treasure and various Products of *Nature*. But that which added to the Wonder was, that all this Wealth and Treasures were not secur'd by any Doors, Locks, Bars, or Guards,

WHILE her Eyes were taken up with Délight and Amazement a Voice, empty of Body, offers it self to her in these Words.—
Why are you, my Sovereign Lady, amaz'd and confounded with the vast Affluence of Riches, and Treasure, which you see? Since all these are yours. Retire, therefore, to your Chamber, and there on Beds of Down refresh your weary Limbs, and when you think fit repair to the Baths; we, whose Voices you hear, are your Domestick Servants, and shall administer every thing to you, to obey all your Commands with our utmost Care, and Diligence, in all that Regards your Person, or those Royal Banquets we shall prepare for you.

PSTCHE sensible of the Favour of Divine Providence in her present Condition, gave Ear to the Admonitions of her Vocal Attendants; and first therefore refreshes herself on the rich Beds, and then washes away the Remains of her past Fatigue in an Odoriferous Bath. Whence discovering Seats in the adjacent *Alcove*, she with a good Appetite laid herself down to Supper. The Table immediately, without any visible Waiters, or Servants, was covered

covered with all the finest Rarities of Food, and the brightest, sparkling Nectareous Wines. After this rich Banquet was serv'd in, her Ears too were feasted by invisible Musicians. One Sung, another play'd on the Lute, and All clos'd in the wonderful Harmony of a full *Chorus*.

THESE Pleasures being over, and the Night now advanc'd, *Psyche* retir'd to her Bed. About Midnight a murmuring Sound gently assaults her Ears; the Solitude of the Place gave her Fears for her Honour, while her Ignorance of all things doubl'd her Apprehensions. In the midst of which her unknown Husband approaches, ascends her Bed, makes her his Wife, and retires before the Dawn of comfortable Morning. And the Voices attending in the Chamber took care of all things Necessary on that Occasion. This Course was continued for a long time, and the Novelty Naturally, by its constant Repetition, confirm'd her Pleasure; and the Solitude lost its Terror in the Attendance of those vocal Companions.

C H A P. V.

The Sisters of Psyche are admitted to Visit her, and tho' Civily received and loaden with Presents, envy her Felicity, and resolve on her Ruin, which they compass by perswading her to discover, by a Light, who her Husband is, and whom she finds to be Cupid the God of Love, and not a fearful Monster, as they had perswaded her. By this Discovery she loses him, and is left Miserable.

TH E Parents of *Psyche* in the meanwhile grew Old in unweary'd Sorrow; and her miserable Fate being spread all around, her Elder Sisters came to hear of it, and therefore with all speed came to comfort and confer with their Father and Mother on this Occasion.

TH A T very Night *Psyche's* Husband (for the Hands and the Ears were the only Mediums of their present Communication) said thus to her,—*My Psyche! my Love, my Charmer, my Wife, cruel Fortune now threatens thee with a Danger most imminent, and terrible, and which, therefore, I think ought to be watch'd and observ'd with the utmost Caution. Your Sisters, troubled at your imagin'd Death, and tracing the Footsteps of your Misfortune, will soon be at the lofty Rock, where you were left devoted*

devoted to my Arms. If you chance to hear any of their Complaints ; put a guard on your Tongue, make them no Reply, nor cast so much as your Eye that way. If you do any otherways you will procure me the greatest Pain, and Sorrow, but to your self the greatest Ruin, and miserable Destruction.

SHE seemingly agreed to what her Husband had enjoin'd her, and promis'd to conduct herself according to his Commands. But he and the Night being fled, the Sorrowful *Psyche* consumed the whole Day in Tears, and Complaints ; exclaiming, that she was now entirely perished indeed, since confin'd to her Glorious Prison, she was depriv'd of all human Conversation, and not permitted so much, as to see, and Comfort her Sisters in that violent Grief, which they deriv'd from her Loss. Thus receiving no Refreshment from the Table, nor the Baths, full of Sorrow, and Tears she retir'd to her Bed. Her Husband coming more early, than usual, found her all in Tears in his Arms, and thus gently reproach'd her.—*Is this what you promis'd me my dear Psyche ? What can your Husband now expect, or hope more from you, who neither Day, nor Night, nor ev'n in the Conjugal Embrace, make a Truce with your needless Tortures, and unreasonable Anguish ? Dismiss your Tears, do now what you please, submit to the obstinate Dictates of your Fancy, which prompts you to things of the last*
Prejudice

Prejudice to your Happiness and Peace. But when you too late repent of your Folly remember my timely and serious Admonitions.

PSYCHE has Recourse to Prayers, and Entreaties, and with Threats to her own Life, wrests from her Husband an unwilling Compliance with her Desires, of seeing her Sisters, and comforting their Sorrow Face to Face. Thus vanquish'd by his Love, and her Importunity, he forgave her, and allow'd her to make them Rich Presents of Jewels and Gold, but added with Earnestness, and urg'd it with all the Terror imaginable, that she shou'd never give way to her Curiosity by her Sisters Presumption to make any Enquiry into the Form of her Husband; advis'd her to take care, that so sacrilegious an Inquisitiveness did not throw her headlong from so great Fortune and Happiness; for if once she admitted such a Crime, she shou'd never more enjoy his Embraces.

SHE return'd her Husband a thousand Thanks for his Indulgence, and now more satisfy'd, and joyful, said thus to him.—*Ab! let me dye a thousand Deaths rather, than be ever depriv'd of your dear and transporting Embraces. I love thee, whoever thou art to the utmost Distraction, I love thee more than my own Soul; nor wou'd I wrong thee by comparing thee to Cupid himself. I desire you to*
make

make your Favour compleat by commanding the gentle Zephir to convey my poor sorrowful Sisters to me in the manner, that he brought me into this Place. Then pressing his Lips with perswasive Kisses, and Sighing, in soft Murmurs, tender soothing Words, and curling round him with her twining Limbs, she bribes his Consent with these Allurements, and the tender Approaches of the softest Power of *Venus*. — *My dear one, she cry'd, my Husband, the dearer and better Soul of your Psyche! — Vanquish'd with these Charms the Husband gave his reluctant Consent, and promis'd, that all shou'd be done, as she desir'd; and so on the Mornings Approach he vanish'd from the Arms of his beloved Wife.*

THE Sisters are now arriv'd at the steepy Rock, where *Psyche* was left, with their utmost speed, and while Floods of Tears flow'd from their sorrowful Eyes, they beat their Bosoms with their outrageous Hands, till the Rocks resounded with their plaintive Groans. Till the spreading sound gliding down the slope of the Mountain reach'd the Ears of *Psyche*, and drew her out to her *Palace* Gate; and lifting up her Voice cry'd out, — *Why, my dear Sisters, do you give your selves these vain Afflictions for the happy, I whom you deplore am near you; cease therefore your Complaints, dry up those Tears, which thus long you have shed for my Loss, since you may now Embrace that Psyche*
whom

whom thus long, and so vehemently you have mourn'd.

THEN calling *Zephrus*, she acquaints him with her Husband's Commands, who entirely Obedient to them, by a safe and gentle Carriage brings them down to their Sister. Now they Embrace, and are Embrac'd, mingling their mutual Caresses, with frequent, and hasty Kisses. The Joy of finding her alive after they had yielded her to be dead, soon dry'd up their Tears, and put an end to their Lamentations, and the uneasie Dominion of Sorrow, under which they had been so long. *Come, said Psyche, enter, with me, my House, and refresh your selves, and recreate your afflicted Minds with your Psyche.* Then taking them by the hands she led them into her golden Palace, and demonstrated to their Ears the numerous Family of Voices, which were her Attendants, and Obedient to her Will; she refreshes them in her Baths, and at her Table set out by no Mortal Hands. Having been satiated, or rather surfeited with a View of these Celestial Riches, *Envy* entered their Bosoms to see their younger Sister possess'd of so uncommon a Happiness. At last one of her Sisters with a very curious, and particular Importunity enquires, who was the Lord of all those heavenly Blessings, and what sort of Person her Husband was?

BUT

BUT *Psyche* was exactly cautious in observing what her Husband had commanded ; but feigning an Account proper enough to the Matter, she told them, That he was a beautiful Youth, whose Face was yet only shadow'd with Down ; and that he generally spent his Time in Hunting on the Mountains. And lest by any Slip she shou'd betray the secret in a longer discourse, she having loaden them with rich Presents of Gold, and Jewels, delivers them to *Zephrus* to recarry to the Place whence he brought them ; which being in an Instant perform'd, as they went home the Envy of their Hearts mingl'd, in a violent manner, in all their Discourse. At last says one to the other, — *See but how Blind, and Mischievous, and Unjust Fortune has prov'd ! were you, my Sister, delighted to find so monstrous a difference in our Condition, tho' born of the same Parents ? We who are Elder are deliver'd over to be Servants to Strangers in a Foreign Country, banish'd far from our Parents, and dear Place of our Nativity. But this Youngest Brat, that was the Product of Age, when the Vigour of Nature was spent, is exalted to the Enjoyment of all these wonderful Treasures, and to have a God for her Husband ; tho' she has not Soul enough to know the Use and Benefit of so much Riches and Plenty ? Did you observe, my dear Sister, what a vast Number of Croachets, and curious large Bracelets, lay in every Place of the House ?*
What

What Wardrobes of shining Apparel? What bright Gems, and what Worlds of Gold she e'en tramples under her Feet? And if she really possess so beautiful a Husband, as she pretends, what in the whole Universe can be so happy, as she? Nay it may easily happen that the continuance of so engaging a Commerce may so prevail on his Love as at length to make her a Goddess. By Jove she look'd, and mov'd with that haughty Mien, as if she were sure already of that immortal Fate. Already does she toss her Head aloft, and affect, and breathe the Goddess, having Voices for her Servants, and Commanding the Winds themselves. But I am the most miserable of my Sex, being curs'd with a Husband more aged, than my Father, bald as a Gourd, and shorter than a Pigmy, and who fastens up his Palace with Bars, Chains, and Guards against the Entrance of any Relief.

BUT I, assum'd the other Sister, am condemn'd to support a Fellow grown almost double with the Gout; And tho' he very seldom takes Care to reward my Pains with conjugal Comfort, yet am I forced to spend all my Time in rubbing his distorted Fingers almost turn'd into a Stone; acting the Surgeon more, than Wife, I defile my fine Hands with stinking Fomentations, nasty Rags, and stenchy Plaisters. You, my Sister, seem to bear this Partiality of Fortune with a Temper too Patient, and serene while I am not able any longer to support that
L
Happy

Happy Lot, which is without merit thus fall'n in her Lap. Remember, I beg thee, how Proudly, how arrogantly she behav'd herself to us! she betray'd the Insolence of her swelling Mind, and proud Temper, in her Boasts, and immoderate Ostentation; and then from her most inexhaustible store how with a visible Reluctance she threw us a poor Scantling; which as soon as she had done she commanded us to be turn'd out of Doors, to be puff'd away, to be hiss'd out of her Palace, as weary of our Company. But let me lose the Name of Woman, and lose vital Breath, if I cast her not headlong down from the Top of all Felicity, and Riches. If you, as you ought to be, are touch'd with our common Contumely let us both join in Consultation to find out some solid and effectual Stratagem to obtain our Desires. In order to this let us not give our Parents any Account of this Matter, nor discover to them, or any one else that we know any thing at all of her deliverance and safety. Let it suffice, that our own Eyes have beheld what has given us Pain, and let us not be the Trumpets of her happy Condition either to our Parents, or the People; for those are not compleatly happy, whose Happiness no body knows but themselves. Let her know make her sensible, that she has Elder Sisters of us, and not Slaves. Let us now leave her to her Palaces, and retire to our own poor Cottages, for such they are in comparison of hers; and having arm'd our selves by a sedate
and

*and long Reflection, let us return more firm,
and prepar'd to punish her Pride.*

THIS Evil they Resolve against the *good* Sister, was not a little satisfactory to the two wicked Sisters, who hiding their precious Gifts, and disheveling their Hair, in dissembled Grief, and mimick Tears they return to their Parents ; whom big with the Madness of Envy they soon take their Leave of, and return to their own Homes, to study and contrive some Villanous Deceit, and an unnatural Paricide against their innocent Sister.

IN the mean while *Pfycbe's* unknown Husband speaks to her in these nocturnal Admonitions: Dost thou, my Fair, perceive what terrible Dangers the Malice of *Fortune* is preparing for thee, at a distance, and which, unless thy Precaution, Firmness, and Resolution be stronger, than they have been, will suddenly assault you near at hand. Those perfidious *She-Wolves*, (for they deserve not the Name of *Sisters*) are with their utmost Invention, and Endeavours laying wicked Plots and Stratagems against thee ; the sum of all which is to perswade you to make a Discovery of my Face, and Person, which I have often told you, you shall never see a second Time if you see it once. If therefore, again those worst of Sorceresses come (as I know they

L 2

will

will come again, have no Communication at all with them, say not one Word to them, exchange not a Look. But if by thy Native Simplicity, and genuine Tendernefs of Mind, thou canst not go through fo difficult a Task, at least be fure to take a most peculiar Care, that you suffer them not to talk about your Husband, or if they do, be fure to divert the Discourse, and answer not a Word to that Point. In thy young Womb thou now bears the Increase of my Family, a little Infant whose Being, if you observe my Injunction, and keep the Secret, will be *Divine*, if not but *Mortal*.

PSYCHE was infinitely pleas'd with the News of her *Divine Off-spring*, and rejoyc'd in the Glory and Dignity of being Mother to a future God; and with a gentle Anxiety counted the Hours Days, and Months, that must give the Increase of her wealthy Womb.

NOW those Mischievous Plagues breathing from their baneful Mouths a Viperous Poison to her Peace sailing the Seas approach this Coast, with a speedy, and prosperous Gale. Then once more the Momentary Husband admonishes his belov'd *Psyche* in this manner. — *Now is the Last day of Peace, the extreamest Mischiefe is threaten'd, the malicious Sex, and hostile Blood has taken Arms, strook the Tents, drawn the Army into Battle Array, and sounded the*

the Charge. Now, now, thy wicked Sisters hold the pointed weapon to thy very Throat! Alas! my dear Psyche what an insupportable Destruction presses now upon me? Ah! take pity of your self, and of me, who must suffer in thy Suff'rings! and, by a Religious Contenance of Tongue, deliver from impending Ruin, your House, your Husband, your self and that dear Little One within thee. See not those wicked Women for they deserve not the Name of Sisters after they have conceived such a causeless, and implacable Hatred against thee, which tramples under foot all the Rights, and Tyes of Blood, and Humanity; when, like the Syrens, they shall on the Rock, send forth to the resounding Stones their finest Voices seal thy Ears against them, and hear 'em not.

PSYCHE replies with words broken by Sighs, and Tears in this manner. — You have long since had a Proof of my Fidelity, and Taciturnity; The Firmness, and Resolution of my Mind shall by a new Evidence be demonstrated to you. Lay your Commands on gentle Zephir to repeat his former Office, and since you deprive my Eyes of the desirable Sight of your God-like Face, deprive me not likewise of the Sight of my Sisters. By those fragrant, and every way pendulous Locks! by that invisible Countenance e'ery way tender and smooth as my own, by that warm Bosom glowing with I know not what kind of Heat! so may I know

thy Face in thy Little One, as thou grantest my Request. Mov'd with the pious Prayers of thy suppliant indulge me the Fruit of them in the desir'd Embraces of my Sisters; and refresh, with so natural a Joy, the Soul of thy dear Psyche who is entirely thy Devote. Tho' thy lovely Countenance be deny'd to my longing Eyes, yet the Shades cannot hinder me from thy Embrace, I hold thee fast in my Arms my Love, and my Light.

BEING vanquish'd by these tender insinuating Words, and soft Embraces, wiping away her Tears with his Locks, he assures her, that all her Desires shou'd be fulfill'd, and so prevents the Revealer Light of the Mornings Dawn by his Flight.

THE two Sisters Confederates in Mischief never call on their Parents, but Land directly at the Foot of the Rock, which they ascend with all the speed of eager Desire; and being got to the Summit, not waiting for the Carrier-Wind, with a blind licentious Temerity leap up into the Air; but Zephir mindful of the Royal Mandate, unwillingly receiv'd them into his airy Bosom, and delivers them safe to the pointed Place. Whence they with equal, and speedy Pace enter the Palace, and belying the Foe under the holy Name of Sisterhood they Embrace their destin'd Prey, and deep under a fair pleasing Countenance concealing the

the Abundance of hidden Fraud they flatter her in this manner.

PSYCHE, not now so small, and slender, as you was of old, now you are almost a Mother! What wonderful Benefit do you bear for us all in the Burthen of your Womb? and how great a Joy will your Delivery give all your Family and Friends? Thrice happy shall we be to behold the golden Infant receiving from you his Birth! If his Beauty be any way answerable to that of his Parents, he must come into the World a perfect Cupid.

THUS by degrees with a dissembled Affection and false Love they invade the unguarded Mind of their innocent Sister; and having refresh'd themselves after the Fatigue of their Journey, with warm Baths, she leads them into her Parlour, she cordially regales them with all the Dainties of a magnificent Banquet. She first commands her invisible Minstrels to sooth their Ears with the Lute, immediately the nimble Fingers tho' unseen run o'er the trembling Strings, and bring forth a soft amorous complaining Sound. Next she orders the Flute to vary the Melody, and immediately the inspir'd Breath sent out Sounds gentle and delightful. Then to compleat the Harmony she bids the Chorus fill the concave Arches of the Room, immediately all the Voices join in the Melody; which being so fine and yet so

solitary sooth'd the Minds of those, that heard it with a Harmony most sweet, and moving.

BUT the obdurate Malice of these wicked Hags, not soften'd by the divine Sweetness of the Musick, remain'd still active, they cunningly turn their Discourse to the Snare, they had laid for her Ruin. Then with all the Hypocrisie of a dissembled Kindness begin to enquire of her, what sort of Husband she had, and of what Parentage and Family he was? But *Psyche* having forgot the former Account, which she had given of her Husband, with too much Simplicity frames a new Story. She tells them her Husband was of the next Province, driving a mighty Trade with abundance of Money; as to his Age he was something past the Noon of Life, his head being strow'd here, and there with a grey Hair. Nor dwelling at all on the Discourse, loading them with rich Presents, she commits them to the Winds to be convey'd to the Rock. But as *Zephyrus* was bearing them aloft in a gentle Breeze of Air, they had this Discourse,

WHAT can you say, my dear Sister, of the monstrous incoherent Lyes of that Fool! Now her Husband is a charming Youth with the Down just spreading over his Chin, and now he is a middle Aged Man with his Hair just beginning to turn Grey! What unaccountable Creature must this Husband be, on whom so little

little a time can bring so great an Alteration? You may certainly assure your self, my dear Sister, that she either forg'd this Lye to impose upon us, or else she does not know the Form of her Husband. But let it be which it will she must be expell'd from these Riches, as soon as 'tis possible for us to effect it. If she really do not know the Form of her Husband, he is some of the Gods, and so the Child, that she goes with will share his Divinity; and shou'd this little despicable Slut once have a Divine Off-spring I certainly shou'd hang my self. Let us therefore return to our Parents, and by a well coloured Deceit manage them to our Ends,

THEY put their Resolves in Execution that Night, and in the Morning return to the Rock, and by the usual Vehicle of the Wind, they make a speedy Passage through the Air down to *Psyche*; and with forc'd Tears they attack their young innocent Sister in this manner. — “ Happy in your own Imagination, “ and blest'd in your Ignorance alone of those “ terrible Evils, that hover over you, you sit “ here incurious of your own Danger. But “ we who watch for your Good with a vigilant Care, find miserable Torment in the “ View of your hastening Ruin. For our unwearied Industry has made a fatal Discovery “ of the Truth of the matter, and there is a “ Necessity for us to reveal to you the Cause “ of this Sororial Sorrow you behold, since you “ are

“ are their Cause, and your safety their End.
“ Instead of a Husband miserable Woman, you
“ take each Night to your Arms a vast, and
“ devouring Serpent, who glides along the
“ Plain in various Volumes, and a wide pesti-
“ lential Mouth, that at once Poisons and De-
“ vours. Call to mind the *Pythian Oracle*,
“ that declar’d you Destin’d to marry a dire-
“ ful and tremendous Beast. The Inhabitants
“ of this Place observing him returning home
“ from his Prey in the Evening, and gliding
“ through the Neighb’ring Waters, say that he
“ will only nourish you up for a while with
“ all the Dainties in the Universe ; but when
“ you are pretty near your time, being a bet-
“ ter Morfel for his odious Maw he will de-
“ vour you at once. All that you have now
“ to consider is whether you will agree with
“ your own dear Sisters Solicitous for your
“ dear Health, and Safety, and declining cer-
“ tain Death, Live with us secure from all
“ Danger and Fear, or be bury’d in the Bow-
“ els of a monstrous cruel Beast. But if you
“ are wedded to the vocal Solitude of this
“ Country Retreat ; or the filthy Delights of
“ the secret Venereal Enjoyment of a fetid and
“ dangerous Conjunction, and the Embraces
“ of a venomous Serpent, we have at least done
“ our Duty like pious, and loving Sisters.
“ Remember likewise how you have incens’d
“ *Venus*, and that from her you are impos’d on
“ in the Senses by Night, the Power of her
“ Deity

“ Deity being able to make a more monstrous
 “ Being pass for a *Cupid* in the Dark.

THE poor hapless *Psyche* full of Simplicity and Fear, is strook with a pannick Terror with the terrible Story ; and being thus quite out of her Wits, she reveals to them all the Admonitions her Husband had given her against Enquiries into his Person, and Form ; and her Promises to curb so natural a Curiosity in the Sex. By this Folly precipitating herself from the highest Point of Happiness into the Abyss of Calamities. All trembling, and pale she addresses herself to the fatal Advisers in this manner, Fear breaking all her Words in their utterance — “ My Thanks my dear Sisters
 “ are your due for these pious offices of Sister-
 “ hood, which have given you such a Concern
 “ in my Affairs. I am indeed too apt to believe,
 “ that those who gave you this Information
 “ were guilty of no Forgery, for I have never yet
 “ beheld my Husband’s Face, nor do I know
 “ who, or what he is ; and only hearing him
 “ by Night, I support a Husband of an uncertain Condition, and one, that perpetually
 “ shuns the Day-light. I am too apt to believe
 “ him to be some such Portentous Thing, as
 “ you describe, notwithstanding that malignant Power of *Venus* has robb’d my Senses
 “ of their Faculties, so artfully to deceive them,
 “ that he seems a beautiful Youth to my Finger’s, Embraces, and Kisses. For he has always

“ ways deterr’d me from a desire of seeing his
“ Face, denouncing most terrible Threats for
“ my Indulgence of any such Curiosity. If
“ you can, therefore, bring any help to your
“ unhappy Sister defer it not in her Danger.

THE wicked Sisters having thus open’d the Avenues to their pernicious Design, by a full discovery of their Sisters Condition, they now attack her with the Drawn Sword (as I may say) of open Fraud, addressing her in this manner. — “ The Tyes of Blood oblige us
“ to have no Fear of any Danger before us in
“ the Pursuit of your Safety, we shall therefore
“ discover to you the only way, that all our
“ many Thoughts and Consultations cou’d
“ furnish to your Deliverance, and that is thus,
“ Take care to hide a Razor perfectly well set,
“ on your side of the Bed, provide also a Lamp
“ well replenish’d with Oil, that it may give a
“ sufficient Light to gratify your Curiosity,
“ and Attempts at Liberty. Let this Lamp
“ be conceal’d from the most curious searching
“ Eye. Having made all these Preparations,
“ he being in his first, and soundest Sleep, then
“ slipping out of Bed take up your revealing
“ Lamp, and by its Light direct your Execu-
“ tion by cutting off the monstrous Head with
“ your Razor, and a bold Heart, and Hand.
“ Nor shall our Help be wanting to you, but
“ we shall wait near with an impatient Anxiety
“ till you have accomplish’d your Deliverance;
“ when

“ when bearing away all this Treasure we
 “ will Marry you to a *Man*, since you are a
 “ *Woman*.

HAVING with such pernicious Discourse corrupted and inflam'd the Bosom of *Psyche*, they leave her with all imaginable speed, fearing, that a Mischief so enormous shou'd reach e'en themselves if they stay'd near it: Born up by the swift gentle Winds they mounted to the Rock, and thence they make their utmost speed to their Ships, all whose Sails being fill'd with a favourable Breez, they flew from the Coast.

BUT *Psyche* being left alone (if she can be said to be alone, who is haunted by the surrounding Furies) is tost like a tempestuous Ocean with the Gusts of Grief, and Concern. And tho' she is fix'd in her Designs, and obstinate in her Determinations; yet is she uncertain what to do, and distracted in the Apprehensions of her approaching Calamities. She is now full of speed, then dilatory; now bold then fearful, she is diffident, and angry, and which is the greatest extremity in the same Person she loves the Husband, and hates the Beast. But the Dusky Evening drawing on full speed, the gloomy Night, she prepares all the Instruments of her Nefarious Enterprize.

THE

THE Night is come, the Husband in Bed, and the first Enjoyments being over he falls into a profound Sleep; when *Psyche* otherwise of a tender Body, and Mind, the Cruelty of Fate assisting her now gathers Courage, and Force; and taking out the Lamp, and grasping the Razor her Boldness transform'd the Sex. But when by the Beams of the Lamp the Secrets of Bed stood discover'd to her Eyes, she saw the most Mild, and Sweet of all Wild Beasts e'en the very God of *Love*; the beautiful *Cupid*, lying most beautifully extended on the Bed. By the Aspect of whose Countenance the Lamp receiv'd a sort of Chearfulness, and the Razor repented it self of its Sacrilegious Edge.

BUT *Psyche*, terrify'd with so great and awful a Sight, impotent of Mind, a deadly Paleness usurping her Crimson Cheeks, and trembling every Limb, fell down on her Knees, not knowing where so well to hide the Steel, as in her own Bosom, which she certainly had done, had not the Razor afraid of a Wickedness so great, flown just then, in her Fall, out of her Hand. In the weariness of Fear, and Terror by looking on that Divine Face she is refreshed, and made Well. She sees the genial Locks of his golden Head all Essenced with *Ambrosia*. The Ringlets beautifully, and becomingly entangled, wand'ring
o'er

o'er his Milky Neck, and Purple Cheeks some pendulous before, and some behind, the brightness of whose Rays vanquish'd the sickly Light of the Lamp. On the Shoulders of the volatile God were plac'd two roscid Wings whiter, than Snow, with shining Feathers like the fragrant Blossoms of the Spring, and tho' they were not in motion yet the outward tender, and delicate Down tremulously moving, was unquietly Wanton. The rest of his Body was smooth and plump and not deform'd, and discolour'd with bristling Hair, but shining, and beautiful, and such as *Venus* had no need of being ashamed of bringing forth. By the Bedside lay his Bow, and Quiver with Arrows, the propitious Weapons of the great God.

WHILE *Psyche* thus with Curiosity, and Amazement surveys, admires, and handles her Husband's Arms, she draws out of the Quiver one of the Arrows, and with the Tip of her Finger touching the point to try its Sharpness, her hands trembling she pierc'd the Flesh so deep, that some Drops of her rosy Blood distill'd from the Wound. And thus ignorant *Psyche* voluntarily fell in Love with LOVE. Then burning more, and more with the Desire of *Cupid*, turning her greedy Eyes on him with insatiable Looks, and multiplying petulant Kisses, her only Fear was, that he shou'd wake too soon.

BUT

BUT while she was in this fluctuating Mind the ill-fated Lamp, threw out a drop of hot Oyl on the Right Shoulder of the God. *Cupid* thus burnt leap up in an Instant, and seeing the Evidence of a forfeited Fidelity without saying one word he vanish'd from the Arms and Bosom of his most unhappy Wife. But *Psyche* presently with her Hands caught hold of his right Leg, as he was mounting, the miserable Appendix of his sublime Journey through the Regions of the Air; but at last quite tired she fell down to the Ground.

C H A P. VI.

Cupid's farewell Speech to Psyche, her attempt to Drown herself, is sav'd by the River-God, and Comforted by Pan; her Revenge on both her Sisters.

HER Lover God not yet forsaking her dejected on the Ground, flies to the Top of the next *Cypres* Tree, and from its lofty Top spoke to her in this manner. —
 “Thou foolish *Psyche*, I, not regarding my
 “Mother *Venus*’s Command of making you in
 “Love with some mean Son of the Mob,
 “chose rather to fly to you, as a Lover my
 “self. I know I have done this lightly, and
 “without Consideration, and I, who boast my
 “self so good an Archer, have wounded my
 “self with my own Arrow, and made thee
 “my Wife it seems, that you shou’d think me
 “a Beast, and reward my Indulgence with a
 “design to cut off my Head, that bears those
 “very Eyes, which are Lovers of you. This
 “was the fatal Danger I so often bid you be-
 “ware, and of this I gave you so often a kind
 “and benevolent Warning. But those egre-
 “gious Counsellors of yours shall speedily pay
 “me the Punishment of so pernicious an
 “Advice. But all the Punishment, that I
 M “will

“ will inflict on you, is immediately to take
“ my Flight from you for ever. With the
last Word he utter'd he mounted into the Air;
but *Psyche* lay prostrate on the Ground gazing
on her soaring Husband, pursuing him with
her Eyes as far as she cou'd, filling the Place,
and tormenting herself with mournful Lamen-
tations. But when by the Oars of his Wings
he had born himself quite out of her sight;
she threw herself from the Bank of the next
River headlong into its Stream. But the gen-
tle River God betwixt fear for himself, and
honour for the God, who us'd to set fire to
the Waters themselves, immediately on the
Back of an innoxious Wave deliver'd her safe
to the Green and flowry Bank.

IT happen'd at that Time, that the Rural
God *Pan* was Embracing the Goddess *Canna*,
on the Brow of the River, and teaching her
to Sing all manner of Words. Near them
brouz'd on the Grass a wanton Herd of Kids.
The Goat-God not ignorant of her Fortune,
calling *Psyche* quite spent and wounded to
him, soothes her Troubles with this kind Dis-
course.—“ I am indeed, my pretty One, a
“ Rural God, and a Goatherd, but by the Be-
“ nefit of Old Age I am become Master of se-
“ veral useful Experiments, and if I conjecture
“ right, from that reeling, and doubtful
“ Gate, and the too much Paleness in your
“ Countenance

“ Countenance, your perpetual Sighing, and
“ those Eyes full of Sorrow, you are extream
“ Sick of *Love*. Listen therefore to me, at-
“ tempt no more to Drown your self, or to
“ put any other untimely End to your Days;
“ lay aside your Grief, and put an End to your
“ Sorrows; and rather by your Prayers, and
“ Devotions pay the Worship to the greatest
“ of the Gods. And employ the same Arts,
“ and Endeavour to deserve him, as if he was
“ a delicate, and luxurious Youth, that is, by
“ kind, and soft Obsequiousness, and Duty.

PSYCHE without making any Reply
ador'd the Salutary Divinity, and proceeds on
her Journey: Before she had Travel'd far
with her painful Steps pursuing an unknown
Path it brought her to a City, where the Hus-
band of One of her Sisters was King; which
when she understood, she took care to have her
Coming made known to her Sister: To whom
being introduc'd, and the first Embraces of
Welcome being over, her Sister enquir'd the
Cause of her Visit, to whom *Psyche* thus re-
ply'd. — “ You must needs remember the
“ Advice you gave me, to kill with a Razor
“ that dreadful Beast, that lay with me under
“ the Name of a Husband, and wou'd soon
“ devour me: But as soon as the conscious
“ Light had discover'd his Face, my Eyes were
“ surpriz'd with a wonderful divine Sight, for

“ I saw the lovely Son of the Goddess *Venus*,
“ the very *Cupid* himself bound up in a gentle
“ Slumber, and while I was suspended with
“ Amazement and Confusion at the Sight of
“ so great a God, and labour’d under an impo-
“ tent Desire of Possessing, and disturb’d with
“ the Ardour of the Pleasure, by an unlucky
“ chance the burning Lamp boild’d up, and
“ sparkled on his Ivory Shoulders. Awak’d
“ by the Pain, and discovering the Weapon,
“ and Light in my hands he said — *For this*
“ *dire Wickedness immediately quit my Bed,*
“ *and get you about your Business, I will now*
“ *join my self in Marriage to your Sister. —*
“ Naming your Name, and so he immediately
“ commanded *Zephir* to blow me out of his
“ Territories.

PSYCHE had scarce done her Story but agitated by the Sting of Madness, Lust, Envy and Ambition, deceiving her Husband with a plausible Lye of News of her Parents Death, she went a Shipboard, and Sail’d directly for the Rock. And tho’ another Wind then blow’d, yet blind with a false hope crying out—*Receive me, Cupid, a Wife worthy thee, and thou Zephir take up thy Sovereign*; leaping up as high as she was able she fell headlong down the Precipice, not able ev’n in her Death to arrive at that happy and coveted Abode, but as she deserv’d,

ferv'd, was torn to pieces by the Rocks in her Fall, and so became Food for the Birds and Beasts of Prey.

NOR was the ensuing Revenge delay'd. For *Psyche* in her wandring Journey, arriv'd at last at another City, where the Husband of her other Sister reign'd; who deceiv'd, and Sinning in the same manner met with the same terrible Fate.

CHAP. VII.

The Discovery of the Amour of Psyche, and Cupid, made by the Sea Gull to Venus in the Court of Oceanus. The angry Speech she makes to Cupid, and Resolution of delivering him over to be punish'd by Sobriety. Her Complaint to Juno, and Ceres, their Defence of Cupid, and her Return to the Ocean.

WHILE *Psyche*, was wand'ring about the World in search of her beloved *Cupid*, he was confin'd to his Mother's Bed by the Anguish of the fatal Lamp, then that white Bird call'd *Gavia*, or the *Sea-Gull*, who Swims with his Wings on the Waves of the Sea, div'd down to the profound Bosom of the Ocean; where Swimming close by *Venus*, as she was a Washing and Bathing her self, in his Language (and *Venus*, that governs every Creature understands the Language of them all) informs her of the Burn of her Son, and the Pain he endur'd, his uneasie Complaint ev'n doubts of its Cure, " He told her farther, That the whole Family of *Venus* had none of the best Names " among the People, who complain that he " is retir'd to a Girl on the Mountains, and " you to your Swimming here in the Sea; " this

“ this double Absence of the Regents of Love
 “ from the Affairs of Mankind had made e-
 “ very thing in the World go to Rack. This
 “ was the Cause, that there was no Pleasure,
 “ no Gaiety, at all, but every thing Rude, un-
 “ cooth and horrid. That all conjugal Nup-
 “ tials, social Friendships, Love of Children
 “ and Parents were all at an End, and nothing
 “ but enormous Filth and unhappiness to be
 “ found, and unsweet Loathsomeness of sordid
 “ Compacts.

THUS did the loquacious Bird prate abu-
 sing the Ear of *Venus* with Calumnies on her
 Son. *Venus* being Angry at this Account of
 her Affairs cou’d not contain her Resentment
 in silence, but exclaim’d in this manner. —
 So then, said she, *this hopeful Son of mine has*
got him a Mistress too? Come tell me thou,
who alone dost faithful Service to me, tell me
who has solicited, and corrupted the Naked
ingenious Boy? Is she one of the Nymphs, the
Hours, the Muses, or of my Train one of the
Graces?

THE tatling Bird let her know that if
 he was not mistaken the Name of the Object
 of her Sons Love was *Psyche*. *Venus* at
 that full of Indignation cries — Does he
 then love that Rival of my Beauty, and Emu-
 latress of my Name? Cou’d he find no other to

make his Property of but me, who first brought him to the Knowledge of her ?

FULL of this Indignation she shoots out of the Ocean swifter, than an Arrow, and takes her way directly to her Bed-Chamber ; where she found her Son sick, as she had been told, and raving at the Pain. —
“ These are very fine doings indeed young
“ Gentleman, said she in a Passion, and very
“ agreeable to our Dignity, and Birth, and to
“ your Temperance ? First for you to tram-
“ ple on the Precepts of your Lady and Mo-
“ ther ; not only not tormenting my hated
“ Enemy with that infamous Love, I or-
“ dain’d her, but that you shou’d take her to
“ your unripe Embraces, on purpose to make
“ my Enemy my Daughter-in-Law. But I
“ suppose you Trifler, that you think, I cannot
“ have another Son. Know, therefore, that I
“ will beget another Son better, than thee ; or
“ rather, that you may find the disgrace, and
“ contumely the greater, I will adopt one of
“ my little Slaves, and to him will I give
“ those Wings, Flame, Bow, and Arrows,
“ and all my Furniture and Ammunition of
“ Love, which I gave you ; for they come
“ not from your Father but Me. But thou
“ wert always untoward, and turbulent, how
“ many of the Older Gods hast thou woun-
“ ded, not sparing e’en me thy Mother, yes
“ even me thou Paricide thou hast frequent-
“ ly

“ ly wounded with thy Darts ; you use me
 “ as if I were a Widow, and had none to
 “ stand by me ; nor art thou affraid of thy
 “ Father-in-law the Warriour God, nay to
 “ my perpetual Plague thou hast help’d him
 “ to many a Girl. But I shall take effectual
 “ care to make you repent this Gamesome
 “ Trick of yours, and to render your Nup-
 “ tials bitter enough.

“ BUT being thus flighted, held in de-
 “ rision what course had I best take to right
 “ my self? How shall I punish that little De-
 “ ceiver? Shall I apply my self to my Ene-
 “ my *Sobriety*? Whom I have so often offen-
 “ ded by the Luxury of the young Rogue?
 “ Must I have Recourse to that filthy Rustic
 “ Woman? That indeed I tremble at ; yet
 “ the Pleasure of Revenge is not to be ne-
 “ glected from any Hand. I must, therefore,
 “ and will go to her, and her alone, for she
 “ will be sure thoroughly to correct that little
 “ Trifler. She will rifle his Quiver, and dis-
 “ arm all his Arrows, unbend his Bow, and
 “ extinguish his Flame, and chastize his Body
 “ with more violent Punishments. Then I
 “ shall think my Injury attoned when I have
 “ shaved off those Locks, which with my own
 “ hands I often bound with Gold, and crop’d
 “ off those Wings I have wash’d in Nectari-
 “ ous Springs.

HAVING

HAVING given this vent to her Passion full of Venereal Spleen she trip'd out of Doors ; where *Ceres* and *Juno* meeting her in this Mood, and perceiving her angry Countenance ; ask'd her why she wou'd do so much Injury to her sparkling Eyes, by so fullen, and disagreeable a Contraction of her Brows ? To whom *Venus* thus reply'd, ——— You are met very opportunely to be the Executioners of that Violence of Hate, and Anger, that rages in my Bosom. I beg you, therefore, with your utmost Care, and Diligence, to find out that fugitive Girl, *Psyche*. For to be sure the famous Adventures of my House, and of my Son cannot be unknown to you.

BUT they endeavouring to soften, and mitigate the cruel Anger of *Venus* ——— What strange Offence has your Son committed that you disturb his Pleasures with so violent a Rage ? And seek to destroy her whom he loves ? How can we impute it to him as a Crime, if he was pleas'd to be belov'd by a beautiful young Virgin ? Don't you know of what Sex, and what Age he is ? Or have you indeed forgot how Old he is ? What because he carries his Tears pretty well wou'd you always make a Boy of him ? Come, come, consider you are his Mother, a Lady of Prudence, and Wisdom ; will you, therefore, always with so curious and inquisitive an Eye pry into his Sport, and blame his Dalliances and Loves,
and

and in your beautiful Off-spring you condemn your own Arts, and Delights. But what God will suffer you to scatter amorous Desires all about, and spread them among the People, when you restrain the Gallantry of your own Cupid, and the Amours of your own Family? And so shut up the public Shop, and Work-house of all Female Enjoyments?

THE Fear of his Darts made them pay this Flattery to *Cupid* in a gracious Patronage of his Cause. But *Venus*, angry at this ridiculous Treatment of her Injuries; leaving them in a huff pass'd on to the Ocean.

CHAP. VIII.

The anxious Travels of Psyche in pursuit of Cupid, her Adventures at the Temples of Ceres, and Juno. Their rejecting her Piety, and Prayers ; and her Resolution to surrender herself up to Venus.

PSYCHE in the mean while was driven about from Place to Place variously wandering Day and Night without Ease or Repose every where enquiring after her Husband, made more eager of pursuing, by the difficulty of finding him ; in hopes to propitiate his Anger with the most humble of Prayers, if she shou'd fail to do it by soft tender Words, and all the moving Allurements of Love and Desire. Casting her inquisitive Eyes on a lofty Mountain, discovering on its brow a magnificent Temple she sigh'd and said to herself *Perhaps my Love, my Lord inhabits there !* and immediately with hasty Steps she directs her Journey thither. Tho' tyr'd, and quite spent with her dayly Labours, yet spirited, and excited by Hope and tender Wishes passing the highest Ridges of the Mountain she enters the Temple.

SHE was no sooner Enter'd but she saw heaps of Corn in loose Ears, and some twisted
into

into Sheafs, and Garlands; with mingled Ears of Barley. Scatter'd about lay Reap-hooks and Rakes, and all the Instruments of the Harvest, without order or decency, as thrown carelessly out of the weary Reapers Hands in the sultry Hours of the Day.

THIS impious Confusion the pious *Psyche* puts an End to by seperating, and sorting ev'ry thing to its proper place and kind; believing that she ought to neglect none of the Temples of the Gods, but endeavour by her Piety to engage them all in her Protection. The holy *Ceres*, whose Temple this was, finds her thus Religiously employ'd, and thus cries out to her. — *Ab! Psyche truly worthy of our Pity! Venus full of Rage and Indignation seeks you all about the World, to inflict on your Devoted Head the extreamest of Punishments, directing the whole Force of her Divinity into one terrible Revenge. Yet regardless of thy own Safety thou art busie now about my Affairs.*

PSYCHE then throwing herself at her Feet, and washing them with Floods of pearly Tears, while her dishrevel'd Locks lie stragling on the Floor, with many an Ardent Prayer begs her Pardon. — *I implore you, said she, by that frugiferous Right hand, that scatters Fertility round. By the jocund Ceremonies of the Harvest! by the silent Rites of the Basket! By your Chariot drawn by flying Dragons!*
By

By the Furrows of the Sicilian Glebe ! By the rapacious Chariot ! The tenacious Earth ! By the gloomy Descent and Nuptials of Proserpina ! By the Discovery and Return of your Daughter to Light ! And the other Secrets, which are conceal'd on the Sacristies of the Attic Eleusinis ! Support the Soul of your Psyche worthy at least of your Pity ! Suffer me to lie hid here in yon heap of Corn a few days, till the cruel Anger of so great a Goddess be mitigated by Time, and remit of its Fury ! Or at least allow me so much Time as to refresh my weary'd Limbs, quite tired by Labour and Travel !

TO this Prayer Ceres made her this Reply. — *I am mov'd by your Prayers and Tears, and own a Desire to assist you; but that I know not how to bear the Reproaches of a Kindred Deity, with whom I have had an ancient Tye of Friendship. Depart, therefore, from this Temple immediately, and acknowledge my Pity, and your own Happiness in that I permit you to be gone, and do not seize you for Venus.*

PSYCHE receiving, contrary to her Hopes, a Repulse so severe, and oppress'd now with a double Sorrow, retiring, in the Valley beneath this Mountain discovers a Fane of elegant Structure surrounded by a shady Grove ; and unwilling to omit any Way, tho' dubious, to better Hope, and Desirous of the Pardon of any of the Gods, approaches, with humble Feet

Feet the sacred Porch. Being come to the Place she finds rich Offerings, and Presents affix'd to the Trees and the Pillars; which express'd the Favour Receiv'd, and the Goddesses to whom they were Dedicated.

THEN throwing herself on her Knees, and embracing the Altar, and wiping away her flowing Tears, she address'd herself to her in this Prayer. — *Thou Sister, and Wife of great Jupiter, Whether you abode in the ancient Temples of Samos, which glories in your querulous Infancy, and Nourishment; or frequent the happy Seats of the lofty Carthage, which adores you yet a Virgin mounting to Heaven in your Chariot drawn by Lions! Or whether you preside o'er the Walls of Illustrious Argos, and the Banks of Inachus, which celebrate thee just Marry'd to the Thunderer, and Queen of the Gods! Whom all the East adore under the Name of Zygia, and whom all the West invoke in the Name of the Lucina! Be thou Juno the stayer of this Extreamity of my Misfortunes! Deliver and save me, quite tir'd out with the Fatigue of Labours so long, and so manifold, from the fear of that imminent Danger that threatens me! I know that of thy own Voluntary Goodness thou comest to the Assistance of those that are in Child-Bed; oh let not then my Invocation be in vain! —*

JUNO

JUNO on this Address immediately presents herself to her full of all the Native Majesty of her Divinity, and gives her this Reply.—— *I wou'd most willingly, Psyche, have my Daughter-in-Law Venus yield to your Prayers ; yet Modesty and Decency require, that I do nothing in Despight of the Will, and against Venus, whom I have always lov'd as my Daughter. Besides the Law forbids me to receive into my Protection any fugitive Servant of another, without her Consent.——*

PSYCHE now quite confounded with this second shipwrack of her Fortune, and despairing of recovering her Volatile Husband laying aside all Hopes of safety, she thus Reasons in her own Thoughts—— *To what other Relief or Defence can I flie from Miseries unsupportable, when the Goddesses, tho' willing, dare allow me no Assistance? Whither or to what place shall I direct my wandring Steps, when Entangled in Nets so inextricable? Hid in what Recess can I escape, or what Gloom is dark, enough to Conceal me from the inevitable Eye of all powerful Venus? Assume therefore a Masculine Mind, my Soul, and dare to renounce all thy vain little Hopes, and voluntarily surrender thy self into the Hands of thy Lady, and Sovereign, and try to mitigate her kindled Wrath by thy Modesty tho' late! Besides it may be thou mayst in his*
Mother's

*Mother's House find him, whom so long thou
hast sought every where else invain?*

HAVING thus fortify'd her Mind to
adventure on her dubious Duty, or rather
certain Ruin, she ruminates in her head how
she shall begin, and what say first to *Venus*,
most moving, and best to her Purpose, she
goes along.

CHAP. IX.

Mercury cries Psyche by the Order of Venus, with her Reward to those, who shall discover her. Psyche surrenders herself. Her punishment, and the three first Labours impos'd on her by Venus.

BUT *Venus* approving none of the Earthly Remedies she cou'd meet with, returns to Heaven. She commands that Chariot to be made ready, which *Vulcan* having wrought with admirable Art, and all the fine subtilty of the file, and pretious in a Waste of Gold, presented her before the Nuptials. Four little *Turtle-Doves*, out of many that perch'd by her Bed-chamber door, with joyful Ringlets assume the pleasing Yoke adorn'd with Gems, and taking up their Lady with joyous Wings support her through the Empireal Air. The Chariot was attended by Flock of *Sparrows* whose amorous Cherpings, with other Birds give notice of the Approach of *Venus*, in a natural, and sweet sounding Melody.

THE Clouds give way, and the Heav'ns expand their Bosome wide to their beloved Daughter, and the Highest Sky with Joy admits the Goddes. Nor does the Sonorous Family of *Venus* fear the awful *Eagle*, or rapacious *Hawk*. Then directing her Course to the Imperial Palace of *Jove*, where demanding

ding the Necessary Assistance of the Vocal God *Mercury*, *Jove's* azure Brow smil'd gracious his Assent. Then *Venus* accompany'd by *Mercury* flies triumphantly thro' Heav'n; and as they pass along she addresses her self to him in this solicitous manner, —

MY dear Arcadian Brother, you know, that your Sister Venus never did any thing without the Presence of Mercury; and you know how long I have sought in vain for my Female Slave, that hides her self from me; all therefore, that I desire of you is to cry her in a public manner. Take Care therefore to see my Commands punctually Obey'd, nor forget any of the Marks, by which she may be known, lest any one plead Ignorance for the Crime of concealing her.

SHE gave him on this a Paper with *Psyche's* Name and all else, that was necessary to be mention'd; and immediately went hence to her own Palace. *Mercury* neglected not the Performance of her Commands for passing through all Nations he cry'd her in these Words.

Mercury's Proclamation of Psyche.

IF ANY MAN, OR WOMAN IN
COUNTRY, TOWN, OR CITY CAN
TELL TALE OR TYDINGS OF, OR
N 2 SEIZE

SEIZE IN HER FLIGHT, OR DISCOVER WHERE HID A FUGITIVE KING'S DAUGHTER, AND SERVANT TO *VENUS*, *PSYCHE* BY NAME, LET HIM OR HER COME TO *MERCURY* THE CRYER, AND RECEIVE AS A REWARD OF THE DISCOVERY FROM *VENUS* HER SELF SEVEN KISSES, AND ONE ENCHANTING TOUCH OF HER CHARMING TONGUE.

MERCURY having thus proclaim'd it, the Desire of so vast a Reward rais'd an active Emulation among all Mortals who shou'd gain it. This took away from *Psyche* all manner of doubt, and delay ; so that now approaching the Gates of her Ladies Palace, she is first met by one of the Domestics of *Venus* call'd *CUSTOME*, who cry'd out immediately as loud as she cou'd — *Ho ! do you at last most undutysful, and faithless of Servants begin to imagine that you really have a Mistress ? And do you as you see, pretend Ignorance of the Pains, and Fatigue, you have cost us in seeking you out ? But it is well, that you are fall'n into my Hands, and that you think fit even in the Gripe of Death to flie home, to receive a Punishment for your Contumacy.*

HAVING utter'd these insulting Reproaches Twisting her hands in the Hair of her

her head she dragg'd her in a door without any Resistance. *Venus* beholding her thus brought in burst out into a Loud but Scornful Laughter, and shaking her head ——— *Are you at last pleas'd*, said she, *to come and pay your Duty to your Mother-in-Law? Or did you rather come to see your Sick Husband, yet lay'd up of the Wound given him by his loving Wife? But be not in Fear, I shall give you such a Reception as becomes my Sons Wife, and my Daughter-in-Law. Where are my Maids, SOLICITUDE, and SORROW?*

THOSE being call'd in, she deliver'd her over to them to be tortur'd. They in Obedience to their Sovereigns Commands having lash'd her all over, and put her to the other Torments, which they usually execute, bring her back before *Venus*: Who laughing again with a Malignant Joy, burst out at last in this manner ——— *But behold*, said she, *her swelling Belly moves my Compassion, since by that it is, that she is to make me a happy Grand-Mother. That Venerable Name is a Happiness indeed to be desired in the middle of our Age! And the Son of a vile Slave shall be honour'd with the Name of Grand-Son of Venus! Tho' I wrongfully call him my Grand-Son, for there is no Parity, nor Legality in the Match kudled up in a Village, without Witness, and the Consent of his Parents,*

N 3

which

which makes the Nuptials illegal, so that if I shou'd suffer thee to bring thy infamous Offspring to light, it must be a Bastard.

HAVING said this she flies upon her, tears off all her Garments in several places, and having cut off her Hair, and beat her about the Head, taking *Wheat, Barley, Millet, Poppy-seed, Vetiles, Beans, and Lentils*, she mixt them all together thoroughly in one Heap, and thus she spoke to her with Contempt,—*You seem to me a Servant so deform'd and ugly, that the only way, that you can merit your Lover must be by dint of Industry and Diligence; and therefore I will my self make tryal of your good Housewifry, and Care; take and sepe-
rate all these Grains, and put each of the same kind in a parcel by it self, an easie and small Task for you to finish before the Evening.*

THUS having set her so large a Heap of blended Grains to sepe-
rate she departed to her Supper.

BUT *Psyche* in a perfect Consternation at the Enormous Work sat stupid, and silent without moving a hand to the inextricable Heap.

IN the midst of this Despair *Cupid* stirs up the little *Ant*, the Native of the Fields to take compassion on her in so insu-
perable

perable a Difficulty; the Leader execrating the Step-Mothers Cruelty summons together all the busie Legions of the Neighbouring Emets in sounds mystically signifying these Words, ——— *Take pity ye active Nurselings of the Omniparent Earth! Take Pity, and with speed make Haste to my Assistance of the Wife of Love, a beautiful young Woman and in danger of Ruin.*

ON this whole Floods of the fix footed People, with utmost diligence seperated the Heap, Grain by Grain; and having sorted each to its Parcel, they vanish'd out of Sight in a moment.

VENUS at the approach of Twilight returns from the Nuptial Feast, moist with Wine, scenting of *Balsommon* and her Body hung round with shining Roses. And having cast her Eye to the Work said thus to her, — *This is not yours, you wicked one, nor the Work of those Hands, but of his, whom to your own, and his Misfortune you have pleas'd;* and throwing her a piece of black Household Bread, she past on to Bed.

IN the mean time Care was taken to keep *Cupid* confin'd to his Chamber very exactly to keep him from the Company of his beloved, lest by a Petulant Luxury he should injure his Wound. Thus therefore the Lovers

being seperated under one Roof pass'd away the Night. But no sooner had *Aurora* usher'd in the Morning, but *Psyche* being call'd, *Venus* thus delivers herself to her — Behold yonder Grove, which stretches it self a great way along the Margin of the Flood, whose lowest Waters survey a Neighbouring Fountain. There will you find Sheep feeding without a Shepherd, with Golden shining Fleeces on their Backs. I therefore order you immediately to go and fetch me a Flock of that precious Wool, gathered from every one of their Fleeces.

PSYCHE went willingly away, not with any Design of putting this Command in Execution, but to put an end to her Misery by throwing her self off the Rocks into the River. But when she came to the Brink, the River God inspir'd the Reeds with harmonious Murmurs, which breath forth these Words in soft Music. — *Psyche* exercised in great Sorrows, Polute not my holy Streams by your Miserable Death, nor yet venture to the formidable Rams on the other side, as long as by the Influence of that heat they borrow from the Sun, they burn with a cruel Rage to the Destruction of Mortals either with their sharp Horns, stony Heads, or venomous Bites. But when the Noon-ty'd Sun has driven the Cattle to the shade, and the serene Spirit of the Flood lull'd them to Rest, you may hide yourself under yon tall Plantan Tree, till the Rams
having

having mitigated their Fury, and left the Neighbouring Wood, you will find the woolly Gold sticking to the Roots of the Trees.

THUS the compassionate River God by the Murmuring *Reed* gave *Psyche* Instructions how to return in safety ; and observing all the Directions she found her Obedience not in vain, but return'd to *Venus* with her Arms full of the golden Fleece, and easie Theft. But found not the Approbation of her implacable Mistress by her second Danger, and Labour ; for pursing up her Brow, with a bitter, and formidable smile she speaks thus to *Psyche*.—— *I am not ignorant, that you are not the Performer of this Task ; but I will now experience whether you are endow'd, or not with Courage, and Prudence. Do you see the Top of yonder lofty Mountain from which springs a black Fountain, whence falls down the dusky Stream, which included in the Channel of the next Valley tumbles into the Stygian Lake, and supply, the boarse Streams of Cocytus, bring me, with all Expedition, in this little Urn the liquid Dew of the inmost Spring of the deepest Well.*—— Saying which she gave her a small Cup smooth with Chrystal, with Threats of greater hardship when this was over-come.

PSYCHE, with her utmost speed, mounts to the very Top of the Hill, there at last to find a Period to her Miserable Life. But
when

when she came to the confines of the Summit she discover'd the fatal Difficulty of the vast Undertaking. She saw a Monstrous large and lofty Rock, dangerous, by inaccessible Ruggedness, vomit out of its middle the horrid Stream, which being immediately drawn from the Channels, whose Mouths were bent downward, fell perpendicularly through a close and cover'd Pipe into the subjacent Valley ; on the Left, and on the Right they creep thro' hollow'd ragged Rocks ; o'er which cruel Dragons stretch out their scaly Necks, and never closing their Eyes keep a perpetual Watch. The Vocal Flood seem'd to shake, and Murmur to it self as it pass'd along ; *Depart ; What do you attempt ? Look and see what you do ; have a care ; flie, or you perish.*

PSYCHE almost petrify'd with Grief at the view of the Impossibility of accomplishing the Task, present in Body, but absent in Mind, stupid with the Danger she had not so much as the least Ease of Tears in her Extreamity. But the anxiety of the innocent is never unknown, or unheeded by *Providence*. For the rapacious *Eagle*, that regal Bird of supream *Jove* on a suddain flew to her with expanded Wings, and mindful of the Service *Cupid* had done him, in making him the Instrument of bearing up the *Phrygian* Cupbearer to *Jupiter*, in Regard of the Deity of the God, and the Suff'rings of his Wife, thus in
the

then Language of his Kind, address'd her self to her ——— *Can you, of a plain and undesigning Mind, ever hope to steal one drop of this holy and no less Terrible Fountain; or even to touch it? You have heard at least, that these Stygian Waters, are dreadful to the Gods themselves; who, as you, by their Divinity so they swear by the Majesty of Styx. But give me the little Pitcher, and I will perform it for you. ———*

TAKING it in his Beak, and sailing with his moving Wings betwixt the extended Necks, and gaping Mouths of the Dragons he steers his Course to the Right and to the Left till he arrives at the Waters, and the willing Waters yield him what he comes for, as by the Commands of *Venus*, to whom he was to bear them, which was his Pass and Credentials of Success.

PSYCHE's succeeding in this dreadful Affair cou'd not appease, by her past Dangers, and Labours her Wrath, which still threatened her with greater and more dangerous Labours. ——— *You appear to me, said she, to be a detestible Socrerss, and Magician profound, that cou'd with such Address perform all these difficult Commands. But I have yet another Task for you to execute. Here take this Box and go your Way to the Infernal Shades, and the feral Palace of Pluto; where giving*
this

this Box to Proserpina, say Venus desires you to send her a little of your Beauty, at least enough to serve an Hour or two, for while she attends her Sick Son she has made use of all she had. But be not too long on your Errand for I must paint myself with it to be at the Circle of the Gods and Goddesses.

C H A P. X.

Psyche's Descent to Hell to fetch Venus a Box of Proserpina's Beauty. Her Return; The Fatal effect of her Curiosity: She is recovered by Cupid, by whose desire Jupiter makes her his Wife and Immortal, and of her is Pleasure Born.

PSYCHE was now truly satisfied of the last extremity of her evil Fortune; and finds that all further pretences being laid aside, she is too manifestly forc'd to immediate Destruction, being oblig'd to go with her own Feet directly down to Hell. Wherefore to make no delays of what was not to be avoided; she goes to the top of a certain high Tower, thence to precipitate herself headlong; thus she should most directly descend to the Shades below. But being come there she heard a Voice break from the Tower in these words.

“ W H Y poor unlucky Girl dost thou
“ design to put a Period to thy Days in a
“ manner so hideous? And what Cowardice
“ makes thee sink under this last danger?
“ Who hast been so miraculously supported
“ in all thy former? If this way you take
“ you will certainly go down to the bottom
“ of *Tartarus*, but shall never thence return
“ any

“ any more. Listen, therefore, to me. *La-*
“ *cedemon* a noble City of *Achaia* is not far
“ from hence. Near to this City hid in the
“ devious Places seek the *Tenarus*, and there
“ you will find the Cave of gloomy *Dis*,
“ where the invious Road is discover’d thro’
“ the wide yawning Gates. Having past these
“ Bounds you go into a direct Path to the
“ Palace of Hell ; but you are not to pass
“ those Shades empty handed, but must take
“ in each Hand a sop of Barley Bread soak’d
“ in sweet Wine, and in your Mouth too
“ Fares. When you have past the best part
“ of the deadly Journey you will o’ertake a
“ lame *Ass* laden with Wood with a Driver
“ as lame as him, whose Burthen being fall-
“ ing he will ask you to reach him a Cord or
“ two to fasten it. But do you besure to pass
“ by him in silence. When you come to the
“ dead River, in which *Charon* immediately
“ asking his Fee in his old patch’d Boat wafts
“ the Passengers to the farther Shore, so that
“ *Avarice* lives e’en among the Dead. Nor
“ does *Charon* himself the Father of *Dis* do
“ any thing without his Hire. The Poor
“ Man, that Dies must provide his *Viaticum*,
“ and none you find departs this Life with-
“ out his Penny in his Hand. To this squa-
“ lid old Gentleman, give from your Mouth
“ one of the Fares to his Hand. When you
“ are once in the sleepy Pool, you’ll find a
“ Ghost of an old Man swimming on the
“ Waters,

“ Waters, and lifting up his Hands to beg
“ you to take him into the Boat and give him
“ a passage with you ; but be not you affe-
“ cted with an unlawful Piety. Having past
“ the River, and gone a little way you will
“ find some old Women Spinsters, setting
“ their Woof in order who will desire your
“ helping Hand, but it is not lawful for
“ Mortal Fingers to touch it. For all these
“ are Traps set by *Venus* to make you let
“ fall one of the fops out of your Hands ;
“ nor do you imagine that such a Loss is a
“ Trifle, since the loss of but one deprives
“ you of a return to Light. For there is a
“ great huge Mastiff Dog with three Necks
“ and great Heads, Cruel and Formidable and
“ Barking with his thundering Mouths, soar-
“ ing with vain Fears the Dead, whom he
“ cannot hurt, being a perpetual Sentinel be-
“ fore the Black Palace of *Proserpina*, and
“ guards the empty House of *Dis*. Appeas-
“ ing this Dog with one of your fops, you
“ may easily pass by him, and immediately
“ come into the Presence of *Proserpina* ; who
“ will receive you very courteously, and de-
“ sire you to repose your self on a soft
“ downy Seat, and partake of a curious and
“ delicate Banquet. But do you sit humbly
“ on the Ground and beg a little brown
“ Bread. Then telling your Message and
“ taking what you come for, giving the Dog
“ the other fop secure your Passage back to
“ *Charon*,

“ *Charon*, and having given him the other
“ Fare in your Mouth, and past the River,
“ keep on the Path you formerly went, and
“ that will bring you to the same Celesti-
“ al Light which you left. But of all things
“ this is chiefly to be observ’d by you, that
“ you never once open, or look into the Box
“ that you carry, nor have any *Curiosity* to
“ pry into the Treasure of the Beauty of the
“ Goddesses.

Thus spoke the Voice from the Tower:
And *Psyche* making no delay goes directly to
Tenarus, and having got her *Sops* and her
Fares she goes into the infernal Paths; and
having past the lame *Ass*, and given the old
Ferry-Man his Fare, moved by the Prayers
of the floating Ghost, and deaf to the subtle
Requests of the old Spinsters, and appeased
the Rage of the Dog with a *Sop* she came to
the Palace of *Proserpina*, and not accepting
the delicate Seat or delicious Banquet, that
was offer’d her, but contented with Bread
for her Food she deliver’d her Embassy from
Venus. She presently receiv’d the Box shut,
and fill’d with the fatal Secret; and so ha-
ving appeas’d the Dog with the other *Sop*, and
given the Ferry-Man his other Fare she re-
turn’d to Light much more vigorous, than be-
fore. And having paid her Adoration to the
bright Day, tho’ in haste to deliver an Ac-
count of her Voyage, and fairly acquit her
self

self of the dangerous Embassy, yet was she seiz'd by a pernicious Curiosity.----- *What, said she, shall I, the Carrier of this Divine Beauty, not steal the least bit to put on my Cheeks to appear the more lovely in the Eyes of my Beautiful Lover?*

No sooner had she said this but she open'd the Box; and found nothing there of any Beauty at all, but an infernal, and truly *Stygian* Sleep, which being thus set free from its Prison invades her, and with a thick coloriferous Cloud spreads all over her Body, and takes possession of her while she falls down in the midst of the Road, a sleepy Corps, or dead Body without Motion.

But *Cupid* being now recovered of his Wound, and not bearing any longer the Absence of his beloved *Psyche*, slipping through the smallest Window of the Chamber, to which he was confined, and his Wings being much stronger by so long a Repose, he flew with incredible swiftness to the Relief of his *Psyche*, and gathering up the sleep from her Body closes it again in the Box, he wakes *Psyche* with a light touch of one of his Arrows,----- *Again, said he, hast thou almost perished by the same Curiosity. But now do you perform exactly the Task imposed on you by my Mother, and I will take care of the rest.*

Having said this the *Lover* flew aloft on his Wings, and *Psyche* carries *Venus* the Present of *Proserpina*.

Cupid in the mean while pining with excess of Love, and fearing the sudden severity of his Mother, returns to his Armory, as swift as Lightning penetrating the Heights of Heaven he comes to *Jupiter* with his Supplication, in which he pleads and defends his Cause.

Jupiter then stroaking his little Cheeks with his Cloud-compelling Hands, and Kissing his little Fingers, speaks to him in this manner, ——— *Tho' you my domineering Son, never pay that deference to that Honour, which has been decreed me by the Consent of the whole Synod of God's ; but daily wound this Breast, by which the Laws of the Elements, and the Motions of the Stars are order'd, and dispos'd ; and often sully'd it with the Adventures of Earthly Intrigues, to the Violation of the Laws, and the Breach of even the Julian Law, and Publick Discipline, giving my Reputation and Fame frequent Wounds, by Adultery, and changing his Serene Countenance into every Form for that end, into Serpents, Fire, Wild Beasts, Birds, and even Cattle : Yet remembering your own Moderation, and that I have Nurs'd you up with these Hands, I will do all that you desire. While*
you

you are aware of your Enemies, and know your Friends ; and if you are sensible, that you ought in return for this Service, to give me notice of any Charming Beautiful Girl, that is now upon the Earth.

Having made this Speech to *Cupid*, he sent for *Mercury*, and order'd him immediately to Summon, on the severest Penalties, that Gods were capable of, all the Gods to a general Council. Which being by *Mercury* perform'd there immediately appear'd a full House, lofty *Jupiter* sitting on his Sublime Throne deliver'd himself in this manner to all the Cœlestial Family.

Jupiter's Speech to the Gods, and Decree in Favour of Cupid.

Ye Conscript Gods (in the Muses White Roll) you all know and are very well acquainted with the little Boy, whom I have Nursed up with my own Imperial Hands ; It was my Opinion, that the heat of his first Tears ought to be restrain'd by some Bridle or other. 'Tis enough, that he is the daily Talk of the Universe for Adulteries, and all manner of Corruption. All occasion of this is to be taken away, and his puerile Luxury bound up with the Noose of Matrimony. He has chose for himself a Beautiful Young Lady, and rifled her Virgin Treasure. Let him therefore hold her, let him possess

O 2

possess her, and embracing his Psyche, let him Eternally enjoy his Love.

Then turning his Face to *Venus* he proceeds,— *Nor be you my Daughter* (said he) *troubled at this Decree, nor fear that your mighty Off-spring shall be disgrac'd with the Nuptials of a Mortal; I now make them an equal Match according to the Civil Law.*-----

On this he commands *Mercury* to fetch *Psyche* up to the Heavenly Assembly; who being in a Moment arriv'd, *Jove* lifting out to her a Cup of *Ambrosia* said—*Drink this Psyche and be Immortal, nor shall Cupid ever go from the Knot in which he is ty'd; but these shall be to you perpetual Nuptials.*

THE Wedding Supper being immediately serv'd in with great Plenty, the Husband being plac'd at the upper end of the Table held in a strict Embrace his *Psyche* in his Bosom, next him was *Jupiter* and *Juno*, and after them all the Gods and Goddesses in their Order. Then the Rustic Cup-bearer fills a mighty Bowl of *Nectar* to *Jove*, and *Bacchus* to the rest; *Vulcan* was Cook, and dress'd the Supper: The Hours with Roses and other fragrant Flowers strow'd all the Place and every Thing: The *Graces* sprinkled Balsam; The *Muses* sung with Melodious Voices; *Apollo* sung to the *Lyre*; *Venus* with unequal'd Har-

Harmony of steps Danc'd to the Musick. The Order of the Pomp was that the *Muses* should sing the *Chorus*, *Satyrus* play on the *Flute*, and *Paniscus* speak to the *Pipe*. And thus *Psyche* came rightfully into the Hands of *Cupid*; and they had in Mature Time a Daughter, whom we call *Pleasure*.

THUS Madam, concluded the *Provincial*, you find Love and Perseverance has Cur'd the Wounds of Curiosity, and that there is no strait so great, from which Providence cannot deliver us. I will not detain you after so long a Story with a tedious Moral, since I think it is every where visible to a Hearer so sensible as *Donna Theresa*.

Theresa seem'd mightily pleas'd with the Odness, Variety, and Moral of the Fable; and the Air of Antiquity, which it every where carry'd with it seem'd to add to her satisfaction. She assum'd a more sprightly Air, and return'd the *Provincial* many Thanks for his Story, but more for his Dog: who leaving me then behind retir'd to his College.

I was pleas'd with the exchange, since it made me a safe Witness of her Conduct, and Condition when alone: By which I soon discover'd the Perfection of Female Hypocrisie,

finding her pretended Quarrel with the Cardinal, and her dissembled Melancholy, and Grief was only to cover her private Intrigues, by shutting her self up two, or three Hours in a Day with her Gallant without Interruption.

The End of the Fifth B O O K.

B O O K



BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

Fantasio discovers Donna Theresa's Intrigue with Count Luciano, and the Cardinal's Footman at the same time. An Account of the Conversation at the Dutches's of Bracciano's.

THE *Provincial* was no sooner gone but *Theresa* runs into her Bed-Chamber with me in her Arms, where I found *Uberto* a Footman of the Cardinal's waiting for her, and they were no sooner met but that she quitting me advanc'd to the Bed with *Uberto*, Cursing the *Provincial's* Story, that had held her so long from his Arms.

Scarce were the first Joys over when we heard the noise of Footsteps in the Anti-chamber, and *Uberto* was forc'd to run under the Bed in the Condition he was in, and *Theresa* to the Chamber Door where now she heard her other Lover's Voice. Who entring clasp'd her in his Arms, and in a thousand Kisses

avow'd his Constancy and Passion. She was not behind hand in her Protestations of Love, and Fidelity : accusing the tediousness of the Hours of his Absence, which to her was the Winter of all her Joys, in which nothing but cold sighs and fluxy Tears govern'd her unhappy Hours, except when warm Desire and Imagination thaw'd the Icy Region.

THIS double Hypocrisie being pretty well over, and their desires being mutually rais'd by Lies, or Lust, they repair to the Field of Battle, where the Woman is always the Conqueror. Their Vigour spent, and Desire by Repetition cloy'd after some forc'd Embraces, the Complement of sated Appetite *Luciano* retir'd. For it was Count *Luciano*, whom she chose rather to reward, as a Gallant, than Husband, for his former Sufferings, and Services. But e'en in her Justice she mingles the Falshood of the Sex, and divides that Heart, which he had so long merited, betwixt him and a Senseless Slave.

Luciano being gone, *Uberto* comes again in Play whose Honour in being at all admitted to the Arms of so Beautiful, and exalted a Lady was sufficient to calm the Resentments of such Usage. At last like a second *Messalina* tir'd but not satisfy'd, she dismiss'd *Uberto*, and retir'd to Repose.

A S much a Dog, as I was I found in my Breast a generous Indignation against so abandon'd a Creature, resolving the next time the like occasion offer'd I would discover her Baseness, with which, and some Moral Reflections on the Falshood of Women I fell into sleep.

THE Morning being now come I rose from the Bed and the hated Bosom of *Theresa*, who made it Noon before she was dress'd. The Evening being come she took me with her to the Dutchess of *Bracciano's*, where was generally an Assembly of the Wits of both Sexes, who by the prudent Conduct of that Dutchess obtain'd a Freedom of Conversation, not before usual in a Country so Jealous of their Women. But the great concourse of French Ladies, and Persons of Quality, who manag'd the Affairs of the *French* at that Court, had much alter'd the Moroseness of the Husbands of *Rome* ; where now there were frequent Meetings of both Sexes without their Ancient Restraint.

WE found at our Entrance the Count *Luciano*, and two of the Academy of the *Humoristi*, and one of the *Fantastici*, the first *Fabretti*, and *Bellori*, the second *Capreolo*, and the Prince *Borghese*. Of Female Wits there was the Dutchess her self, *Donna Theresa*,

resa, and *Donna Ophelia*, a Lady belonging to the *Opera*, yet for her Wit and good Sense receiv'd among Ladies, and Gentlemen of the best Quality in *Rome*.

Donna Laura Mellini, & *Signor Tassi* were just gone, and as is usual we found the Discourse on them tho' in borrowed Names, for the *Romans* would not be guilty of the Breach of good Manners, as to abuse any one by Name.

“ In my Opinion (said *Bellori* to the Prince
“ *Borghese*) *Torquatus* brings that as the
“ Marks of his Merit, which is only so of his
“ Impudence, his Acquaintance and Familiarity
“ with Persons of Quality and Sense.
“ Since Interest of Fortune, or Reputation,
“ draws many Fools to besiege the Great and
“ pester the Wise. Besides Desert is but accidentally
“ the Care of the Great, according
“ as they are endued with your Highness's
“ Noble Qualities.

“ For my part (said *Capreolo*) I think
“ *Phryne* and he are well met, silence will
“ never dwell in the House with them if they
“ should be confin'd to one another. Tho' in
“ my Opinion *Phryne* ought never to talk
“ but Sing, and *Sylvia* ought never to Sing
“ but Talk; for the first is a Fool with a
“ good Voice, and the later a Woman of Wit
“ who

“ who can’t sing a Tune : And yet *Phryne* is
“ always talking and sings not without Re-
“ luctance and Importunity, and *Sylvia* is
“ ever humming some broken Notes of a Song,
“ that have no Relation to each other. So
“ apt we are to mistake our Talents.

“ Prithee *Capreolo* (interrupted the Prince)
“ cast an Eye on thy self, and if you find
“ your self not free from that, or some other
“ Folly, condemn not another. Nay if a
“ Man must condemn nothing (my Lord)
“ but what he’s free from himself (reply’d
“ *Capreolo*) what would become of all the
“ Satiric Wits of the Age? It must all be con-
“ fin’d to *Pasquin*. For then this Lady could
“ not rail at the Pride, Vanity, Coquetry,
“ Indiscretion of another.

“ NOR this Beau (assum’d *Ophelia*) laugh
“ at that Fop, and so the prettiest, Thought-
“ less talking things in the World would be
“ all silent. Or how then would the Wits be
“ able to dissect one another’s Works, to find,
“ and screw out a Fault for the Subject of their
“ Discourse, if they were to lash nothing but
“ what they were free from themselves?

“ That would be (pursu’d the Dutchess)
“ the way to ruin half a Hundred Criticks,
“ and Wits, who set up on no other Fund
“ imaginable, and would be just like other
“ Folks

“ Folks if you rob them of this vent of their
“ ill Nature.

“ I hope Madam (reply'd *Fabretti*) your
“ Grace would not exclude true Criticism,
“ for that would be to level the Fool, and
“ the Man of Wit ; the Pretender and Ma-
“ ster of his Art, than which there can be
“ nothing more prejudicial to Merit, and good
“ Sense, in any of the Arts which have been
“ esteemed by Men of Judgment and Polite-
“ nefs.

“ I am not so much a Woman (return'd
“ the Dutches) as to have no Taste of true
“ Criticism. I am of a Country where it has
“ appear'd in all its Glory, and in our Mo-
“ ther Tongue, which has admitted the Ladies
“ a little into that Knowledge, which other
“ Nations have excluded them generally from.
“ But it is against the Pretenders to Criticism,
“ that I speak, who are perpetually railing in
“ the wrong place, and at the wrong Person,
“ only to be taken notice of.

“ Right, Madam, (assumed *Capreolo*) if a
“ Man has never such Success Envy boils them
“ up to the Intemperance and Ill Manners of
“ contradicting the Judgment of the Town ;
“ and makes them Conjure up the Dead to
“ Damn the Living. They make you Deaf
“ with *Horace, Ovid, Virgil, and Tibullus.*
“ Nay

“ Nay some will not stop here but pass the
“ *Adriatic*, and the *Archipelago*, and Muster
“ up the Posse of *Greece*, *Sophocles*, *Euripi-*
“ *des*, *Anacreon*, *Homer* and *Aristophanes*, to
“ confound our present Endeavours on the
“ Modern Foot. When they might as well
“ talk to us of *Phidias*, *Praxetiles*, *Apelles*,
“ *Zeuxis*, and the rest of the *Greek* Painters
“ and Sculptors in opposition to *Michael An-*
“ *gelo*, *Raphael* and the rest of our Modern
“ Performers in these two Arts.

“ For my Part I can see no Reason why
“ what we write now should not be, as good,
“ as what they wrote at *Athens* or *Rome* so
“ many Hundred Years ago. If they are not
“ to be brought to the same Standard, I know
“ not why their’s is to be preferr’d to ours.
“ There must be great Allowances made for
“ the Alteration of Customs, Manners and the
“ like ; and since to *Please* is the End of all
“ these Arts, that End being obtain’d by us
“ as well, as by them, I shall always think
“ we are on as good a Foot of Reputation, as
“ the Ancients. I must own, that I can’t but
“ esteem our *Opera*’s as excellent, as the Tra-
“ gedies of *Sophocles* or *Euripides* ; they please
“ us more, and are adorn’d with the Advan-
“ tages of such charming Voices, as *Ophelias*,
“ and heighten’d by Action as just as hers al-
“ ways has been allow’d to be, to the infinite
“ Pleasure of all Spectators.

“ Your

“ Your Complement, *Signor*, to me can’t
“ bribe my Judgment, (Reply’d *Ophelia*) ;
“ and tho’ I am not a competent Judge of the
“ Excellence of the *Greek* Dramatic Poets,
“ yet by the Translation of some of their
“ Plays, which I have read in *French*, I must
“ avow my disgust of our *Opera*’s, which
“ have nothing to recommend them but the
“ *Musick*, *Voices* and *Action*, all the while
“ they are shocking our Reason and Under-
“ standing. Poetry in my Opinion ought to
“ be a Picture of Nature, and when ever an
“ Author, or Poem deviates from that glori-
“ ous Path, I think him worthy of Contempt
“ tho’ applauded by all the Fools in the
“ Town. Nor can there be any thing more
“ absurd, than to Quarrel Singing, Fight
“ Singing, Read Letters Singing, nay and
“ Die Singing ? These are all Contradictions
“ to Nature, and evidently therefore contra-
“ ry to Reason, and can please none but such
“ as are more taken with Sound than Sense.
“ What Merit our *Songsters* and *Rhimers* may
“ have in comparison of *Horace*, and the rest
“ I can’t pretend to Judge ; but yet I may
“ venture to say this, that if *Virgil*, *Horace*,
“ and the other Wits of Old *Rome* knew, and
“ wrote, as little of Nature, as those of new *Rome*
“ do now, Poetry is a Soil, that will admit of
“ vast Improvements. And if *Ovid*, *Tibullus*,
“ *Horace* and *Catullus* have written so much
“ better on Love, than the Moderns I am
“ affraid

“ affraid they were better Lovers, and had
 “ stronger Beauties to inspire them, which is a
 “ great Mortification to the Ladies of this Age.

“ By no means (reply'd *Bellori*) it is an
 “ Argument rather of the stupidity of the
 “ Men, that having stronger Charms of Beau-
 “ ty to inspire them, fall yet so far short in
 “ the Passion and expression of Love, that
 “ ought in Reason to be so much the more
 “ violent. But it must be confess'd, that we
 “ lie under a disadvantage, which the Anti-
 “ ents had not, which is of directing our Poe-
 “ try by very bad Precedents. *Petrark* is in
 “ our Mother Tongue, and started out from
 “ the Barbarity, of the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and
 “ *Huns* with a chime of Words, and Thoughts,
 “ that pleas'd the Ignorant Age with the
 “ Jingle, which was new and diverting; and
 “ took so strong Root through *Italy*, and
 “ other parts of *Europe*, that his Authority
 “ grew Sacred, and every new Writer sought
 “ Perfection in the Imitation of him.

“ The *Antients* were almost unknown in
 “ those Ages, and tho' *Petrark* was a Scho-
 “ lar, I mean knew *Latin* very well, yet his
 “ Taste fixing him on *Martial*, he made the
 “ Epigram run through all his Poems. He
 “ found a Point, and Wit much easier for him
 “ to hit, than the Springs and Lineaments of
 “ the Passions. A happy Knack, like that of
 “ Pun-

“ Punsters was sufficient for the former, but
“ it was Necessary to study and know Nature,
“ and the humane Soul perfectly to succeed
“ in the later. By *Succeed* I mean not, what
“ *Capreolo* does, the Applause of the Mob,
“ Success with the ignorant, but the Aproba-
“ tion of the Judicious. Else we take away
“ all Standard of Right, and Wrong and leave
“ no Rule of Distinction of Merit but Chance,
“ which confounds Wit, and Folly, Pretence,
“ and Reality ; and *Dureficio*, is a Better Poet
“ than *Capreolo* himself, for he has had grea-
“ ter Success with the Many, than he: And
“ yet I am affraid *Capreolo* wou’d be apt to
“ take it for an Affront to be put in a Classe
“ with *Dureficio*.

“ IN my Opinion (assum’d the Prince)
“ with Respect to *Capreolo* he ought to be
“ yet in a lower Classe, because *Dureficio* being
“ ignorant of the Antients, is incapable of
“ forming his Judgment by their admirable
“ Performances ; He has never had the Means
“ of Studying Nature, but knowing nothing
“ but his Mother Tongue takes the best Au-
“ thors in that for his Pattern, and has ar-
“ riv’d at the Happiness, and Merit of plea-
“ sing not only the Vulgar, but the Fair, and
“ the Great, whose Minds are generally other-
“ wise employ’d, than to know how to dis-
“ tinguish betwixt a good and a Bad Poet.
“ But *Capreolo* on the other Hand, has *Homer*,
“ *Euripides*,

“ *Euripides, Horace*, and the rest of the Heroes
 “ of *Parnassus* always in his Mouth, he is so
 “ perfect in them, as to repeat you Hundreds
 “ of Verses together out of them; and yet, as
 “ if untouch’d with their Beauties, and unim-
 “ prov’d by their Excellencies, he sinks into
 “ the Track of the Moderns, and is willing
 “ from his own Mouth here to throw himself
 “ on a Level with *Dureficio*, and the rest of
 “ the illiterate Pretenders to the Muses, rather
 “ than ingenuously to own his Incapacity of
 “ following the arduous Track of the Antients,
 “ or like a true Son of Art throw off the ful-
 “ som Dawb of the *Moderns*, and shew his
 “ generous Aims at the unsophisticated Beau-
 “ ty of the *Antients*.

“ *CAPREOLO* (pursu’d Count *Luciano*)
 “ is in for it, and since your Highness has lead
 “ the Way, he must have Patience to have his
 “ Errors Corrected, tho’ in so awful an Assem-
 “ bly, since he has here thrown in his De-
 “ fence of a Folly he ought rather to relin-
 “ quish, than plead for. You seem *Capreolo*
 “ to place all Merit in *Success* with the
 “ People; that is you wou’d have the Blind
 “ Judge of Painting, and the Deaf of Music,
 “ if they hit right in their Applause it is more
 “ the effect of Chance, than Skill. I suppose
 “ you will allow Poetry to be an Art, and
 “ then it certainly follows, That there are
 “ certain Rules by which we may Judge when

“the reformation is just and when otherwise.
“For every Art proposes something as the
“End, to which it is directed, and consists of
“Means, and certain Rules of attaining that
“End. As in *Architecture*, or the Art of
“Building the several Rules of making the
“Fabric compleat, are known, and allow’d on
“all hands, and he that pretends to be an Ar-
“chitect, and observes not these Rules is uni-
“versally condemn’d as a Medler, a meer Pre-
“tender. Every one knows (that knows the
“Art) that in every regular Building there
“must be, *Solidity, Convenience, and Beauty,*
“*Order, Disposition, Proportion, and Decorum;*
“for *OEconomy* relates more to the Conduct of
“the Architect, than to the Art of the
“Fabric.

“*SOLIDITY* consists of a good Founda-
“tion, and sound Materials. *Convenience* is
“when the Parts of an Edifice are so order’d
“and dispos’d, that they may not embarrass
“one another. *Beauty* is, that agreeable Form
“and pleasing Appearance, which the Buil-
“ding presents to the Eye of the Beholder.
“From *Order* each Part receives its just Big-
“ness, whether we consider them a part, or
“with Relation to the whole. *Disposition* is
“a due Ranging, and agreeable Union of all the
“Parts. *Proportion* is the Relation which
“the whole Work has to its parts, and which
“every one seperately has to the Idea of the
“whole

“ whole. Thus the Diameter of a Pillar, and
“ the length of a *Triglyph* gives us a right
“ *Idea* of the whole, to which it belongs. *De-*
“ *corum* or *Decency* consists in making the
“ whole Aspect of the Fabric so correct, that
“ nothing appears, but what is founded
“ upon, and approv'd of by establish'd Au-
“ thority. *Decorum* further teaches us to
“ have Regard to *Design*, *Custom*, and *Nature*,
“ directing us in *Design*, otherwise for a Pa-
“ lace, than a Church; *Custom* gives Orna-
“ ments to the Porches, and Entries of those
“ Buildings, that are Magnificent within.
“ *Nature* prescribes our choice of different
“ Prospects for different Parts of the Building,
“ exposing the Bed-Chambers and Libraries
“ to the Morning Sun, Winter Apartments to
“ the West, Closets of Pictures, and the like to
“ the North, because they require an equal
“ Light.

“ BY this short and general View of *Ar-*
“ *chitecture* we find, that there are certain
“ Rules in this Art, the Observation, or neg-
“ lect of which is a Proof to the Learned of
“ the Excellence or Defect of the Artist.
“ Every other Art has its peculiar Rules to
“ direct to the end it aims at, and if Poetry be
“ an Art, as it has hitherto, for these two
“ thousand years and upwards, been acknow-
“ ledg'd, it must have, and has as certain
“ Rules to fix our Judgment of the Merit, or

“ demerit of the Performance ; but then it
“ must be allow’d every ignorant Hearer or
“ Reader is not a Judge of them.

“ SHOUD any one in Architecture make
“ his *Architrave* of one *Order*, the *Frieze* and
“ *Cornish* of another, the *Capital* of a third,
“ and so on ; shou’d he form a sort of Pillar
“ out of the *Capitals* of the *Tuscan*, *Doric*,
“ *Ionic*, *Corinthian*, and *Composit*, and sup-
“ port these with the *Caryatid* or *Persic* it
“ wou’d be monstrous to an *Architect*, but to
“ a vulgar, or ignorant Eye might appear
“ charming, since all these *Capitals*, *Archi-*
“ *traves*, &c. are in themselves beautiful
“ and in their proper places, but so prepos-
“ terously clap’d together must be ridiculous
“ and absurd. Thus in Poetry the *Epic*,
“ *Lyric*, *Elegaic*, *Tragic*, *Comic*, and *Epi-*
“ *grammatic* are all very beautiful in them-
“ selves, but hudled into one Poem must be
“ abominably preposterous to a Judge, tho’
“ this medley might and certainly wou’d
“ please an ignorant Reader or Hearer. For
“ indeed too many of the Moderns have been
“ guilty of it with Success. While they
“ have join’d the *Elegaic* and *Epigrammatic*
“ perpetually ; nay have let the *Epigram*
“ over-run the whole Province of *Parnassus*.
“ Which if there were not certain Rules
“ drawn from *Nature*, and the *Antique* to re-
“ gulate

“gulate it wou’d be a Land of *Confusion*
“and a second *Babel*.

“AS in *Architecture* there is no Excel-
“lence, or Beauty in the whole but what
“is from Geometry and the Proportion of the
“Parts according to the Rules of Art, so
“neither can there be any Perfection in
“an Poetry but in the Justness of the Design,
“and the harmony of the Parts, and their
“correspondence with, and dependency on
“the whole Poem. For the Rules of this Art
“are nothing but Nature (its only Object)
“reduced into Form. So that he, that has
“no Art cannot have much of Nature, and
“he that is destitute of Nature can be no Poet,
“let the Smoothness, or Loftiness of his Stile
“be adorn’d with all the Beauties of Rheto-
“ric imaginable, and cry’d up by the injudi-
“cious Applauses of the great *Vulgar* and the
“*Small*. *Capreolo* therefore emulate the
“*Antients*, with whom you are so well ac-
“quainted, and like *Horace* be content, nay
“proud of a few Judicious Approvers, rather,
“than ambitious of the Dregs of a precari-
“ous Reputation among the Ignorant, that van-
“ishes in a Day, and leaves you in contempt for
“the next Coxcomb that Fancy sets up.

“CAPREOLO (assum’d *Ophelia*) you
“must either allow, that there is some Stan-
“dard of Excellence, or that there is none.

“ If there be any you must either allow that
“ of the Antients, or set up some more cer-
“ tain and clear. If there be none then
“ you can value your self on no performance
“ since after you have pleas’d your self, and
“ taken some Pains to please others your Work
“ may be, for all that you know, not worth
“ one Farthing. If the receiv’d Rules of
“ Poetry be faulty, correct them, but let us
“ have some Rules, or you destroy the Art ;
“ and if you forsake the Rules of Art (let
“ them be what they will) you are no Artist,
“ and by Consequence no *Poet*.

“ I CONFESS (pursu’d *Frabretti*) I
“ think Signor *Capreolo* has been very un-
“ fortunate in his Instances, when he tells
“ us, that we might as well urge *Phidias*
“ *Praxetiles*, *Apelles* and *Zeuxis* against *Mi-*
“ *chael Angelo*, *Raphael*, and the rest of the
“ Moderns, as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles*, *Euri-*
“ *pides* and *Horace* against the Modern Poets;
“ For it is notorious to all the World, that
“ we owe the Revival of *Sculpture* and *Pain-*
“ *ting* to those invaluable Relicks of Anti-
“ quity, that were imitated by those great
“ Masters of the forgoing Ages. It is allow’d
“ on all hands, that our Painters, and Statu-
“ ries are only so far excellent, as they imi-
“ tate the *Antique*, and that not because those
“ are pieces of *Phidias*, or any other *Greek*
“ Sculptor, but because those Artists had
“ so

“ so happily, and so judiciously follow’d, and
“ heighten’d *Nature*, that we can find no
“ way of arrivng at a higher Perfection. We
“ find the way made easier by imitating them
“ and studying their Labours, and what Ex-
“ cellence we have in either of those Arts
“ we owe to the *Antients*.

“ THE same may be said of the Poets of
“ these times, they had Nature always in
“ View, arriv’d at such an Excellence in their
“ Draughts of her, that it is impossible to go
“ beyond them and the Study of their Works
“ will be a vast Assistance to our Poets in
“ the pursuit of the same End. *Poetry, Musick,*
“ and *Painting*, and *Sculpture*, have generally
“ flourish’d together, but we, who have ex-
“ cell’d all the Moderns in the three later
“ come behind almost all *Europe* in the
“ first.

“ TRUE (assum’d *Bellori*) if we look
“ into every Part of *Poesie* we shall find it ;
“ all our *Lyric*, or Songish Poetry is now
“ confin’d to some few sounding but sense-
“ less Words, which may furnish the Compo-
“ ser with an opportunity of an *Arrietto*, or
“ melting Notes to charm the Ear but ne-
“ ver touch the Mind, and Understanding. Our
“ only Attempt at the *Epic* was in *Tasso*, and
“ *Ariosto* the later as much debauch’d the *Epo-*
“ *pee* with frantic Enchantments, ridiculous
P 4 “ Adventures

“ Adventures, and Romances, as *Petrarch* has
“ done the *Lyric* and *Elegy*. *Tasso* indeed has
“ come nearer the Model by having *Virgil* in
“ view, but he cou’d not keep clear of the
“ *Lyric*, and *Pastoral*, two species of Poetry of
“ no Relation to the *Epopee*.

“ THEN for the *Dramatic* I know not
“ whether I shall say we never had any thing
“ of it, or that you will oppose me by telling
“ me of the *Aminta* of *Tasso*, and the *Pastor*
“ *Fido* of *Guarini*; or lay before me *Andrea*
“ *Cicognini*, *Il Cieco d’ Hadria*, and the rest of
“ the inferiour Classe. Yet I must continue
“ in the same Mind, that we have not had in
“ *Italy* so much as the Shadow of the *Drama*,
“ tho’ the most Noble, most Useful, and most
“ Entertaining Part of *Poetry*, while the *Tra-*
“ *montani* of whom we falsely have a very Con-
“ temptible Opinion, have made great Advances
“ in so noble an Art, and publish’d such admi-
“ rable *Critiscisms* upon that, and its Authors
“ of Antiquity, that ought to make us blush
“ to find our selves still pursuing the Shadow
“ in Sound, while they are aiming at the Sub-
“ stance in Sense.

“ Encouragement (*assum’d the Prince*) is
“ the Life of Arts; *Painting*, and *Sculpture*
“ strook the Eye, and were of use to the Orna-
“ ment of our Houses, and our Churches; so
“ *Pride* and *Religion* join’d to exalt it to Per-
“ fection

“ fection, and the *Drama* was only for Instru-
“ ction by Pleasure; but the peculiar Tendence
“ of this Nation to *Musick*, made us content
“ with *Pleasure* in that, without rifing up to
“ *Sense*, and the Nobler Draughts of the Hu-
“ man Soul, in all its Affections, and Habits.
“ The Church likewise has been a mighty
“ Promoter of *Musick* in the Provifion ſhe has
“ every where made for Profeffours, and Per-
“ formers in that Art.

“ BUT there is another Reason (*pursued*
“ Bellori) that *Tragedy* has met with no En-
“ couragement among us. It was begot, born,
“ and came to perfect Age in *Liberty*; and
“ that is what has been departing from *Italy*
“ for ſome Centuries, and ſcarce now has any
“ footing left in all the Nations of it.

“ *LORENZO di Medici*, on his Reviving
“ the Stage and promoting the *Politer* Arts at
“ *Florence* ſtopt at the *Opera* and his Head was
“ too buſie in maintaining his Power in the
“ State againſt the perpetual Affaults of his
“ Foreign and Domeſtick Enemies, to bring
“ this to that Perfection he had elſe the Capa-
“ city of doing. And *We* live always under
“ an old Monarch, that has other Aims, than
“ things of this Nature. The good Fathers of
“ the *Society*, indeed Yearly viſit us with ſome-
“ thing of this kind; but alas! it is not the
“ Province of School Boys, and Pedagogues!

“ A

“ A *Dramatick Poet* ought to know all Man-
“ kind, from the Prince to the Peasant, the
“ different Characters of Men, which distinguish
“ the Mind as much as the Features do their
“ Faces. He ought to know the Duties of
“ a *Prince*, of a *Commander*, a *Statesman*, a
“ *Soldier*, and so through the Rest of the Or-
“ ders of Men, else he will commit a thousand
“ *Solicisms* in the Manners which will shock
“ a Judicious Reader; for he will do what
“ was said before in *Architecture*, join a Capi-
“ tal of the *Corinthian* to a Pedestal of the
“ *Ionic*, and yet value himself, if the Fools,
“ that know not the Error applaud his prepo-
“ sterous Production.

“ I HAVE been in *Spain* (said Count
“ Luciano) where they have Abundance of
“ these *Dramatick Performances*, but very few
“ worthy the Name. When I was at *Madrid*
“ there was a Young Student of *Salamanca*
“ much applauded at that time for several
“ witty Copies of Verses which he had wrote,
“ but full of the Vanity of *College Applause*
“ he comes to the *Metropolis* and wou'd needs
“ write a *Play*. He chose for his Subject *Phæ-*
“ *dra*, but knew so little of the Character of
“ a Queen, and a Woman of Vertue, that he
“ made her more Impudent, than a Common
“ *Prostitute*. *Euripides* makes her Unfortu-
“ nate indeed, but this Gentleman made her
“ Guilty. The *Greek Poet* made her, by the
“ necessity

“ necessity of the Revenge of *Venus*, under the
 “ Curse of an involuntary Passion for her Son-
 “ in-Law, and gives her such Difficulties of
 “ discovering it, that her very Nurse, that had
 “ bred her from a Child, and alone, cou’d find
 “ it out only by a chance Word; but the
 “ *Spanish* Poet gives her the Assurance (to call
 “ it no other Name) to make her own it to a
 “ Minister of State, and a Man (to say nothing
 “ of her Guard) and before the very Mistress
 “ of *Hippolitus*.

“ I T was full of these Absurdities, yet he
 “ found some Men of Figure, that espous’d it
 “ in a violent manner. For my Part I won-
 “ der, that the Dignity of the Character of a
 “ Queen, and Woman of Vertue prostituted in/
 “ so Ignorant and Scandalous a manner did not
 “ give an Abhorrence of the Author, and con-
 “ fine him to *Odes* or *Epigrams*, a Province
 “ fitter for a young Student ignorant of the
 “ World, than *Tragedy*, the most Illustrious of
 “ *Parnassus*.

“ THERE was another Author there,
 “ that brought on *Tamerlane* with Applause,
 “ and made him a meer Talking, Sauntring
 “ Hero, full of musty Morals, but guilty of
 “ no Action in the whole Play contrary to
 “ his Character, as either a *General*, *Conqueror*,
 “ or *King*. In another Play the same Author
 “ lays his Scene in *Italy*, and makes his *Heroine*
 “ Debauch’d

“ Debauch’d before Marriage, and not very
“ Chaste afterwards, and yet all patiently
“ born by the Husband, and she never repen-
“ ting of all her Wickedness when she had
“ added *Self-Murder* to *Adultery* and *Fornica-*
“ *cation*.

“ THESE Absurdities I urge to show you,
“ how necessary it is for a *Dramatic Poet* to
“ know and follow the Rules of his Art as well
“ in the *Characters*, and the *Decorum*, and
“ *Rights* of each *Character*, as in the *Plot* and
“ *Design*. His *Tamerlane* ought to have been
“ confin’d to a Country School, and not have
“ preferr’d to the Buskin, and his Lady manag’d
“ in another manner, and sent to the *Brothel*,
“ not the Eye of an Audience. But few Po-
“ ets among the Moderns know either how to
“ chuse a Subject, or how to contrive, dispose,
“ and write it when chose, because they are
“ ignorant of their Art. And think its Per-
“ fection to consist in Words, in fine Language,
“ and not in the Justness and Correctness of
“ the Design, the well marking the Manners,
“ and true, and Artful Draught of the Passions.

“ THAT in my Opinion (*interrupted*
“ Ophelia) is as if a *Painter* shou’d value him-
“ self more on the drawing the Drapery, than
“ the Figure; for Language to a Play does
“ not seem to me so much, as ev’n the Dra-
“ pery to a Picture. A Jingle, or at least a
“ Set

“ Set of Words, and Phrases supplies one, but
“ the other cannot be had without a Know-
“ ledge of Nature ; of all the Movements of
“ the Soul, and all its Qualities, Habits, and
“ Affections, and the several Blendings of those
“ several Qualities, from which arises that
“ difference, that distinguishes Mankind one
“ from another.

“ YOUR Notion is admirable (*assum'd*
“ Bellori) Charming *Ophelia* in this Point,
“ and sufficiently decisive. The other Absur-
“ dities I observ'd (*said Luciano*) on the Spa-
“ nish Stage, were in their *Plots* or *Designs* ;
“ they mingled sometimes *Comedy* and *Trage-*
“ *dy* in the same Poem ; and wou'd not be
“ satisfy'd to give us any one Action for their
“ Subject, but stretch the *Time* sometimes to
“ Ages ; and *Place* all over a Kingdom, nay
“ sometimes to half the Universe ; and have
“ Marriages, Children born, and grow up in
“ one Play of two hours, and half. This in-
“ deed *Cervantes* in his admirable *Quixot*
“ complain'd of long since, and urg'd it to
“ their Authors, or rather Players, to consider
“ the Honour and Reputation of their Coun-
“ try, whose Sense, and Understanding wou'd
“ be censur'd by Strangers of better Judgment,
“ as Barbarous and Ignorant.

“ *CERVANTES* indeed (*pursu'd Ophelia*)
“ has a good deal on that Head, and I was in
“ hopes

“ hopes the Authority of so great a Man had
“ reformed that Abuse before this Time.

“ B Y no means (*reply'd* Luciano) Errors
“ that have got footing in Wit, as well as
“ Religion, are not remov'd but by a superiour
“ Power of State, or Revolution of the People,
“ the *Spanish Players* that have the Administra-
“ tion of the Stage, and are ignorant, and yet be-
“ lieve themselves Judges; and such Absurdities
“ having pass'd so long, they believe them
“ Excellencies, and as long as the Stage con-
“ tinues in such hands it can never be other-
“ wise.

“ A S for their mingling *Comedy* and *Trä-*
“ *gedy* (*said* Ophelia) it seems such an Incon-
“ sistence, that I wonder any rational Creature
“ cou'd ever unite them, did I not find some-
“ thing of that nature in all our *Operas*, which
“ are a sort of Musical *Tragedies*; for we have
“ two buffoon Parts in e'ry *Opera*. But that
“ I look on more tolerable since we pretend
“ not to move the Passions so strongly as a
“ *Tragedy* is suppos'd to do; for thus to pass
“ from Tears to Laughter seems monstrous,
“ and shocking to common Sense. 'Tis not
“ in Nature, for when a Heart is possess'd
“ with Grief, it is impossible to affect it in a
“ Moment with Joy, without removing the
“ Cause; and much less with Laughter. And
“ in a Play it must break, and weaken the
“ Pity,

“ Pity, and make such a Confusion in the De-
“ light, as must render it not at all agreeable
“ to the Gusto of any one, that thinks with-
“ out Confusion.

“ A S for the Absurdities you mention of
“ the Plot, and Conduct they are so ob-
“ vious to common Sense, that I wonder
“ they cou’d obtain. The Subject of a
“ Poem like that of a Picture ought to be but
“ one Action. As the Victory of *Constantine*
“ over *Maxentius* done by *Raphael’s* own hand,
“ the *Painter* has given us a wonderful variety
“ of Figures; Actions of Particulars all con-
“ tributing to the common and publick Action
“ of the Battle: And for him to have added
“ all the Battles, Actions publick and private
“ of that Emperour to this Piece, had been so
“ monstrous, that that alone must have damn’d
“ his Piece; such a difference of Subjects must
“ have distracted the Attention; which by be-
“ ing divided must be lessen’d. Besides, tho’
“ all or every of the Actions of that Hero may
“ have a Harmony each peculiar to it self, yet
“ it is impossible to preserve such a Correspon-
“ dence as wou’d make a Harmony of the
“ whole.

“ NATURE it self has excluded this Ab-
“ surdity from Painting in a Visible manner,
“ for no space is sufficient to make the Perfor-
“ mance in its just proportion; and if in the
“ same

“ same Gallery there be several Actions of the
“ same *Hero* represented they are every one a
“ several Picture, with Beauty peculiar to its
“ self, and incommunicable with the Rest,
“ with which there can be no universal Cor-
“ respondence.

“ THO’ this may not to the *Spaniards*
“ appear so visible in a Play yet to any by-
“ Stander, that is skill’d in the Art it is as
“ plain as in the Picture. The Unity of the
“ Action does not exclude variety of Chara-
“ cters, as is plain from the Historical Pieces
“ of most of our *Painters*, but it admits none,
“ who are not immediately concern’d in the
“ grand Action of the Piece.

“ THE passing from Country to Country
“ falls under the same Rule, and is for the
“ same Reason absur’d; since it must include
“ variety of Actions, which are not reducible to
“ one View. I am however more satisfy’d, on
“ your Relation of these Absurdities of the
“ Foreign *Drama*, that we have nothing here
“ at all of that Poem; for it is better to have
“ none of it, than to have it so debas’d, as dis-
“ covers a Dullness, and want of Judgment in
“ the Audience.

“ BUT if my Lord (*pursu’d she addressing*
“ *herself to the Prince*) your Highness wou’d
“ exert that great Interest, and Power you
“ have

“ have, with all those Advantages of Art, and
“ Nature to the settling of a perfect and regu-
“ lar Stage, I know not any thing cou’d be
“ more distinguishing and worthy your Glory,
“ it being the most rational Diversion, and the
“ Noblest School of Vertue, which conveys
“ its useful Instructions, in the charming Ve-
“ hicle of Pleasure, and will strike those, who
“ have little Regard to the Church. Besides
“ it being the highest Perfection of the Wit of
“ Man, it will be an Argument of the pecu-
“ liar Excellence of your Highnesses Sense,
“ and grand *Gusto* by Establishing this Science.
“ ’Tis true it will be some trouble for *One* to
“ undertake it, yet any *One* Man of your Qua-
“ lity and Interest might soon bring over those,
“ who have an Opinion of your Understand-
“ ing, at least if they do your Highness that
“ Justice, which I shall ever endeavour to
“ do.

BELLORI, and the Dutches join’d in this Particular, the Dutches assuring him, that the *French* Stage had been as Ridiculous as the *Spanish* till *Richelieu* took care to reform it in spite of those who had kept it so long under the Libertinism of Ignorance.

THIS Discourse being over *Ophelia* paying her Respects to all the Company according to their several Qualities withdrew, and cast a pleasing Smile on *Bellori*, as he waited on
Q her

her to the Coach. When *Bellori* return'd he found the whole Company engag'd in Admiration, and Praise of *Ophelia*, which gave him an Opportunity of speaking on so pleasing a Subject with a Satisfaction that was visible to the Company.

BELLORI (*said Donna Theresa after Ophelia and Bellori had left the Room*) cou'd not conceal the Satisfaction he had in taking the hand of *Ophelia*, nor she the Pleasure of giving it to him.

I KNOW not (*reply'd the Prince*) how far *Ophelia* has gone in the Heart of *Bellori*, or what Interest he has in hers, but I think each of them have Charms enough to engage any Lady or Cavalier in Rome. *Bellori* is a Gentleman of a good Estate, a great many Personal Qualities, that will always have their Value in the Eye of the Fair, and as many considerable Endowments of Mind, as are sufficient to gratifie all the People of Sense. He has Learning, Wit, and Judgment, which are seldom Companions in one Man. He has besides good Humour and Generosity; is always ready to do a Service, where the Object has any Pretence to Compassion, or his own Honour require it. In short I think him the fittest Man in the World to be either a Friend or a Lover, which is a Praise I should be Ambitious of my self.

BUT

BUT tho' so qualify'd for a Man of Pleasure, yet Gallantry does not engross him, Business shares his Time, and the Publick Revenue is the better for his Care.

A S for *Ophelia* (*said the Dutcheſs*) I will presume to be her Advocate in her Absence, as your Highness has been for *Bellori*. *Ophelia* knows how to value, and make use of those Freedoms, that are justly allow'd her by the Quality; which she has obtain'd by the Force of her Merit.

A S the Dutcheſs was saying these Words *Bellori* return'd to the Company, and the Dutcheſs went on.

AND as her Eyes have always (*pursu'd the Dutcheſs*) inevitable Charms for the Men, so her Conversation has too many Graces not to render her extreamly desirèable to the Ladies. Tho' were her Quality equal to her Desert, I am afraid she would have fewer Friends, and more Envyers among her Sex. But we Ladies, whom Birth, and Fortune have set so much above her, are satisfy'd to behold those Charms in *Ophelia* now, which we cou'd not bear on a Level. For tho' Personal Merit be certainly more valuable in Reason, than the Advantages of Fortune; yet the Pomp, and Adoration, that Quality is attended with, makes us apt to be content with that, undisturbed by

any generous Emulation of Virtues (that we want) in our Inferiours.

I MUST own, that tho' I may be as frail as the Rest of my Station, yet I have that deference to real Worth, that I esteem the Honours I pay *Ophelia*, over-ballanc'd by her own unborrow'd Excellence.

I AM perfectly (assum'd Bellori) of your Graces Opinion, and I wish, that your Grace cou'd propagate so just a Principle among the Quality, Vertue wou'd be more encourag'd, and Wit, and Learning thrive infinitely more, than they have of late Years. There are not many Ophelia's in an Age, and therefore by a Singularity of Excellence she challenges more, than a Common Regard. Beauty sits in all the Sweetness of its Majesty in her Face; and Wit flows from her Tongue with all the Divine Enchantments of Harmony with good Sense, and good Judgment. She is as Generous, as she is Fair, and as Compassionate of the Misfortunes of the Unhappy, as she is Witty. She raises the Wretch by her Interest, for no other Bribe but the Largeness of her own Soul, and the Necessities of her Suppliant. The Interest she has is ever employ'd for the Ease of the Afflicted, or to do Good to some Body, or other. As her Beauty is without Art, her Wit without Trifling, her Satire without Malice, her Gayety without Lightness, her Sense without Affecta-
tion,

tion, and her Judgment without Sourness ; so is her Friendship without Interest ; her Generosity without Design, and all her Good Deeds without self Prospect.

IF you consider her in the Performance of her Art who is to compare with her ? Who so form'd for the Stage, in Person and Genius. She gives by the Grace and Emphasis of her Action a Soul to the Words, which the Poet never understood, and the Musick cou'd not express. Tho' she is very well read in the Nature of the Mind, and the Passions, and knows how to deliver every one in its proper Gesture, and Look, yet she has help'd Nature out by the Study of Art. She has a Collection of the finest History Cuts in the World, which with the Pictures she every where here meets with, she consults in the Passions, observing what Gesture, Countenance, and Look the Sculptor or Painter has given each Passion, and how every one may be variously and justly express'd. By these means she's arriv'd at this Excellence, and every Actor in Operas or Plays ought to follow her Example in this if they will not approach her Perfection.

THE whole Company agreed in the Justice, that the Duchefs, and Bellori had done the Charming Ophelia. And the Assembly now breaking up we retir'd home to the Cardinals.

C H A P. II.

Fantasio's Revenge on Theresa by discovering Uberto under the Bed, by which she lost both her Lovers at once. How he ran away to Cardinal Ottoboni's, and sets out from Rome with Donna Angela to Venice.

TH E Scandalous Infidelity of *Theresa* gave me much Pain, and Thoughts of Revenge if ever I cou'd come at the Means, with which her Lewdness and Folly soon after furnish'd me. For *Uberto* being again forc'd under the Bed by the unexpected coming of Count *Luciano*, I took care to Bark, Snarl, and make such a Noise, that the Count drawing his Sword forc'd the *Footman* to appear from out of his Covert, and make such a discovery that *Theresa* was in no manner pleas'd with.

TH E Count upbraiding her Falshood, and Degeneracy went away in a Passion. And *Uberto* all trembling with fear got out of the Appartment, and soon out of the House, and for fear of some fatal Revenge from the Count he speedily left *Rome*, secure in the Lowness of his Condition from a Pursuit, or Discovery. I found my self in Disgrace for the Injury I had done her Pleasure by depriving her of two Gallants at one Time. A Bit and a Knock was
now

now all my Lot, but many a Kick more, than Morfels. Upon which I took my Opportunity to give her the Slip, and made my way to Cardinal *Ottoboni's* who with his Niece I understood were going for *Venice*. There was no Place I hated more, than *Rome*, and the farther I went from it, the nearer I hop'd myself to my Restauration to Humanity.

I GOT safe into the Cardinal's Palace, and run up to the Apartments, remembering the House ever since I us'd to wait on *Theresa* to *Donna Angela Ottoboni*. My Beauty was my Credentials, and I was no sooner seen but admir'd, taken up, and carry'd to *Donna Angela*, who very much pleas'd with my Appearance, took me immediately into her Protection, little imagining, that I was a Fugitive from her Rival *Theresa*. For *Luciano's* Affair was not so secretly carry'd but *Angela* by her Spies had made the Discovery of enough to convince her that she had an Affair with the Man, that was design'd for her Husband, which had a long time caus'd a Breach betwixt the two Ladies, and made them grow from the most intimate of Friends the most inveterate of Foes. By this means I thought myself most secure in her Hands from the odious *Theresa*.

I WAS surpriz'd and pleas'd to find so happy a change of Condition, and Ladies.

THERESA was young, gay, very Beautiful and very Lewd. *Angela* was something younger, not so beautiful, but yet incorrupt in her Chastity. *Theresa* seldom thought of God, never of Religion, but always of Pleasure. *Angela* had Heaven ever before her in the holy Virgin, and Saints, was always Zealous in the Duties of Religious Worship, and seem'd to have no Notion of the Pleasures of the Fair, and the Young. *Theresa* hated to employ her hands in the ingenious Trifles of the Needle, but when she was not acting the Joy, was preparing her Mind, and raising her Appetite by such Books, or Discourse, as were most luscious, and provoking. *Angela* divided the Day betwixt Devotion, and Work, and never read any thing but the Legends of the Saints, and Martyrs. *Theresa* never rose till Noon, but *Angela* with the Lark. *Theresa* was passionate, revengeful, talkative, and had some Wit, and thought she had more, which always heighten'd her Impertinence to the Destruction of what she had. *Angela* was mild, humble, and modest, and if she had not Wit, her silence kept the defect a secret, and made her much more tolerable, than a loquacious Wit of that Sex.

I HAD entertain'd a mighty good Opinion of my new Lady for a Devotion without Hypocrisie, so common to the Sex, but I found

found at last, that a Womans Virtue is always full of the Alloy of the Neighbouring Vice ; and that while *Angela* devoted herself so entirely to Religion, she fell into *Biggotry*, and *Superstition*. There was indeed the Form of Devotion but the Essence, the Soul of it was lost, and vanish'd ; and tho' she sent fourth abundance of Prayers every day, yet God never had the Tith of them, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints intercepted all, and out-rival'd Omnipotence with this foolish Devote.

SHE perform'd her Devotions every Evening before she went to Bed, but they consisted in sprinkling the Chamber, and Alcove all about with holy Water, Prayers to her Guardian Angel, and the Virgin, and her Patroness. *St. Bridgets* Prayers, the *Rosary*, and such Whimsical Medleys were ever in her Mouth, such wonderful Indulgences, and Benefit being annex'd to them. Then she believ'd all the Legendary Miracles of the Saints, more firmly, than the *Gospel*, of which she knew not one Word. She perfectly believed *St. Dennis* the Areopogite took up his Head in his Hands after the Executioner had cut it off, and carry'd it two Miles. That *St. Dunstan* took the *Devil* by the Nose with the *Tongs* as he look'd in at his Window, and made him roar out like a Bull. That *St. Bernacus* by

by changing one Letter turn'd *Leaves* into *Loaves*, and *Stones* into *Fishes*, and *Water* into *Wine*; that he fail'd over the Sea upon a Stone; as an hundred and fifty of the Disciples of *Joseph* of *Arimathea* did on his Sons Shirt, and Fryer *Herveus* on his Mantle. That *St. Nicholas* when he lay in his Cradle in Respect to the Fasts of *Wednesdays*, and *Fridays* wou'd only Suck once. That *St. Christopher* sticking his Staff in the Ground it immediately budded, and brought forth Leaves, by which he Converted eight thousand *Pagans* to the Christian Religion. That Bishop *Trian* having kill'd his Cow and his Calf to entertain *St. Patrick* and his Followers, Both of them, the next Morning were seen feeding in the Meddow. That a Sheep being Stolen, and not restor'd to the Owner, as *St. Patrick* had commanded; the Saint made it bleat in the Belly of him, that had Stolen, and Eat it. That *St. Briccus* being but a Boy saw the Devil behind the Altar noting down the Faults of the People, and that when he wanted room to Write on, he pull'd, and stretch'd the Parchment so hard with his Teeth, that he knock'd his Head against the Wall; and that *St. Martin* conjur'd him with that Vehemence, that he blotted out all; that he had Written. That when the King of *Silena's* Daughter had cast her Girdle about the Dragons Neck by *St. George's* Order, he follow'd

follow'd her up and down as tame and gentle as a Lap-Dog : That *St. Godericus*, ten years before his Death saw plainly all that was done in ten Miles of his Residence, and often all the World over : That *St. Dominick's* Books being fallen into a River, a Fisherman took them up three Days after, as dry as a Feather : That *St. Romualdus* discours'd of the sublimest Points of Divinity, as soon as he was born, and immediately after his Baptism Preach'd a very learned Sermon : That *St. Christina* spoke when her Tongue was cut out : And *St. Margaret* being swallow'd by a Dragon, had no sooner made the Sign of the Cross but the Dragon burst in two, and set her at Liberty, as sound, as a Roach.

THESE with a thousand more as ridiculous as these were the daily Subject of her discourse, and reading, and fill'd her Head with such Religious *Chymera's*, as made her perfectly superstitiously Mad. All her Conversation was with *Fryars, Monks, and Jesuits*, in whom she had so great a Faith, that if they had told her it had been Merit to prostitute her self to them, she wou'd have done it, tho' naturally of a cold Phlegmatic Constitution.

IN the midst of all this Medley, this Fairy-Land of Religion, she had found some
Regard

Regard for Count *Luciano* approving him for a Husband above all Men; and having some small Grounds of Jealofie, ſhe employ'd her Spies ſo well as to make a Diſcovery of *Thereſa's* Intrigue with her deſtin'd Husband which has a ſufficient Cauſe of an irreconcilable Breach betwixt the Fair,

CHAP. III.

Fantasio's Journey from Rome to Spoleto, Assisium, Mount Alvern, Valumbrosa, and the Holy Desert; the Cardinal's discourse to an Hermit that had not been out of his Cell, nor spoke a Word for forty Year together. The Cardinals speech against Solitude.

CARDINAL *Ottoboni* and his Train set out of Rome by the *Porta del Populo*, along the *Via Flaminia*. We soon past *Ponte Molo*, famous for the Victory of *Constantine* over *Maxentius*, *Narni*, and *Terni* till we came to *Spoleto*. Where it was resolv'd in Compliance with *Angela's* desires to turn from *Foligni* to *Assisium*, the place of Nativity of *St. Francis*, Founder of all the *Fryars*.

HERE the young Lady was told by the Cardinal's Chaplain, that the Bodies of *St. Francis*, and *St. Dominick* stood hand in hand without any Support, and incorruptible. But it was not possible to see them without suffering Death, as one of the *Popes* had done for his Presumption. It was a great Mortification to *Donna Angela*, that she was deny'd the Happiness of seeing the Body of a Saint, whose Spirit she had so frequently invoc'd in her most serious Devotion. Never reflecting,
that

that it was a manifest Mark of a Cheat to pretend it to be impious to behold the Dead Carcass of that Saint, who when it was a living Body expos'd it to Publick View. But these good Fathers are not the only Pretenders to these holy Saints Bodies; the *Socolanti* declare, they have the same at *Portiuncule*; and the *Dominicans* of *Bologna* assert themselves Possessors of the Body of their own Founder.

FROM hence we went to *Portiuncule* a Chapel of the *Virgin*, and so to Mount *Alverno*, where we had a View of the broken Rocks, cleft as they told us by the Earthquake at the Crucifixion of our Saviour, with the Impression made by the Body of *St. Francis* to avoid the Devil, who was coming to throw him down the Precipice. Thence we took our Religious Journey to *Valombrosa* chosen by *St. John Gualbert* for his Retirement among vast Woods of Pine, where now is a very Famous *Abbey*, built in a most Magnificent manner, and where the Monks lead a very pleasant, and commodious Life; varying the Pleasure by exchanging now and then with the Monks of *Florence*.

FROM this place we went to the *Holy Desert*, or to *Camaldule*, there is a Monastery of Monks built on the middle of the Hill, where as they had a noble Revenue, so they
were

were much more Hospitable than in the other Convents we met with, nor were they so much fallen from their first Institution. Here we rested a Day or two, being sufficiently fatigued with the two or three last Days Journeys among the *Appenines*, and being then refresh'd, the Cardinal, at the Desire of his Niece inform'd the Monks that he design'd the next Day to go to the *Holy Desert*. Upon which they call'd us up in the Morning by Five a Clock, and made us sit down to eat at Six, assuring us, that without thus fortifying our Stomachs we shou'd not be able to support the sharpness of the Air in the Ascent; since we were to Clamber up on Foot thro' the Snow for Six Miles together.

THE Cardinal wou'd fain have dissuaded his Niece from so great a Fatigue, but she wou'd not hear any thing of the matter, so he order'd three of his Retinue to attend, and carry his Niece by turns, who bore me in her Arms, not caring to venture to leave me behind her in the Monastery. Having eaten our Repast, of which my Mistress was sure to give me my share, we left the Monastery about Seven, and compassing always the Mountain we struggled towards the Top, through a perpetual Forrest of Firr-Trees. One Inconvenience was, that these Rocks were full of Springs, whose little Streams disperse themselves all over the Paths we were to pass; and these
several

several Rivulets meeting sometimes form a Torrent, which we went over on Fir-Trees for Bridges. The Cardinal was pretty Old; and soon tir'd with the Difficulty of the way; was fain to have one of my Mistresses Attendants to hold him up and assist him.

ABOUT Noon we got to the Top of the Mountain, where it is so cold, that when it Rains beneath it always Snows there, which then were so high, that at a Distance we cou'd only discover the Spire of the Church, and the Tiles of the Cells. There were about sixty of them twenty Paces distant each from the other; and every one has several Rooms, and a Garden. Among the Rest there was one of a venerable *Hermit*, who they assur'd us had not stir'd thence these Forty Years, and still liv'd there in perpetual Silence, they put his Food into him by a little Window, and which he took with a great deal of Moderation, and Temperance, in so much, that he was there look'd on as a Saint.

THIS Reputation of the *Hermit* was sufficient to raise the Curiosity or Devotion of *Donna Angela* to such a Degree, that nothing cou'd satisfy her but a sight of him, and the hearing him speak. The Difficulty was urg'd but the Authority of a Cardinal was sufficient to break through common Obstacles, and so we were admitted into his Cell; and the
Cardinal

Cardinal urging his Power prevail'd with him to hear and answer his Discourse. *Ottaboni* was a *Venetian* by Birth, a People not very Famous for all the Nicest, and severest Sentiments of *Religion*. He was besides a Man, that had been so Conversant in the Court of *Rome*, that Devotion had no great Root in his Heart. He was a *Cardinal* and that shew'd him to be a Man for Interest, in which he was more skill'd, than in the Sower Precepts of the Melancholy Recluses. With all these Qualifications, after his Niece had knelt down, and receiv'd the *Hermit's* Blessing, he thus address'd himself to him.

“ HOLY Father (*said he*) what I shall
“ say is not to condemn the pious Institutions
“ of our Ancestors, and Saints receiv'd into
“ the Cannon of the Church. But the great
“ Reputation you have got by secluding your
“ self so many Years from the World, makes
“ me desirous to know not only your Motives
“ of so severe a Retreat, but ev'n your Reasons,
“ which ought to justify a thing, which per-
“ haps has not the best Foundation in *Nature*.

“ LET us look into the Origin, and Nature
“ of Mankind, and we shall easily find, that Man
“ was form'd by the Divine Architect a Sociable
“ Creature; nay he has plac'd Man in such a
“ Condition, that he can be neither safe nor
“ happy without the Benefits of Civil Society.

R

Nor

“ Nor cou’d ev’n you in this terrible Solitude
“ live either securely, or at all, without the
“ Defence of the State where you live, and
“ the Assistance of the Monastery of *Camaldule*,
“ which sends you Provision for your very
“ Subsistence, so weak and so inconsiderable is
“ one single Man quitting the Advantages of
“ Human Society. God has given us Tongues,
“ and Language to make use of to the better
“ Comfort, and Preservation of this Civil So-
“ ciety for which he made us, now you by a
“ sort of Presumption reject the happy Gift,
“ and condemn your self to the Curse of
“ Dumbness, as a Thing more pleasing to the
“ Author of Speech.

“ SOCIETY being thus plainly the End
“ of God in our Creation, those Vertues which
“ contribute most to that End must be most
“ valuable, and belov’d by his holy, and sacred
“ Wisdom: But a Recluse Life, by a selfish
“ sort of Avarice, draws all Considerations to
“ your self, and banishes all thoughts of the
“ Benefits of Civil Life, as less agreeable to
“ God. For take your *Hermitical Life* in the
“ best Sense, it can only reach to your own
“ Advantage, in fencing you from those Fa-
“ tiges, and terrible Trials which Men in
“ the World are oblig’d to Encounter, and the
“ Victory, in which, must be much more great,
“ and Glorious, because undergone for the
“ Good of Mankind, and in pursuit of that
“ End,

“ End, for which all Men were born. While
 “ you remote from Care and Danger, pass an
 “ idle, and supine Life, wholly directed to
 “ your own Benefit, and like a Coward run
 “ out of the Warfare of the World to secure a
 “ Fastness against the Invasions and Assaults of
 “ the Enemy. Shou’d this Distemper, and
 “ Pusillanimity spread, it must bring all Man-
 “ kind into Confusion, to a period in One Age;
 “ and that, whose Consequence must be de-
 “ structive, and whose very Being is so opposite
 “ to the Publick Good and Security can ne-
 “ ver in my Opinion be a Vertue in it self.

“ THERE seems a prevailing Error in all
 “ things of this Nature, that we are only born
 “ for our selves, whereas there is no Man in
 “ the World, that considers his Duty but will
 “ find, that he is born a Member of Society,
 “ and therefore, that his Duty reaches to
 “ others.

THE Cardinal had not long done but the
Hermit making a Dutiful Bow, with a Grave
 and Modest Aspect thus endeavours to answer
 what the Cardinal had urg’d.

C H A P. IV.

The Hermit's Defence of Solitude.

TH O' I have not spoke to any one of Human Race these Forty Years, yet since Obedience is better, than Sacrifice, I shall not dispute a Command, which is impos'd by one of the sacred Purple, whose Authority has made me break that Silence, which has so long preserved my Tranquility to return to the Use of Speech, which I am affraid I shall scarce discharge without some of those Vanities and Passions, that usually accompany the Use of the Tongue.

YOUR Charge my Lord if I take it right is contain'd under these following Heads.

I. **T H A T** all Men being born for *Society*, those Vertues which tend to the Preservation, and Service of that *Society* are preferable to those, which we only imagine in *Solitude*.

II. **T H A T** God has given us *Language*, for the Use, and Promotion of this *Society*, but this Voluntary Abdication of *Speech* seems Impious, and Presumptuous, in rejecting a Gift of God as evil, or unuseful.

III. **T H A T** as no Man is born for himself,
so

so every Man has an incumbent, and indispensable Duty to Common *Society*; but *Solitude* disclaims this Duty, and prefers the *Private* to the *Publick*, contrary to the received Maxims of *Morality*, which prefers the *Publick* to the *Private*.

IV. THAT it is a sort of Cowardice to fly out of the Field of Battle, and remove from the Warfare of the World, to retrench ourselves in Fortifications inaccessible to the Enemy.

V. THAT if this Zeal for *Solitude* shou'd prevail, it wou'd put an End to *Society* and *Mankind* in One Age, and to destroy the very Aim of God in the Creation. And, therefore, that what has a Consequence so impious can never in it self be good or justifiable.

I HOPE, my Lord, I have put your Arguments in their full Force, and not rebated the least Edge of your Reasoning. Now, therefore, permit me to answer to the Charge, and acquit my Profession from those Evils your Excellence is pleas'd for the sake of Argument to load us withal.

(I.) I therefore allow that the Vertues, that contribute to the Service and Good of Mankind, and are fairly directed to the happy, and just Administration of Human Society, are as

far above those Vertues, that reach only Particulars, as the *General* excels the *Particular*. In this I absolutely allow, that He, who employs his Time, and fatigue for the Benefit of the publick, is infinitely preferable to him, who in the Calms of *Solitude* seeks only his own Welfare. You have it therefore my Lord, granted you, that the Vertues of *Society* are preferable to those of *Solitude*. But my Lord this is no proof at all for the Preheminence of those busie Men, who for their own Interest, and Advantage thrust themselves into the Administration of Human Affairs, and yet have nothing less in their Eyes, than the Good of the People who are under their Care.

GOVERNMENT, my Lord, was made for the easie, and happy Living of each Community under such Laws, as by mutual Compact they had agreed to their mutual Security in their Liberty, and Property. Whence it is plain, that the Magistrates were made for the sake of the *Governed*. For the Rights of the People being allow'd the End of all Human Society, the End must, most certainly, be more excellent, than the Means, and by Consequence the Governed, than the Governour. But to take a View of the World at this present we shall find all, or at least the Chief Ends of *Society* destroy'd, and *Rapine* and *Oppression* spread over the Face of the Earth. Princes take their People for Slaves, and their
Venal

Venal Property, whom they may use as they think fit, Spoil, and Sacrifice for their Honour, that is their Ambition, as they please, and this they pretend to establish on a Divine Right as if the Eternal Cause, who is no Respector of Persons, made Millions for the Humour and Whim of *One* Man, whom yet he has not endow'd with more *Senses, Religion, Wisdom, Knowledge, or Vertue*, than the Rest,

WHERE yet the weak Remains of *Liberty* are found (*Liberty* the Native Right of all the Images of God) you find *Faction, Passion, Self-Interest, Sordid Gain* Triumph over *Right and Justice, Publick Good, and Liberty* it self, whose glorious Principles they profess to get that Popularity which may enable them to destroy the very Principles they pretend to. I am my self one of the Family of the *Passi*, great Opposers of the Greatness of the House of *Medici*, whose Power at last suppress'd the Liberty of *Florence*. The *Factions* of this City, my Lord, were arriv'd to that Height, that neither *Party* consider'd in their publick Transactions what was really for the publick Good, but what was so far plausible, as might promote their own *Party*, and defeat their *Antagonists*, and it was sufficient to disappoint the most beneficial Designs for their Country to have them propos'd by the *Party*, that was weakest. Nay to get *Proselytes*, our *Florentines* so jealous of their Honour, have

have not scrupled to Prostitute their own Wives.

BUT to go from the supream Directors of States whether *Monarchick* or *Republican*, let us take a View of the great yet, inferiour, Administrators of Nations. Instead of correcting the Oppressions of their Masters, and advising them for the Good of their People, whose Happiness, and Rights are committed to there Charge to preserve, not destroy; instead of informing him of the true State of Affairs, and the Grievances of the People, their only Care is to encrease their own Power, and Riches, without any Regard to the Prince, or the Subject, but what is necessary to keep them from the Vengance of an enrag'd Multitude, or the nearer Discovery, and Resentment of the Prince. How hard will it be, my Lord, to find a Minister of State, at least in *Italy*, that so much as thinks, or has really any Notion of the *Publick Good*, or the Service of his Prince? To see the Fields uncultivated, and Cities desolate, and the remaining People, Ghosts not Men, perpetually groaning under Oppression touches them not, they believe they deserve no better, while they arrogate to themselves a sort of Superiority of Kind, and add to their Luxury from the Sweat of the poor Wretches, they make so.

SURE

SURE my Lord, your Excellence will not insist, That any of these sort of Fiends have any Right to claim the best share of Political Virtue; while they are the Destroyers of all the Ends of Human Society, and not the Benefactors to it, as they ought; when they are the Executioners not Preservers of the People?

THUS your Excellency will gain nothing by my Concession of the Preference of *Political*, to *Œconomical* Virtues; since none of these are to be found in them, and we hope we are not wholly destitute of these. It is better to enjoy a private Honesty, than aim at a public Villany. 'Tis better in a publick desolation to flie to the nearest place of Safety my self, than to run into the common destruction without being able to prevent or delay it.

YOUR Excellency's second Argument is, *That God has given us Language for the Promotion of this Society, but the Voluntary Abdication of Speech seems impious, and presumptuous in rejecting the Gift of God as Evil or Unuseful.*

I WILL not, my Lord, mention the great Esteem *Silence* has been in among the Wisest of the Antients, the *Hieroglyphics* of the *Ægyptians*, or the precepts of *Pythagoras*, because

cause those may be questionable Authorities. I shall only therefore answer for my Practice by Reason. It is granted my Lord, that *Speech* is a Gift of God, and useful to Human *Society*; but so is the Sun, my Lord, yet no Man was ever thought impious for seeking the shelter of the Shade, from its scorching Beams. The Tongue is given by God for the Benefit of Society, yet where there is no Society it can be no Crime to be silent; else we must be oblig'd, in a solitary Walk by our selves in the Fields, to exercise it to no purpose. Now my Lord a solitary Walk was never yet thought a Crime against Human *Society*, and ours is but such lengthened out into Years. *Language* I have allow'd to be the Gift of God, but God has not so dispers'd his Gifts, as to secure them from an Abuse; and that of the Tongue my Lord, is not only a thousand times inveigh'd against in the Holy Scriptures, and Fathers, but is observable in every Company almost, that you come in. Take away Vanity, Pride, Calumny, Railing, Profaneness, Obscenity, and the other Vices of Conversation, and how little real use will you find of the Tongue; and even there how few make use of it to the End design'd. Tho' the Tongue be a Gift of God, yet no-body was ever yet so wild to imagine, that we ought always to speak, for that would not only be against all Maxims of Wisdom, but wou'd really introduce a New, and more troublesome *Babel*,

Babel, and Confusion, where all wou'd be Hearers, and no Speakers, even Work than perpetual Silence since by Motions and Gestures we may be understood, but by the other not at all. Hence it is plain, that every Man is Judge when he is to speak, and when hold his Tongue, that is when Silence is to be observed, and when to be broken; but when a Man acts according to the decision of his Judgement in this particular, he cannot be condemn'd of a Crime. The Scripture tells us, *That if our Eye offends us we must pluck it out*; and yet the Eye is as great a Gift of God as the Tongue, yet submitted to be destroy'd by us according to our own Judgement.

IN this *Solitude* we have no need of discourse and by avoiding that we avoid Backbiting, Slander, and Idle Words, which interrupt Contemplation, and injure our Souls. We have therefore, in this only follow'd the Rule of the Scripture already quoted, which I hope will be Justification enough of our silence to your Excellence since we despise not the Gift of God, but only use it not, for fear of the Abuse into which our Frailties are apt to throw it.

YOUR Excellency's third Argument is, *That as no Man is born for himself alone, so every Man has an incumbent, and indispensable Duty*

Duty to Common Society: But Solitude disclaims this Duty, and prefers the Private to the Public, contrary to the receiv'd Maxims of Morality which prefers the Public to the Private.

MY Lord I grant, that no Man is born for himself only; but I deny, that Solitude disclaims the indispensable Duty of *Common Society*, which being deny'd the rest of your Excellency's Argument falls to the Ground. If by our Duty to *Common Society* is meant, that every Man is oblig'd to have a Hand in the Management of Public Affairs, it is most evidently erroneous, for that is no where now practic'd, nor is it almost possible in a State of any Bigness. Such an Opinion must produce only Anarchy, and Confusion, which are certainly destructive to *Human Society*, but this Duty in Particulars, or Private Persons must be no more but a peaceable subjection to the Laws, and the doing all the good we can to our Neighbour without Injury to our selves. Now my Lord, the Solitude, that we make Choice of is within the Compass of *Human Society*, it is subordinate to the Government, that allows and protects us, and we do what Good to our Neighbour, we can with our Prayers, which only are in our Power. It is seldom minded where Beggars resort, whether in Woods, or High-ways, in Streets or in Solitude. The State expects no more
Service

Service of them, than the Protection it gives them. We are my Lord Beggars, and live here on the Charity of our Founders we are incapable of serving the Public, and may well therefore be allow'd to retreat to our selves alone, and our God, the Cause, and end of our Beings, and seek in him, that Peace, and Happiness, which we cou'd no where find in the World, as long as we are Obedient to the Laws, and Injurious to None, but Well-wishers to All.

THE third Objection is, *That it is a sort of Cowardice to flie out of the Field of Battle, to retrench our selves in Fortifications inaccessible to the Enemy.*

MY Lord I hope it will rather look like a prudent Conduct, than Cowardice, to retreat from an Enemy, that has too often been too hard for us in the open Field; and to seek our Defence in Fastnesses, that are not so easily approachable. It would be the highest Temerity imaginable in me to venture into the Field, and bid Defiance to an Enemy, that is so advantageously Posted, and has so very good a Correspondence in my own Camp; no 'tis more like a Wise General of over-harrais'd, routed, and weaken'd Troops to make a fair Retreat to some Eminence of difficult Access, where the Victorious Foe, cannot bring up all its Train of Artillery against us, nor make Advantage of the Treachery of the Traytors within

within. Here, my Lord, Ambition, Hope, Desire, Lust have no way to betray us, who are dead to our Passions, and every Day waiting the Death of our Bodies, to be dissolv'd, and be with *Christ*. *Bubbles* in all our past Stock we are willing to manage well the last Stake, on which the Success of the whole Game depends. Nor are we here so secure but that alas! we often find the undermining of the subtle Foe, and have many terrible Bickerings in our Countermises to beat him out of our Trenches. Our Retreat, therefore, is *Prudence*, and not *Cowardice*, and by Consequence a *Vertue* not a *Vice*.

THE *Hypothetical* Fear of this Zeal prevailing, my Lord, to the Destruction of Society, I am affraid is too pleasant to challenge an Answer. The World has too many Charms, and our Passions too great a Prevalence to suppose any Probability of so total a Defection from the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, to imagine, that we shou'd have many Profelites; the Provision is too small to furnish many, and impossible to subsist all Mankind. But this I assure your Excellence when ever there is any Danger of this, if it happen in my Time, I will be the first that shall quit my Retreat for the World, to preserve that *Society* which was falling on so extraordinary an Occasion. I perswade my self that your Excellence threw in this fifth Argument are
Abundance,

Abundance, not to lay any great stress on its Force.

HAVING thus, I hope fully answer'd your Objections against our happy, and singular *Solitude*, I hope you will give me leave to take a View of both States, and see which is most worthy of a rational Man, and then submit to your Excellency's determination the Justice of the Cause.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

A Continuation of the Hermit's Harangue against the World, and in Defence of Solitude, being a general Satyr on the several States, and Pleasures of Life.

AH! my Lord, the Life of the World is but a wretched Stage, whose whole Business is meerly to support it self. The Men of the World Pray, Cringe, Lye, Flatter, Swear, and Forswear, Murder, Cheat, and perpetrate all the Villanies in *Nature*, meerly and poorly to prolong a wretched servile Life, without the Use of Reason or Benefit of Living. The Soldier wades thro' Seas of Blood, and Death only to continue Life in Toils, Devastations, Hardships, Hazard, and Brutal want of Thought. The Merchant ventures thro' Rocks and Quick-Sands in the pursuit of that Gold, which when obtain'd he wants Soul to enjoy, and Judgment to use. The Lawyer deals in Perjuries and Forgeries to feed a Noisie Bawling Life. Man turns a *Spaniel*, Fawns on Fools, and Rascals only to fill his craving Paunch, to Drink and Sleep. And so thro' all Degrees, each struggles to maintain that Life he knows not how to make his Advantage of, or to distinguish from a *Brutes*. My Lord, I have run thro' most Stations of Life, and cannot find any one worth
the

the Ambition of a Man of Sense, not to say a Man of Religion. Reason distinguishes Man from Beast, but when a Man relinquishes his Reason in his Conduct, nothing but the Form of Man remains, and he is only a Brute erect. Why then shou'd a Man, who knows, that Reason, and Justice has long since forsaken the World pursue either Happiness, or Peace where those Foundations of them are no more?

THE Princes Vices raise Men not his Vertues; Power is got Drunk and orders things so Madly, that Men thrive now by their Vices not their Vertues; nor is it now how innocent you are, or guilty, but how much, or how little Money you have. Small Faults are Villanies but Excess makes them Vertues. Thus the little Pad is hang'd for taking of your Purse, and the Lawyer grows a Judge by robbing whole Estates. The Courtier, on your Counsel looks not on your Merit, or the Goodness of your Cause, but your *Gold*. If your Purse be weak in vain is your Merit great, or your Cause right. For Desert, and a good Cause without Money is the *Torpedo* of the Tongue; but let your Merit be small, and your Cause bad, and your Purse strong, Preferment and Victory are your own.

WHAT Path, what Station of Life wou'd you take to give me a Proof, that Man, rational Man, pursues Reason? There is a Universal Taint

in the Kind, and there is no way of being free^d from the Infection but by quitting *Society*.

THE Fundamental Rights, the Foundations of that Happiness for which *Society* is valuable are dissolv'd, vanish'd, dead. *Security*, *Liberty*, and *Property* are no more; the People, for whose sakes Government was erected have now no Benefit by it, and those are only the happiest, that are the least Slaves. Let us go to *Venice* my Lord, your Excellencies Country, and see what their Boasted Liberty is, and we shall find it confin'd to a few, who Lord it o'er the many in so exorbitant a manner, that must have dispeopled their Dominions long since had not *Fortune* plac'd them in the midst of greater *Tyrants*.

CAN a Man of Reason bear with Patience to see his Fellow Creatures, the equal Images of God trampled under Foot, and put on an equal Level with Brutes? And yet it will be hard to find a State, that does not this with the Many, who ought always to be the Chief Object, and Care of Government. What Man of Reason can bear to see a Dropsical, Paralytic, Drunken Murtherer assume the Title of a God, place himself on a Level with Omnipotence, when he has neither the Honour, Justice, Understanding, nor Sense of a Man? Nay and to hear rational Men pleading for
the

the Preheminence of Servitude, and that it is our Duties to be Beasts of Burden.

GO from the Heads to their Ministers and find me one in Ten thousand, that have Honour, Honesty, Understanding, Justice or Generosity. They tell us indeed of Old, that Noblemen were Wise, Brave, Generous, Hospitable, Just, and Good, but the Truth of the Assertion we must not bring to the Test of our Times, when they are either Slaves to *Avarice*, like *Traders* Cunning, or like *Bullies* Loose, squandering their Substance profusely on *Fools*, *Knaves*, and their own *Vices*; or Penuriously, and Scandalously griping of all they can lay hold of. All Thought of *Publick Good* is laugh'd at, that comes athwart their *Private Gain*; to which they blindly offer every thing that ought to be valu'd by them, Friends, Children, Parents; all Tyes of Honour, Honesty, and Religion.

THEY use Men as their Fools, and Property, throwing false Hopes and flattering Smiles around them to cram their *Levees* with the Shoals of Gudgeons, that croud each Day to nibble at the Bait, which, like the Fruit of *Tantalus*, they see, still fly pursuing Mouths. Merit they let starve while Fools enjoy their Smiles: Or if by wondrous Chance they grow familiar with needy *Worth*, ev'n in their Bosoms, they let it live on hope, and

S 2

trifling

trifling Toys, while their pert, fawcy, senseless Menials Thrive, and get Preferments more Substantial from them. They generally make use of Priviledges, and Titles, to evade the sacred Tyes of Common Honesty, swelling upon the Spoils of trusting Bankrupts, robbing the industrious Toil of the poor Trader. Or if they pay their Debts it is because they think it Popular, not because 'tis Just; besides they sell the Publick, and may well afford it, bartering the Princes Places and his Trusts with any Fool or Knave for *guilty Gold*. Or if without a Bribe they do a Favour, they clog it so with *Fawning*, and *Attendance*, with such a long Idolatry of Body, that Men of Sense can't pay the vile Extortion: Dull slavish Souls indeed, Unthrifts of Time, that kick'd like Spaniels will fawn on them still, and by Importunity, and Impudence of bearing, wrest from them what they'd have, and use the Benefit like Knaves, which they got like Fools.

PASSING, my Lord, from these Great Ones to the bulk of Mankind and what a medly do we find, a perfect Farce, or like Sick Mens Dreams without Order, or Connection. Formality, and Business in every Man's Face, but neither Thought, nor Reason in their Conduct, or Conversation. Here you see a pert Sot reading News, Letters, and Verses in the Street, to contradict his Discourse, by an unreasonable Proof of his Reading and Writing.

There

There a Gay Fop ratling along in his Chariot, prouder of the Beauty of his Livery, and Equipage, than of his own Understanding. There a crack'd Sempstrefs dress'd like a Ladies Daughter. Here an Ostler's Son with his Sword by his side like a Gentleman; and there a Man of Birth in a tatter'd Coat, and out at heels. Here rides an ignorant Emperic in Velvet, and there trudges a Learned Man on foot up to the Knees in Dirt; all Hats fly off to that Fool in Office, while that Man of Sense is jostled by the Porters and Footmen. Who can endure to hear that Rascal call'd a Man of Honour because he dares Fight in Vindication of a Villany? Or that Uferer call'd a prudent, industrious Man, because from a bare-footed Vagabond he has got a vast Estate by squeezing the Needy, and imposing on the Ignorant.

TRUST not to Wit it may introduce you indeed to the Fair and the Great, but it is only for a Laugh no more, never thought on but when present, nor then for your sake, but their own; the Diversion you give, not you is regarded. But if you wou'd pass successfully, and effectually to the Fair, and the Great, you must *Game*; that brings the Lacquey to the Board with Kings, and Queens; if you Lose, you oblige with your Money; but if you Win you Command with your Fortune, the Lord's

your humble Servant, and the Lady what you please.

IS there any thing so contrary to good sense, and so thoroughly ridiculous, as to see a Man of Fortune and Quality raking, and scraping together immense Sums of Money, by the Oppression of the Poor, and the Betraying his Prince, and Country, when he has not the Soul to use what he has already, and must lose the whole as soon as ready Death intercepts his Lunatick Hopes and Desires, or the Destruction of that Country he has Sold, has Subjected it to the Enemy? They must be look'd on, as a sort of Mad Men, and ought to be confin'd in close Rooms. For they Act without Aim, and Fatigue themselves Day, and Night for heaps of Wealth, they know not who shall enjoy.

IS there any thing more ridiculous except the former, than to see a Man, who ought to follow Reason, running Night, and Day after a Drab, that values him no more, than she does Sense, and Understanding; and still pursuing the same Game after he has found out the Folly? He that places his Happiness in Woman builds on Quick-sands, and never can find Rest or Satisfaction, his Days are haunted with Noise, and his Nights with Fears. And Diseases, and Poverty is the Quarry he must hope for.

WHAT

WHAT can I say of Ambition that Avarice of Glory, or Power, the former more excusable than the later, since the Publick may be benefited by the Former, but himself only by the Latter. To see Men of Gravity and Years Caballing, watching whole Nights in countermining an Opposite; betraying all the Laws of Right, and Wrong meerly for a Place depending on the Prince, or the People; both whose Favours are fickle, and frail, and of a Day when they are gain'd by Cunning and Trick, not by Merit.

MY Lord I shou'd be tedious to take a full view of the very ridiculous Face of the World in all their preposterous Cares, by which they banish the happiness they pretend to pursue, and which are not worthy a Man of Honour, nor Sense. But if we look on these things with a Religious Eye, they then present a terrible Prospect, and wou'd tempt a Man to think that Hell was broke Loose, and that there cou'd be no greater Devils, than are now in Possession of the World. Nay they in some measure exceed the Wickedness of the Devils themselves, they know and tremble at the Being of God, these scoff and laugh the Notion of a Deity quite out of the World. Nay having quitted Reason in the whole Conduct of their Lives, they will shake hands with a Fool in their Opinions, lest they shou'd destroy their Aims, and foolish Desires. Thus

they will rather be guilty of so monstrous an Absurdity as the attributing the Rise of *Order* to Chance, than allow it the Work of an Omnipotent, All-Wise, All-just, and All-Good Creator. While they insist that *Nothing* can come of *Nothing*, they wou'd allow the Formation of All things to *Nothing*, for *Chance* is nothing, it has no *Being*, and by consequence must be nothing; and wholly depending on Causes and Beings preexistent to it self, and nothing akin to it. Thus they wou'd cover one Absurdity with another, while they hide, and shelter their wicked, and irrational Actions under wicked and irrational Principles; fond of Fatigue, and Trouble, and averse to Happiness, and Ease.

QUITTING now this Lake of *Sodom* the World, let us lift up our Thoughts to Objects worthier a Man of Reason, and Religion, for he who pretends to Reason, and yet wou'd disclaim Religion, is a Cheat, being equally destitute of both. Like Men escap'd a Storm we behold from the secure Beach, the Wrecks, the boisterous Waves, and the tost Vessels, blessing Heaven for our Deliverance from a Tempest in which we see so many Perish, averse ev'n to the Shore, that shou'd save them.

HERE we have Objects capable of employing our Thoughts and Contemplation perpetually without Satiety; when Infinity is the
Confideration

Consideration we can never want Motives of Wonder, or Desire, that which fills up the Happiness of all Eternity is sufficient to overfill the most Exalted, and most Capacious Soul in this frail Flesh. Oh! Infinite Goodness whether we Contemplate thee in all the Myriades, thou, and Omnipotence have produc'd, of living Beings capable of thy everlasting Blessings; or whether we go further and admire thee in the re-establishing the lost Race, and setting open the Gates of *Heaven*, at the same Time, that the Sins of Man shut those of *Paradise*. Whether we view thee in the Stupendous Oeconomy of the World, in thy Wonders thro' all the Vast Expanse, Numberless, and Endless in thy Glory, and thy Power. Or whether we Contemplate thee in thy Wonderful Dispensations to Mankind; the Meditation perpetually fills the Soul with a Pleasure proportion'd to the vastness of our Wishes and Desires, for proceeding from Omnipotence, nothing else can be able to give us true, sincere, and perfect Satisfaction, and divine Pleasure but Omnipotence it self. To which I recommend your Excellence, with my humble Desire that you permit me to return to that holy Silence, to which I owe Joys so sublime, that no Earthly Consideration can compensate the Loss of.

THE Cardinal seem'd a little uneasie, and shagrin'd at the bold Truths, which the
Hermit

Hermit had utter'd, but tho' his Conscience was a little wounded, yet returning from the holy Defart, and coming to the warm Monastery restor'd him to his former Follies ; and Cardinalish Principles, and Conduct. *Donna Angela*, who hoped to have heard from him some Legend of St. *Romualdus*, was terribly disappointed when none of the Saints, nor the *Virgin* her felf had any share of his Discourse.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Cardinals return to Foligni, his passing the Appenines, and Arrival at Loretto, and his Journey thence to Ferrara, the Miraculous Conception of a Venetian Woman told Donna Angela by a Priest on the Road.

BEING refresh'd at the Monastery Donna Angela prevail'd, that we might return the same way we came, that she might again hear the Legends of *Valombrosa*, and *Alverne*. The Cardinal in compliance with her Desire went back the same way, and visited the same Places, and from *Mount Alverne* went down the other side of the *Apennines* and passing thro' *Fossombrone*, and *Urbano*, we came to *Fano*, a pretty City on the *Adriatic*. Being come thither, and refresh'd our selves the Cardinal's Calashes, and Equipage, that were left at *Foligni* met us.

GOING out of Town we had not travel'd far but we discover'd a Troop of People dress'd in a comical manner, and mounted as pleasantly. They prov'd to be *Pilgrims* going from *Bologna* to *Loretto*, about fifty riding on *Asses*, a Way of travelling much us'd in the *Marca di Ancona*. They were all in their *Pilgrims* Weeds, an Ash grey colour'd large Linnen Vest, by their Girdles a large pair of Beads, on their Breasts their *Scuola*, and in their
Hands

Hands their *Staves*, blest'd by the Curate of their several Parishes.

WE had not Rode far but we were come up with about twenty Calashes of Ladies, or the *Pilgrims*, all Relations or Mistresses of the former Troop of *Male-Pilgrims*. They were all richly dress'd gay and Airy, with little Pilgrims Staves of Gold, Silver, or Ivory fasten'd to the Body of their Gowns, and powder'd o'er with Pearls, and Dimonds; some were compos'd of *Orange-Flowers*, others of the artificial Flowers of *Bologna*; others had cram'd the curious Work of Years into that little Compass.

BEING come our first Stage *Donna Angela*, immediately strook with this Devotion, desired to dine with the He and She *Pilgrims*. But finding their Discourse run all on their Mistresses Staves, and Gayeties little suiting the Occasion she express'd her dissatisfaction to a Pilgrim, that apply'd his Discourse to her, which was wholly on the Miraculous house of *Loretto*, how it was Born from the Holy-Land by Angels first into *Dalmatia*, then into another Place in *Italy*, and lastly fix'd where it was by Hands divine. And a thousand strange Miracles perform'd by the holy Chapel. To *Angela's* complaint he reply'd, *That they were most of the Men and Ladies of Quality of Bologna, that at Times of Repast they*
were

were allowed to divert themselves, but that all was innocent as free.

THIS *Pilgrim* who was a *Bolognian* Earl took a mighty fancy to the Simplicity of *Donna Angela*, which encreas'd by the continual Converse he had with her to *Loretto*, and in that Place. The more to engratiate himself he assured her, he was a Priest, but that in Honour to the Pilgrimage he had quitted his Habit for that of a *Pilgrim* of *Loretto*. From whence, he told her, he design'd to go to *Venice* to see some Relations who liv'd in that City.

IT was an odd undertaking of this Priest or pretended Priest to attaque the Vertue, and Chastity of a Cardinal's Neice then actually under his Protection; yet Industry, and little Religion were great Helps to his Success, which he accomplish'd in a little Time after our Arrival at *Venice*.

BEING come to *Loretto* *Donna Angela* perform'd all her Devotions, and visited the holy Chapel in all the Formalities of the most Superstitious Biggotry.

OUR stay at *Loretto* was not long enough for me to make any fresh discoveries of the Folly of the People, or the Knavery of the Priests, who are fond enough of such Pilgrims, but sufficiently rude and cruel Rude to those, who
are

are poor, and depend on their Charity. They take it to be a sort of Interloping on them when any one pretends to Charity but themselves. But these are things known to every One.

THE Cardinal having done his Business at *Loretto* and his Neice her Devotions, we set out for *Venice*, with this good Father in our Retinue, who rode by the Calash which carry'd *Donna Angela* and entertain'd her with Stories of Saints, and wonderful Miracles. Among the rest he said a Pious Relation of his in *Venice* who had long born great Devotion to the *Virgin*, and continu'd in honour of her a Maid, had a desire seeing the Corruption of the World, that she might have a Child by some Miraculous Means without the help of a Man, who by consequence not being born of corrupt Seed might be a Medium of recalling the depravity of Mankind from their Wicked Ways, and restoring the pure Worship of the *Virgin* and all the holy Saints, especially to recall *Venice* from that *Superstition* in, and almost disbelief of all Religion, which now reigns in that City. This good Pious Woman made use of the Prayers of good St. *Bridget*, which if you say thirty days together you infallibly obtain whatsoever you demand; by which means, and the peculiar Favour of the *Virgin*, the Angel *Gabriel* was sent to her, and got her with Child; of which she

she was no sooner brought to Bed but, the Child spoke to the People, and threaten'd great Judgments if they continu'd in their Wickedness ; but the good People that were at the Labour considering the severity of the Government of *Venice* advis'd a perpetual Silence of this Miracle till the Child came of Age sufficient to execute the Message he was sent on. So the Boy was immediately convey'd out to Nurse, and the Mother arose from her Bed as well and unconcern'd as if she had ne'er had a Child, and yet continues a Zealous Worshipper of the *Virgin*, that had allow'd her a Favour so peculiar.

THE Cunning Impostor Preach'd not to the Deaf for the innocent *Angela* not only believ'd him, but stricken with the singularity, and Novelty of the Miracle began to hope for a like Celestial Amour ; since she had found so much falsehood in her Earthly Gallant. The Credulity of Superstition ; and Biggotry is incredible, and it is impossible to invent any thing so monstrous, and impossible, which will not seem extreamly Probable, and likely when view'd with Eyes deluded by those Follies.

ANGELA ask'd whether this Lady were alive, and whether it were possible to have a few Words with her about a Miracle so extraordinary,

traordinary, which had mov'd both her curiosity and Admiration.

MADAM, said the Priest, I am unwilling to tell you a Lie, and yet I see a great Inconvenience in answering truly. Should I tell you she were Dead I shou'd act with more Prudence, tho' I told you a Falsity because she really is alive, and happy in dayly Conversation with the Angels and Saints. But then on the other hand shou'd I tell you, that you may see her and Converse with her, I betray my Trust, since if it should be known to the Magistrates, who are all Wicked Men or even to my Lord Cardinal your Uncle, who out of want of Faith or Curiosity not Devotion, shou'd enquire into it, it wou'd be displeasing to the *Virgin*, to the last degree, and sufficient to put both her and my self out of her Favour. I wou'd, Madam, with all my Heart comply with your Desires, since I believe them founded on Faith and Devotion, but I am not willing to run to desperate a Hazard of offending the Glorious *Virgin*, who alone worketh great Miracles, and is the Gate of Heav'n, by exposing her Hand-Maid to the Insults of Infidels, before the Time allotted for her Appearance with her Son.

THIS cunning Discourse rais'd yet *Donna Angela's* desires to a greater Pitch, and made her assure him, that if he wou'd comply with her in that Particular she wou'd keep it a
secret

secret from all Men, and particularly from her Uncle, and to this she invoc'd the Virgin to Witness, and deal with her as she discharg'd her Engagement.

BUT, Madam, (pursu'd he) not only not to speak of this is sufficient in so weighty an Affair, but there must be Caution us'd ev'n in the Interview ; you will be watch'd, you are a Lady of too Great a Figure not to be observ'd, and an Eye kept on your Motions where-ever you go, now the Danger is near Equal, whether the Discovery be made by our Tongue, or our Conduct.

I AM willing (reply'd *Angela*) to do any thing, you can in Reason desire to obtain so singular a Happiness ; and if you will instruct me how I shall behave my self, under your holy Conduct, I hope I may merit the Service.

WELL, Madam, (returned the Priest) I cannot determine much on the Matter at present, but I will consult the Blessed Woman, and as she directs I shall do. You shall see me in St. *Marks*, at high *Mass* e'ery Sunday, and if in any Disguise you will come thither the first Sunday after your Arrival, I will inform you of what Progress I have made in the satisfaction of your Wishes.

DONNA Angela was infinitely satisfy'd at what was past, and nothing cou'd now please her but an Angel for a Husband. Being come to *Ferrara* the Priest took his Leave, but not without her putting him in mind of his Promise, and his Assurance of not forgetting it. The Cardinal had some Affairs to dispatch of the Pope in this City, and so staid there some Days; but the suppos'd Priest went directly for *Venice*.

C H A P. VII.

The Cardinal's Arrival at Venice ; the Adventure of Donna Angela with a Priest, whom she took, for the Angel Gabriel.

AFTER more than a Fortnights Delay, the Cardinal set out for *Venice* to the satisfaction of his Niece, who was sufficiently impatient to see and Experiment the Wonders she hoped to find real in her own Person. She Thought and Dream'd of nothing else, for she in her Sleep wou'd often caress me, and cry out, *O! holy Angel thy Handmaid is not worthy of this Honour.*

BEING come to *Venice*, and fix'd in a Palace of the *Ottoboni*, *Donna Angela* was at a loss how to contrive her, meeting of the Priest, but Womans Wit seldom fails them, at a dead Lift, tho' they be never so silly in all things besides. She made an Excuse of going to see a sick Relation muff'd up in her Veil attended but by one Maid. As she past by the Church of *St. Mark* she pretended, that she wou'd go in and hear *Mass*.

THE Priest had heard of the Cardinal's Arrival, and therefore was ready just within the Door ; *Angela's* Eyes were about her to see for her Guide, and both being diligent in

the same matter they soon came to meet, but the Priest observing her Maid, said nothing to her, but gave her a Note with order to burn it, as soon, as she had read it, and punctually to observe the Directions he had given her in it.

THE Priest past away, and *Donna Angela* burnt with desire of Reading the Billet, which contain'd the Sum of all her present Desires. Having made her Visit, heard her *Mass*, and being return'd Home she retir'd to her Closet and read this Note.

Letter.

I HAVE, my good Daughter, been diligent in accomplishing your Wishes ; and the Blessed Woman having found you a Favourite of the Holy Virgin, has consented, that you shall see her, if you nicely regard her Directions ; you must say the Rosary five times a Day till next Sunday, and St. Bridgets Prayers once a Day to obtain whatever you most desire, then come alone to St. Marks to Vespers, and I'll conduct you to her.

THE *Rosary* and *St. Bridgets Prayers* now took up all her Time, and what she desir'd was to be the Mother of an Angels Child, as this peculiar Servant of the *Virgin* had been. Her Devotion for this was so much, that I
had

had fasted to her Prayer, had I not found Favour in the Eyes of her Maid and the *Cardinal*, for Merit is always dear to the *Great* and the *Fair*. The Sunday comes, she goes to the Sacrament, and after locks her self up in her Closet as to retire all Day to Prayers; where in the midst of her Devotion she put on a Disguise, which before she had procur'd, and under a Veil goes undiscover'd to Vespers at *St. Marks*. Her Guide was ready, and after many By-Turnings, and passing by two or three Canals, we arrive at a very handsome House; are conducted by the Good Priest up to an Appartment, where we found on her Knees before a Picture of the *Virgin*, a Venerable tho' not Old Lady praying aloud for *the Completion of her Promise, in adding to her Son a Help and Assistant in the great Work that he was to undertake; and that since she had reveal'd to her, that this Young Virgin shou'd be the Vessel Consecrated to this Office, she beg'd the Hour might not be long defer'd.* The Picture by some Art seem'd to Nod a Consent. *Donna Angela* was not a little pleas'd, and surpriz'd at what she heard, and saw, hitting so strangely her Desires, which she had not communicated by the least Word to the Priest. But she did not consider, that he had sufficiently discovered by her earnest Request to see this Miraculous Woman, that she not only believ'd the Fiction; but was desirous of the same Fate.

THE Pious good Woman, after her Prayers, greets *Donna Angela* with all the holy Sentences, that cou'd serve to raise her Opinion of her, and confirm her Hypocrisie. She magnify'd the wonderful Power of the *Virgin*, and lessen'd the Wonder, when she was capable of doing all things by the Help of her Son, who never cou'd deny her any thing, she ask'd. That the Age was now so wicked, that nothing but a very great Miracle cou'd recover it, and save their City from being swallow'd up by the Sea. *I know, my good Daughter* (said she) *that thou art fully sensible of this Necessity, and of the Miracle, and the Power of the Virgin to work it; and, therefore, as a Reward of thy Faith in her, she has chosen thee, as an Instrument of this Wonderful Work, and by me tells thee thy Desires are granted, and what thou hast been Praying for shall be accomplish'd in a Week. For as I was made Pregnant by the Angel Gabriel, so shalt thou be by the Arch-Angel Michael. But thou must in the mean time purifie thy Body, and thy Mind; and as thou hast to Night, attend at the same Place, and the same good holy Man shall conduct thee to the Heavenly Vision, and Joy that no Tongue can express, nor any Mind imagine.*

THEN joining Hands, and saying the *Rosary* together, and after the Lady of the House had urg'd the *Virgin* to confirm her Promise to *Donna Angela*, the Picture bow'd,

bow'd, and from its Eyes and Mouth darted flashes of Fire, which expired in clouds of Smoke, that perfum'd the Room with all the Sweets of *Arabia*. *Donna Angela* was in such a Rapture, that they might have then put an End to that Farce, had the Good Priest thought one Enjoyment enough for his Stomach. But he lik'd her too well to be satisfy'd with that; but having thus Artfully brought her Credulity to an absolute Certainty he convey'd her back again to the Place where he met her, and with his Benediction dismiss'd her.

THIS Week was the most tedious, that ever *Donna Angela* had known. She number'd the Hours, and follow'd her Prayers to such a degree, that the *Cardinal* was affraid Devotion wou'd make her Mad, and therefore propos'd to her to go to the *Opera* to Divert her; that the Mind was too frail in this Body to be always intent on Devotion, and shou'd therefore be sometimes unbent to re'cruit its strength, and enable it to return to pious Duty, with greater Force, and Efficacy.

BUT the *Cardinal* might have preach'd his Heart out before he cou'd have prevail'd with her to go to an *Opera* of the Flesh, when she was waiting for so speedy a One of the Spirit. She put the *Cardinal* off, with Indisposition, and Aversion to Noise, and Compa-

ny, and such like Excuses ; and retir'd to her Closet to enjoy her Prayers, and Wishes.

A T last the happy Day approaches, and by the same means she had before, she got to St. Marks, and finding there her Guide, she commits herself to him, and arrives at the Matrons House, conducted up Stairs, and not now into the Apartment, where she had been before, but into a lofty Chappel all adorn'd with Pictures, at the upper End a Magnificent Altar, and on it the Picture of the *Virgin*, on each side of which supported by Pillars stood Two Marble Statues of St. *Gabriel*, and St. *Michael*, the Later with flowing Loose Robes, with a Spear in his Hands, with which he pierc'd the Devil, who in a hideous Form he trod under his Feet.

BEING come to the Chappel Door the Priest took his Leave of her, and committed her to the Matron, since the Misteries, that were to be perform'd were not for such unhallow'd Eyes, as his to behold, or for any Man how Pious soever to be present. So recommending himself to her Prayers, he went about his Business, with a Promise to return by the Dusk of the Evening to convey the Lady home again.

THE Priest being gone the two Ladies enter'd the Chappel, and immediately lock'd fast

fast the Door after them. Approaching the Altar thus, both Kneelt down, and after many tedious Prayers, they Rose up, and the Matron led her to a side of the Chappel, where stood a rich Couch, and by it a little Bath, which she assur'd her was holy Water consecrated by *St. Michael* himself, and in which she must Bath her self before she could be capable of his Embraces. The simple Girl began to undress her, and now all Naked discover'd a Body, that might Tempt any Angel of Flesh and Blood. The Bath was most Odoriferous, and warm enough to instill a sort of Looseness of Wishes, and Appetites for the Occasion. After she had Bath'd a little while the Sheet on the Couch was laid open to receive her, and dry her Body, which done she was order'd to lie there in that Posture till the Approach of the Angel, whose Presence none was to see but the Person he favour'd in that manner.

THUS the Matron withdrawing left none but my self and *Donna Angela*; she in expectation of the happy Moment, and I to see what the End of this Farce wou'd prove. The Matron had not been long gone, but there was a little Rumble as of distant Thunder, and immediately the Room was all fill'd with Light, and the Statue of *St. Michael* flew down from the Pillar, to both our great dread, and astonishment, when another Clap of Thunder turn'd all the Marble into flesh, with

with Eyes, and Hands that began to move. I fled under the Couch now for fear, and *Donna Angela* was in a Trance, when the flowing Garments fell off, and deliver'd a Man stark Naked to the View, only round his head there was a Wreath of Lawrel, which shone like Fire, and in his hand he still held the Spear he did, when he was Marble.

IN this posture he approach'd the Couch, and took easie Possession of *Angela's* Person, it being some time e'er her Fear wou'd suffer her to know what she was doing, and when she came to her self, the Joy she experienced made her give a Loose to her Pleasure in the Embraces of an *Angel*.

SOME hours they pass'd in this amorous Encounter, and *Donna Angela* by Art laid fast asleep. Then I saw them remove the whole Machine, and place it again on the Pedestal, and the Pious good Priest remain in his Mortal State, while the Pious Matron help'd him to his Cloaths, and being dress'd retir'd till *Angela* Wak'd.

THE hour being come the Matron comes in and receives her in her Arms, having first paid her the Respect of a Consecrated Vessel. Now being Cloathed she was led into a Room where the Priest waited for her, and where she was refresh'd with a little Collation.
And

And then re-conducted to St. *Marks* as was usual.

DONNA Angela, who had no Aversion to the Pleasure but what she derived from her supposing it a Sin, being now freed from that Fear was unsatisfy'd, that this shou'd be the only Time of a Happiness, which she still more desir'd. She had recommended her self to the Prayers of the Matron of the House, for the continuance of the Favour, till she found her self with Child, and now forgot not to desire the Priest to put her in Mind of her Promise.

HAVING made another Appointment, and parted with the Priest she return'd home in good Order, and got in undiscover'd.

I WAS not able to bear so impious a piece of Blasphemy, and Prophaness, and was therefore resolv'd to undeceive the poor Lady from another Abuse. Accordingly being return'd to the same Scene of Impiety, and *Michael* now disclos'd to the View, as formerly with nothing but his Spear in his hand, he having at the Feet of the Couch, laid it down I leap'd at his Naked Leg and gave him such a squeeze as his Resolution was not able to support his *Angelhood* under the pain, but crying out, in a pittiful manner, endeavour'd to gain his Spear to run me through. But *Donna Angela*

gela finding by his Voice and this Action how she had been abused, flew in his Face, and gave him such Bruizes in dangerous Parts, that he fell on the Couch, and roar'd out so loud, that the pious Matron came in, in a Fright, and left the door Open. *Angela* had by this time got on some of her Cloaths, and ran out the Moment, that the Bawd came in, and I with her down Stairs, and thence into the Street. *Angela* was in too great a Fright herself to look after me too, so that as she was taking a *Gondala* I was whip'd up by a Rogue, who made it his Business to Steal, and Sell Dogs of any curious Make. And having got me, soon brought me to the *French* Ambassador's Lady, who gave him two Ducats for me intending to carry me into *France*, whether she was going with her Husband, who was re-call'd, as soon as the *Carnival* was over. I was pleas'd, that Fortune had thus thrown me into the only Hands I cou'd desire, except those of an *English* Ambassador returning to *London*, where I cou'd only hope the Herb *Sana Mente*. However *France* was not out of my Way, and the Discoveries I made during my Abode in that Nation were a sufficient amends for the delay of my returning to *Manhood*.

THE Confusion of the approaching *Carnival*, was I suppose no small Advantage to the Escape of those concern'd in the Affair of
Donna

Donna Angela : For I never cou'd hear, during my small stay at *Venice*, that they were discover'd, or brought to any Punishment for so impious a Villany.

I SUPPOSE the young Lady was not fond of making a discovery so injurious to her Reputation ; or if she did, it was with so little Noise, that it reach'd not my Lord Ambassador.

CHAP. VIII.

A Trick put upon a French Man, by a Venetian Sharper. The Adventures of Feroce, and those of Don Superbo of Sardinia.

THO' I had thus chang'd my Quarters from *Italian*, to *French*, yet the Perfections of my Person were such powerful Credentials, that they recommended me in a most particular manner to my Lady Ambassadors, her Cousin, a young Lady of about eighteen, and my Lady's principal Woman, about twenty two, who had a Rest of Beauty enough to engage more Hearts, than One in *Venice* ; as is plain from the Addresses of Don *Feroce*, and *Don Superbo*, the former of *Valedolid*, the later of *Sardinia*, both now of the Train of the *Spanish* Ambassador to the most Serene Republic.

I HAD not been long in this Family before Dinner, and before that was over there came a poor *Frenchman* to speak with his Excellence, and when the Table was remov'd he was admitted to his Audience ; the substance of it was to this Purpose ;

THAT he had been basely Cheated by a Venetian of above three hundred Crowns, and he therefore beg'd his Excellence to stand his Friend

Friend to the Magistrate, that he might at least have his Money again.

MY good Friend, said the Ambassador, you must be a little plainer in your Account, you must let me know in what manner the Cheat was committed, what Witnesses you have of the Fact, and what measures you desire me to take, in order to redress your Grievance.

MY Lord, reply'd the Frenchman, I have not been long come to Venice, where I had Letters of Recommendation to the Sign of the Sturgeon to take up my Quarters while I staid in this City, as a place conveniently situate for my Affairs; which oblig'd me often to receive, and pay away Money, and to look to my Cash. In the same Inn lodg'd the Italian, who has done me this Wrong. He observing me frequently counting my Money in Public, with a false Face of Friendship, told me, That it was by no means safe in this City for any Man to make so public a shew of his Money: And therefore advis'd me, as a Friend, when ever I had Occasion to weigh my Gold, or tell over my Silver, I shou'd lock my self up in my Chamber, since by doing it so openly I expos'd my self, and to the Tricks of the Rogues of the Town, who were perpetually on the Watch for Prizes of that Nature, especially of Strangers, whose Ignorance of the Place, and People, might best secure them in their Robbery.

ADVICE

ADVICE that seem'd so disinterested, and since from almost a perfect Stranger, gave me no small Opinion of his Candour and Honesty, which produced at that Time my Thanks for the Information, and afterwards an Intimacy, and particular Friendship. He having thus laid the Foundation of his after Roguery, one day applies himself to me, for three hundred French Crowns, which he wou'd pay me for in Pistols, and give me a reasonable Allowance for the Exchange.

I TOLD him very sincerely, that this was the smallest Return I cou'd make for the Favours he had done me during the short Time of our Acquaintance; and that therefore I wou'd comply with his Desires, as soon as he pleas'd. He thank'd me for my Readiness to serve him, but desir'd me to remember what he had told me not long before, about keeping my Money close from the Eyes of all Men. Wherefore, (continued he) I take the securest way for both of us is to take a Gondola, in which rowing up, and down in the great Chanel, we may weigh our Gold without any ones seeing us, the Gondoliers being with their Backs always to us.

I TAKING this Proposal to be the Effect of his great Caution immediately comply'd with his Desires. The next Morning therefore taking a Gondola we row'd into the Rio Grande, where we weigh'd all my French Crowns with
the

*the utmost nicety, and then put them into his Purse, and thence convey'd them into his Pocket, as if thence he were drawing out the Pistols which he was to give me in Exchange; but by a secret Signal given the Watermen the Boat was run ashore near the By-Alleys, and Lanes; where he soon gave me the Slip, who was ignorant of the Turnings, and Windings. So having pursu'd him in vain, I took another Gondola, and directed him to my Quarters, and examin'd my Landlord, but all he cou'd tell me, was, that he came to his House but two Days before me; but as for his Name, or where to find him, he knew no more, than I did. This is the whole Case, my Lord, and what I have to beg of you is ——— What (interrupted the Ambassador) to show my self as great a Fool as thee? — No, no, go and learn better how to deal with these *Venetians*, nor trust them any more, than they will you. Be perpetually on your Guard; and suppose your self-surrounded with *Pick-Pockets*, and *Cheats*, this Conduct may protect you from future Mishaps, but for the past I know of no Remedy but Patience.*

THE poor Man was fain to retire with this Lecture instead of any Hopes of Relief.

THE Ambassador had some Business abroad, and took his Lady with him, leaving at home, *Mademoiselle Charlotte* her Cousin, and *La*
U *Nivelle*,

Nivelle her Chief Woman to attend her, and me to comply with her Desire. The Ambassador, and his Lady had not been long gone but *Don Feroce*, and *Don Superbo*, came to make a Visit, the former to *Charlotte*, and the latter to *La Nivelle*, but finding them both together, they sat down, and on Enquiry made about the News of the Town, *Don Feroce* gave us an Account of a considerable Sum of Money lost by a *Magnifico* the Night before to a *Gamester* of no great Reputation.

GAMESTERS in my Opinion (said *Don Superbo*) are the Pests of a State; they destroy Families without any Punishment, when a Rogue that steals but a Pistolette shall be Condemn'd to the Wheel. So safe are Rogues, that prey on our Follies, and so unsafe are those, who only Thieve to supply their Necessities. How many Men of Family, and Fortune have I known in Spain reduc'd to Beggery by them, while they get Respect, and Esteem by the very Villany they commit.

I DO not justify the ill Practices of the *Gamesters* (assum'd *Don Feroce*) but yet I can't but oppose you, when you do what is too generally done in the World, condemn a Vice you have no Inclination to, and do yet practice a greater without any Remorse. How many Mens Wives, and Daughters have you corrupted for your Profit, more than Pleasure,
and

and yet scarce ever thought it worth your Repentance? The *Sharper* 'tis true often gets the Estate of a *Fool*, but then he is more on the Square: His Profession is known; every Man is sensible, that *Gaming* is his Livelihood, and that his Business is to impose on you if he can; so that if you are Master of the least Prudence in the World you will not be drawn into his Snare. But you, under the Mask of Friendship, endeavour the Ruin of Families, by alienating the Affections of the Wife from the Husband, and putting your own Issue in a Family that knows not how to prevent the Injury, because it is Clandestine, and performed by Stealth. 'Tis a Cowardly Stab in the Back, against which the Person attacked can have no Defence.

THO' you address your Discourse to me (reply'd Don Superbo) with as little Manners, as Wit, yet I must in Answer reply, first that I have nothing to do in the Cause, and next that you have stated it wrong. For all Husbands in Spain, and Italy, take the State of Matrimony to be a State of War, and e'ery day expecting some Amorous Stratagem on his Wife, sets a perpetual Guard upon her, so that he who gains her, does it by the Strength of his Cunning, and Courage, and is so far from Surprizing an Unarm'd Man, that his Attacks are made on Fortresses well Manned. But I am the more Surpriz'd at your Discourse in this

Place, and of its being directed to me, because you are sensible, that I am pretty well acquainted with your frequent and extraordinary Efforts in that way.

I FREELY confess (*interrupted* Don Feroce) that I have always an entire Deference to the Ladies; that it has been the Aim, and Business of my Life to prove my self their Vassal: But Pleasure in this Chace has been my only Object, and I never make any other Benefit of the Favours I receive, than what I find in the Arms of my Benefactress.

DON Superbo's Colour came and went on these Words of *Feroce*, so that the Ladies fearing some dangerous Event, seperated them immediately from each other. *Charlotte* taking *Don Feroce* by the hand led him so speedily away, that she left me behind her. *La Nivelle* in the mean while endeavoured to pacifie *Don Superbo*, as much as she cou'd; not disdaining to allay the Heat of his Choler, by raising the Heat of his Love, so to extinguish one Fire with another. The *Don*, tho' full of Rage, at his Comrade, yet cou'd not be insensible of the Favours of his fair *French Woman*, so giving a Truce to his Resentment, apply'd himself wholly to Love. *La Nivelle* was of an amorous Constitution, and found too little Checks on her Mind to disturb its Satisfaction, so that she easily admitted him
to

to Freedoms, which were not wholly new to him ; and being secure of *Charlotte*, and her Paramour, they set no Bounds to their Wishes but one anothers Arms.

THIS made me reflect of how little Advantage it was to a Woman's Vertue to have those Liberties allow'd them, which the *Italians* deny them. For indeed they do not seem proper Trustees for such a Charge, as the Honour of a Family, and ought only to be manag'd as in *Italy*, *Spain*, or the more Easterly and Southerly Countries of *Asia*, or *Africa*. 'Tis true it is a hard matter (as I had found by what I had seen) to secure a Woman with the utmost Caution, but then the Opportunities being so rare, the Crimes must be the fewer.

THE Enjoyments of *Superbo*, and *La Nivelle* being now pretty well over, she ask'd him the Reason of that ill Humour, that *Don Feroce* seem'd to express. *I know not* (reply'd *Superbo*) *the Cause, nor do I much trouble my Head about it, but the Effect I shall resent in another manner, and in a more proper Time and Place. But be you Judge, my Fair Nivelle, if he of all Men ought to fall on me for my Affairs with the Ladies, when I will give you Instances of his Efforts that way, that none but a Man of the last Assurance cou'd ever have attempted.*

THERE liv'd in *Madrid* one *Don Hortario*, a Physician, whose Practice being not considerable enough to answer his Expences, betook himself to the Coining false Money ; which Course he had follow'd with some Success. But Crimes, that must have Confederates, are not long conceal'd, so *Hortario* being betray'd by one of his Confidants, was taken up, Try'd, and Condemn'd to Death for what he had done. There is a space allow'd betwixt the Sentence, and Execution, which his Handsome Wife endeavour'd to improve by his Pardon. She was advis'd by a Friend to apply herself to the *French* Ambassador, of great Interest then at Court, to mediate with his Majesty. And an Old Gentleman of *Feroce's* Acquaintance, introduces her to him to draw her Petition in *French*, which he understood ; which being done, the Old Gentleman stept to the Ambassador's to know how long it wou'd be before they cou'd speak with him ; in the mean time *Feroce* not touch'd with the forbidding Circumstance of the young Lady, all in Tears for her Husband's Danger, and her own Distress, which must follow his Death, ventures to make his Address of Love to her, with a strange Impudence of Hope of Success on so unlovely an Occasion.

THE Old Man goes and returns three or four Times, before the Time of the Ambassador's Leisure ; and *Feroce*, improv'd e'ery
Moment

Moment of his Absence, till now having her in his Arms, and pressing her close she let her head drop with consent into his Bosom, he takes the kind Summons, and losing no time obtains the last Favour before the Old Man's last Return ; when they all went together to the Ambassador's Quarters and deliver'd their Petition ; and this *Ephesian* Matron with Improvements, after a Visit to her Husband in Captivity, retires to *Feroce's* Arms, and there pass a more pleasant Night, than the *Doctor*.

THE Ambassador cou'd only prevail for his Body after the Execution, which his Vertuous Wife carry'd home in her Lap ; and soon having interr'd him, went to remove so disagreeable a Companion as Sorrow, in the Arms of her New Lover.

HER Beauty soon got her a New Husband, tho' her Necessity made her content with an Old *English* Knight, who cou'd maintain her above Contempt, and who doated on her with a Passion, that requir'd more Gratitude, than ever she show'd him. For *Feroce* was still in her Heart, and she seldom pleas'd when she was out of his Arms. But this Commerce cou'd not be so privately carry'd on, but the Old Knight had some secret Intelligence of the matter ; which he cou'd not disguise from the fair Offender, who was sure to inform *Don Feroce* of the Suspicion in order to redouble

his Caution. However it so happen'd, that, in the midst of their Joys, they heard the Husband coming up Stairs, and all the Time he had was to slip out of the Room, and place himself on the Stairs that went up to another Story, which yet he cou'd not ascend by reason of a little Hatch, that he cou'd not in the Hurry unlock ; so that he was forc'd to stand squeez'd up in the little Noock, that was left, in hopes the Knight might pass by, and not see him ; but it happen'd, that there was a Window on those Stairs, that cast the Shadow of the upper part of his Body on the contrary Wall, which made the Husband look directly on *Don Feroce*, who finding himself discovered made him a reverend Bow, and told him *He was come to wait on him to justifie himself against the Calumnies, that had been rais'd on him of having a Criminal Affair with his Lady, whom he verily believ'd to be a second Lucretia.* The Knight had not imbib'd any of the *Spanish* Humour, but receiv'd him very Civily, and assur'd him, *That tho' he had heard such a Report, yet he was better satisfy'd in his Wives Honour, and his, than to give any Credit to the Story ;* So after a short Visit, *Don Feroce* took his Leave ; and the Knight waited on him down Stairs, as if the most contented Cuckold alive ; or rather as if entirely satisfy'd of his Wife's Innocence.

THE next Morning early who shou'd come to his Bedside but the Unfortunate Lady with Tears in her Eyes, and melancholly Complaints, that he had been her Ruin ; for the Knight after his Departure had declar'd his dissatisfaction, and seperating Beds that very Night, had the next Morning turn'd her out of Doors, with Protestations of never more having any thing to say to her. Tho' this was a Punishment much milder, than cou'd be expected from any one that lived in *Madrid*, yet *Don Feroce* to comfort her perswaded her to return, and throw her self at his Feet, to own that he had cause of Suspicion, but to avow her Innocence, and assure him, That she wou'd never more see, or admit *Don Feroce* any more into his House ; and not to leave him till her Tears and Prayers had remov'd his Indignation. *For*, said he, *the English are of such a Temper, that cannot resist imploring Beauty, and will sooner believe a Woman's Protestations, than their own Eyes.* So drying her Tears with Kisses banish'd her Concern with Caresses, that were still too agreeable to her, tho' she had run such a Risque of her Ruin already for the unlawful Pleasure.

DON Feroce's Advice prov'd so successful that the Lady was again received into Favour, and so far kept her Word, that she never admitted her Gallant any more within the House, but found means, as often as Opportunity offer'd

fer'd to meet elfewhere, and carry'd on the Intrigue till the Old Knight was gather'd to his Fathers ; and left her a brisk Widow to enjoy her Pleasure with Freedom and Beauty.

BUT this is a Proof of the fickle Inconstancy of *Don Feroce*, his Miftrefs being now at Liberty, and he having free access to her, was fo inconstant as to prove false to her with her Maid. For coming one day to Visit her, she was abroad, and therefore he retir'd into the Parlour with the Maid, who had desired him to walk up to her Lady's Apartment in vain. Having got her, as he supposed, alone, he threw her on the Bed, and notwithstanding all her Strugling had accomplish'd his Desire, but feeling something else move on the Bed he remov'd the Curtain, and discover'd a common Soldier fast asleep. Alarm'd with this Disappointment he let the Maid go ; and went up to attend his Miftresses Return.

BUT I shou'd tire your Patience shou'd I give you a full Account of all the Rambles of this faithless *Don Feroce*, who meerly out of spite has attempted to blast my Reputation in your hearing. But I hope my dear *Nivelle*, you will not give any Credit to so manifest a Calumny.

La Nivelle assur'd him of her good Opinion of his Sense, and his Constancy, and was only troubled, that my Lord Ambassador's sudden Departure wou'd deprive her of a Pleasure, which could else have no End but Death. After some Complements of this Nature *Don Superbo* took his Leave, and *La Nivelle* went immediately to *Madam Moisselle Charlotte*, with me in her Arms. We found *Don Feroce*, and his Lady in serious Discourse ; which *La Nivelle* interrupted in this manner ; *You had need, Don Feroce, to accuse Don Superbo, when you knew how guilty you have your self been of the Crimes you laid to his Charge. You have forgot Hortario, and the English Knight at Madrid.* — She wou'd have gone on but that *Charlotte* interrupted her by asking the meaning of what she had said, so setting me down she repeated all the Story, which she had heard from *Don Superbo*.

TO deny the Affairs (said *Don Feroce*) is unworthy of my Honour. I do confess, that most of what he has told you is Truth ; but where is the Treachery of this, or what Man of Honour cou'd resist the Temptation of willing Beauty ? But since you have heard his Account of my Affair, pray do me the Justice to hear what I have to say of his Life and Conversation.

YOU

YOU must first know then, that notwithstanding his Professions of Love for *La Nivelle*, I have discover'd his designs on Madam *Charlotte*, which was the Occasion of my treating him in that Manner before her. And if hereafter, he shou'd endeavour to lessen me I desire you to reflect, that it comes from the Mouth of a Rival, and a Native of *Sardinia*, who shou'd always be with Justice suspected in what he says of a Man, that he looks on with a Jealous Eye in the Chace of his Pleasure or Profit. 'Tis but too Natural for a Rival to defame a Man, that is his Competitor for Beauty; and Generosity in few can prevail over *Self-Love*, not regarding the baseness of the Means, that brings them to the Possession of their Wishes. 'Tis true it is always a sure Proof of a great Barrenness of Merit, and a slavish Fear of that of the Person, that he wou'd supplant. This sordid Temper of Rivals in general receives yet a grosser Alloy from the Native Country of *Don Superbo*. The Principles of the Gentlemen of *Sardinia*, are sufficiently known in *Spain*, to spring from Dulness, Self-Interest, and Malice. For almost the only Venemous Beasts of that Nation walk upon two Legs. They have the Serpents Cunning and Sting, and instead of Toads, and Vipers they have Hypocrisie, Deceit, Calumny, Pride, Poverty, and Malice. As the Fogginess of their Climate clogs their Wit, and Understanding, so
the

the Weakness of these make the easier Way for vile Treacheries, which Men of generous Souls, and good Sense can never be guilty of. For a Fool has not Matter enough to make an honest Man of, as a Country-Man of yours Madam has justly observ'd. Thus doubly corrupted by Passion, and Principle, as a Rival, and *Sardinian*, he may endeavour to make way for his own Pretensions, by extinguishing those favourable Thoughts he imagines your Ladyship entertains for your humble Servant.

BUT to do *Don Superbo* Justice I must tell you, that he is a Gentleman of an Antient Family in *Spain*, but his Ancestors for their own Advantage remov'd into *Sardinia*, where they had a considerable Estate, which being encumber'd by his Father was entirely Sold by *Don Superbo*. Tho' his Fortune was gone his Pride of Birth remain'd, to which he added by ancyning himself a Wit, tho' a Wit of *Sardinia* is the oddest Monster in Nature.

HE was always extreamly inclin'd to the Fair Sex, and when yet very Young was drawn in to Marry a *Courtezan* of the Town. But coming to himself, and detesting his Folly, he left her, and by his Interest soon got a Commission in the Army, by which he remov'd far enough from that Domestick Ignominy. Having acquitted himself very honorably

rably in his Post, on the Peace he returns to *Spain*, but the Wife was Dead, and he in the Bloom, and Vigour of his Youth, yet he had so great a Dread of Matrimony, that no Advantage cou'd engage him again in the Noose ; but resolving to revenge himself on the whole Sex, he establish'd this Maxim in his Mind, *That no Tyes of Conscience, and Morality extended to the Affairs of Man and Woman.*

HIS Success was so considerable, that tho' he had not one Penny left in the World of Estate, he always kept up the Port of a Gentleman, and kept the best Company, and was receiv'd well at the Court, and the Houses of the *Grandees* ; which gave him the better Opportunity of pursuing his Designs of making *All* the Sex pay for the Transgression of *One*.

I WILL not detain you with an hundred extraordinary Adventures of his (which I shall reserve to a better Opportunity) but only give you a Succinct Account of One, from whence you may draw your Notion of his Principles in regard of Womankind.

DON *Alonzo de Almeida* is a very near Relation of *Don Superbo*, who being sensible of his Necessities invites him to his House, and makes him as free there, as if his own Son. But *Don Superbo* cou'd not live without

out an Affair, tho' with his own Relation, and the Wife of his Benefactor. For as I told you before, he look'd on all the Rules of Morality, and Honour void in Amours.

YOU fee, that he is a Man of a very good Shape (as moſt of the Men of his Country are) a tolerable Addrefs, and other Accompliſhments, that may pleaſe a Woman, eſpecially one that is debarr'd all other Converſation. *Donna Elvira*, the Wife of *Don Alonzo*, was a Lady of ſome Remains of Beauty, and had yet in her Boſom ſome Embers of that Fire, which once had burnt with a more outrageous Heat. She had beſides the Provocation of a peeviſh old Huſband, that ſquander'd away even that little Stock of Love, which his Years allow'd him, on her Maids, or his Tenant's Daughters, for a ſickly Stomach always requires variety of Meats, while that, which is robuſt, and ſtrong, eats heartily of One.

DON Superbo had not Love enough to be Jealous of his Wife, and he was ſatisfy'd, that his Obligations wou'd be a ſufficient Curb to the Licentiousneſs of *Don Superbo*, ſhou'd he have any Temptations to do him any Injury of that Nature; but finding no Charms in his Wife himſelf he was perſwaded ſhe was incapable of ſtirring up Deſire in any One elſe.

IN these Circumstances, and free Access it is no great Wonder, that *Elvira*, and *Superbo*, came at last to a better Understanding ; and in a little time to those Familiarities, whose Guilt was enhanc'd by Ingratitude. But *Superbo* having made what Advantage he cou'd of *Elvira*, and weary of a Country Retreat, fell into an Acquaintance of *Donna Catharina*, Wife to a rich Banker of *Seville*, and whose Relation to *Elvira*, had brought her to see her in her Country Retreat.

THIS new Intrigue, tho' not yet brought to perfection, cou'd not be hid from the Observation of *Elvira*, who was sensible of the decay of the Fire of *Superbo's* Affection, but not of the cause ; till their Indiscretion made the Discovery. This bred a Mortal Quarrel betwixt the Lady's, and soon made *Catharina* depart for *Seville*. The Anger of *Elvira* was not appeas'd by the Absence of her Rival, or the renew'd Addresses of *Superbo*, and nothing but Revenge wou'd satisfy the Affront, she thought put on her Charms, by his preferring the Beauty of *Catharina* to hers. She therefore employs one of her Maids to procure her some Poison, which she was resolved to administer ; which happen'd luckily for *Don Superbo*, that his very *Falshood* was now his Deliverance, for he had received lately some Civilities from this Maid, which gave him that Interest in her Heart,
that

that she told him of her Mistresses Order to procure her some Poison, and that she had Reason to believe, she meant him no Kindness.

DON Superbo, suspicious enough by Nature, soon took hold of the Hint, and goes to Don Alonzo, and desires him to give him leave to return to *Madrid*, since he had some Affairs that requir'd his immediate Presence. Alonzo laugh'd at his Excuse, telling him, That he cou'd not imagine what such pressing Affairs cou'd be when he had neither Place, Money, nor Estate. Superbo then told him, That he was weary of the Country, which did not agree with his Health. Then your Countenance, reply'd Alonzo, very much belies your Constitution, for I never saw you look more healthy in your Life. In short Superbo made several other frivolous Pretences, that cou'd not pass Muster, till at last he was fain to tell him, That the Reason was not fit for him to know; and by artful degrees work'd up the Old Gentleman's Curiosity the more. Till having had his Word to decree nothing fatal on the Discovery; he told him, That in Gratitude to him, and Care for himself he must be gone; since his Wife had made known her Inclinations to him in such Terms, that he must either injure his Friend, Relation, and Patron, or else run the Risque, by a Refusal of Poison, which she had already

ready order'd to be bought, or of losing his Favour by her accusing him of some Attempts, since Phædra, Faustina, and others were Examples, that a Woman balk'd of her desires stick at no Revenge on the Cause of their Disappointment.

TO confirm this he shows her fond Letter before Enjoyment, and calls the Girl, that was to procure the Poison. Both join'd together satisfy'd the old *Alonzo* of the Guilt of his Wife, whom he heartily hated before, that he was glad of the Opportunity of having a Pretence to use her worse. So never examining further into the matter gives *Don Superbo* four thousand Crowns to buy him some Place, at Court, and gives him Letters of Recommendation to his Friends to add by their Interest to the Money he had given him.

I SHALL not now tell you the Treatment that *Donna Catharina* met from him, to whom he went as soon as he had settled his Affairs at *Madrid*. Let it suffice in short that she far'd worse, than *Eliza* while he getting off with the Prize, return'd to *Madrid*. But fearing some ill Event took the Opportunity of coming hither to *Venice*, with the *Spanish* Ambassador, where our Acquaintance began, and where he has given me a whole History of his Life, for he glories in having
the

the Better of the Sex, not only in gaining their Hearts, but in Revenge, or using them ill. Were it not for this Principle, and that extream Opinion of himself, his Merit, and Quality, to which he thinks he may sacrifice both Love, and Friendship the Man might pass among the Fair and the Great.

THE Ladies were both strook with horror on this Account of *Don Superbo* but Love wou'd not let *La Nivelle* give entire Credit to what *Don Feroce* had said, and that by his own Rule, since a Rival is not to be believ'd in his Account of his Rival.

DON *Feroce* took his leave, and when he was gone *Charlotte* and *La Nivelle* agreed to try *Don Superbo*, and give him an Opportunity of showing his Falshood. The first Opportunity, they had, *Superbo* was admitted, and soon left alone with *Charlotte*, who on purpose cast many favourable Eyes towards him, His own Vanity assur'd him of the Conquest, and made him advance with such Confidence, that he plainly told her his Love had long been for her; that indeed he had had some little Emotions for *La Nivelle*; but that the Moon and Stars might as well contend for Brightness with the Sun, as *Nivelle*, with her Ladyship. Besides there was a Charm in Quality, which heightens all Beauty, and

tho' he knew that *La Nivelle* was a Gentlewoman, yet he never before descended to an Amour on her Level. *Charlotte* having heard as much, as she car'd for, and *La Nivelle* more, than she cou'd bear with Patience and Silence. came out and interrupted his nearer Approaches, which he was just then beginning. She said all, that a Deserted Lady cou'd say; and he in some Confusion ran away and left her to vent her Passion by her self. Nor did I ever see him there all the while we staid at *Venice*.

OUR Abode there, indeed, was not long after this Breach betwixt the Lovers; and our Correspondence too little with the Quality to give me many Observations worth committing to the Press. But being now quite tir'd of the Vices of *Italy*, I long'd till we remov'd to another Scene of Affairs; that I might find whether the Difference of the Vices of the *Tramontani*, and the *Italians*, was as great as that of their Manners: The Result of my Observations, gentle Reader, I shall give you in my Second Part; which will contain my Travels through some other Parts of *Europe*, till my Arrival in *England*, and my Restoration to my pristine State of Humanity; which enabled me to commit to Posterity the Discoveries I have made; which if of any Use
to

to the Pleasure, or Benefit of any, I have my Desire. Farewel with a scrap of Old *Latin*, which may make thee, the more easily draw an Advantage from my Book.

Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula Cautum.

The End of the Second Volume.

THE CONTENTS.

Book I. Vol. I.

THE Introduction. Page 1.

CHAP. I. *Of the Country, Parents, Birth, Education, Person, Temper, and Inclination of Fantasio, and of his leaving his Native Country, and Arrival at Rome.* p. 5.

CHAP. II. *Being an Account of Fantasio's getting into Family of Cardinal Cantelmi, and of the Festivals of Galantry, which the Noblemen of Rome make in the Churches for the Entertainment of their Mistresses, which brought him to the Knowledge of Donna Theresa, the Cardinal's Beautiful Niece.* p. 9.

CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. III. *An Account of the Pleasures, and Luxury of the Cardinal's House, and the agreeable Prospect of Success to his Fortune, till Love interven'd, and lost him in a Passion for the Beautiful Theresa; and his greater Distress in the Cardinal's infamous Passion for her.* p. 20.

CHAP. IV. *A Description of the Cardinal's Villa at Tivoli; Theresa's going into the Bath, and Fantasio's admission to Divert her.* p. 25.

CHAP. V. *The History of the fatal Loves of Don Frederick, and Donna Catalina of Toledo.* p. 31.

CHAP. VI. *The Adventure of the Bath, how Fantasio got Possession of his Mistress Theresa, and the sequel of that Success.* p. 45.

CHAP. VII. *The History of Donna Theresa, of her Birth, and Education showing her to be the Cardinal's Daughter not his Niece. Her Amour with Count Luciano, Son to the Duke of Metalone, one of the Academy of the Ardenti of Naples, with the Letters, and Verses, that pass between them.* p. 55.

CHAP. VIII. *The Continuation of the History of Theresa's Life, and her Intrigues with the Baron Casanatta.* p. 74.
CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. IX. *A Continuation of Theresa's Intrigue with Casanatta, and its Tragical Event. With the Diverting Adventures of those of Faschinetti, Carpegna, their Wives, and the Cardinal.* p. 81.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I. *Containing an Account of Theresa's Argument against Marriage; the terrible Death of the Marquess of Ancona, and young Beutivoglio her Gallant. The Intrigue of a grave Matron of Sienna, with Fryar Rinaldo; and of an Old Sicilian Physician's Wife with a Fryar Minorette. The Advantages of Intriguing with the Clergy.* p. 111.

CHAP. II. *Theresa's Amour with a Dominican Fryar, and pleasant ill Luck of the Fryar's Attempts puts an End to the Affair. Fantasio's Fears for himself, from her Inconstancy, and the Cardinal's Brutal Love to him, prevails with him to make his Escape in Woman's Cloaths.* p. 122.

CHAP. III. *Of Fantasio's being taken by the Banditti; and the Adventure of the two Franciscan Fryars, who were severely Whip'd, and*

The Contents.

and turn'd out of Doors naked for using the Fair Ladies, their Host had provided for them. p. 131.

CHAP. IV. *An Account of Fantasio's Arrival at the Banditti's Castle. Their Relation of their robbing Cardinal Fourbin ; and the ill success they met with in personating Cardinal Sermonetti.* p. 138.

CHAP. V. *The Robbers continue their Relations. The Unfortunate End of their Leader Spadavoni in his Attempt to get into an old Banker's House. The same ill Fate of Aquino in his Pillaging an Old Woman's, who by a Stratagem threw him out of Window. Francisquinos's Exploits at Sienna, and his Death. Their notable Design on the House of a Florentine Marquis, in the Shape of a Bear, in which Sparapani perish'd most Manfully.* p. 148.

CHAP. VI. *An Account of the Banditti's Excursion, and bringing home a Beautiful Virgin call'd Camilla, from her Mother's Arms, the Night before her Wedding-Day ; the Excess of her Grief ; her Ominous Dream ; and favourable Interpretation of it. Fantasio's Perswasions to ease her Sorrows, and his going to Bed with her, and the dangerous Temptations he past with her that Night.* p. 164.
CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. VII. *In the Absence of the Thieves Fantasio, and Camilla attempt their Escape, and get from the Old Woman their Guardian some way from the Castle; but being met by the Robbers, are driven back with opprobrious Language, and find the Old Woman hang'd by her own hands. They cast them into Chains, and deliberate of their Punishment.* p. 182.

CHAP. VIII. *The Arrival of one of the Banditti with Scarpilegia, whom they unanimously chuse for their Captain, after he has given an Account of his Exploits and Robberies in the Alps, and in France. The Cause of the Ladies is reviv'd, he judges them to be Sold to the Brothels of Turkey. The Arrival of a Fryar, an Account of his Love, and the Murthers he committed for it. The Destruction of the Banditti, the Delivery of Fantasio, and Camilla, by the admirable Stratagem of Baldinotti.* p. 192.

CHAP. IX. *Fresh Troubles of Fantasio, and Flight from Fundi, in a Chest. The Story of Julia Gonzaga, with Barbarossa, and the Duke of Mantua. Fantasio's Arrival at Malfi, and Passage to the House of Camilla's Tenant; a great Witch in the High Mountain call'd Monte Marso.* p. 218.

CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. X. *Of Fantasio's Arrival at Invidiofa; the Wonders he discovers; the Magical Musick he heard in the Night; the Song sung by the Spirits. The Old Witch comes to Bed to him; his Terror, and Pains on it; and after Surprize, when in his Embraces she changes into a beautiful Young Lady.*

p. 230.

CHAP. XI. *The History of Biancha Pamfili, or Invidiofa; her Marriage to a Franciscan Fryar; the Discovery of his Treachery: Her Retreat to Monte Marso. Her Study of Magick, and its Defence.*

p. 241.

CHAP. XII. *The farther Villany of Fryar Bernard in Cuckolding his Patron, which prov'd the Death of the Wife, her Child, and Brother, and of the Fryar himself. Fantasio's Retreat discovered to the Cardinal; the Pursuit comes to Invidiofa's House, she turns him into a fine Bologna Lap-Dog to preserve him; she is committed for his Murder, and he carry'd away in that Shape.*

p. 254.

BOOK

The Contents.

B O O K III.

CHAP. I. *Their Departure from Amalfi, and Arrival at Ouzano. Of the Gelding of the Parson of the Parish. Their Passage thence to the Town of Cerino. The Adventures of Philipino, Aretina, and Barbaro, and the unlucky Intrigues of the Fullers and Bakers Wives.* p. 265.

CHAP. II. *Fantasio is bought by Fryar Confessor to a Monastery of Nuns in Sarno. An Account of the Amours of the Fryars, and the Nuns, and several of their profane Verses to their Recluse Mistresses, and of the lewd Freedoms they took with them the first Night he was there.* p. 287.

CHAP. III. *The History of Sister Isabella, and how she was Debauch'd by a Fryar at Thirteen, under the pretence of taking Possession of her for the Virgin Mary; with her Adventures with the Dutchess of Sora; her becoming a Nun. The Addresses, and Letters of Father Giovanni. Her Hate for Man, and Love for her own Sex, to which she endeavours to perswade Sister Clara. What past between the two Sisters that Night.* p. 290.

CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. IV. *Of the Marriage of Fryar Pietro to Sister Clara; the unlucky Adventure of the Consummation, which was repair'd by conveying the Fryar to her Cell to pass the whole Night. An Account of the Books the Fryars furnish'd the Nuns with.* p. 317.

CHAP. V. *An Account of the Possession of some Nuns, and their Accusation of a secular Priest for a Magician, who, for it, was put to Death by the Inquisition. Fantasio is given to the Provincial of the Fryars, and so leaves this Wicked Crew of Fryars, and Nuns.* p. 334.

CHAP. VI. *An Account of a pleasing Seat of Ludovico Astali, a Physician near Sessula. The History of his Life; the Wicked Love of a Mother-in-Law to her Husband's Son. Her Revenge on his Obstinate Vertue. The Poison design'd for him by her, falls into the Hands of her own Child, the happy Discovery of the Son's Innocence, her Punishment, and Death.* p. 344.

CHAP. VII. *The Continuation of the History of Astali; with the Tragical Fate of Ubertò and his three Sons. The just Death of the Young Duke di Mandragone. Astali's short Invective against the Exorbitant Pride, and Insolence of the Neapolitan Nobility.* p. 363.

B O O K

The Contents.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I. *Of Fantasio's Escape from the Fryar's Convent, and the Danger he went thro' till he got into a Widow Lady's House. The Discourses of several Lady Visitors, on the Duty, and Advantage of Widowhood. The Extraordinary Conduct of several Widows, &c.* p. 1.

CHAP. II. *The Story of Tancredo, and Olympia Mellini.* p. 16.

CHAP. III. *The Continuation of the Affair of Tancredo and Laodamia.* p. 30.

CHAP. IV. *The Lady's Comment on the foregoing Relation. The Old Lady's Satyr on Gentility. The Story of Ausilina, and Prospero Sterace. He loses by his Folly the Fortune, he hop'd for, and Aquilina secur'd her Liberty. Their Comment on this Story. The Cause of Widows Unhappiness in second Matches. The Story of Roderigo, the Widow of Lucino, and Castrucio, with his Letter to her of preferring a Man of Sense to a rich Pretender. The Old Widow's Arguments for the Culling of Mankind.*

p. 37.
CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. V. *The History of Tarquinia Lachetti of Florence: Her mean Birth; her Rise; the several Tricks she plaid her Husbands, and her Death. The young Lady's Doubts about Marrying remov'd by an Old Widow, in the History of Lauretta. An Invektive against Man, which concludes the Widow's Visiting-Day.* p. 59.

CHAP. VI. *The Attempt of Father Ignatio, a Jesuit to Ravish Renate, with her Murdering her Husband's Sister in a barbarous manner, Poisoning her Husband, the Doctor that help'd her to the Poison, his Wife, &c. with her terrible Punishment on the Discovery.* p. 72.

CHAP. VII. *Of Fantasio's being carry'd to the Jesuits Colledge, and what Discoveries he made there. Of a Blind Girl kept in Father Francisco's Chamber. The Invektive of an Old Sodomitic Father against Women. The Story of the Philosopher Secundus and his own Mother, &c. Father Francisco's Defence of the Fair Sex.* p. 88.

CHAP. VIII. *Of some Vows, Morals, Political Maxims, and secret Misteries of the Jesuits Order.* p. 106.

BOOK

The Contents.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I. Fantasio's Departure from Naples, with the Provincial of the Jesuits. His Arrival at Fundi. Where they saw the Funeral of Camilia, which occasions an Account of the Unfortunate End of both those Lovers by the Treachery of a false Friend. p. 111.

CHAP. II. Fantasio's Journey with the Provincial from Fundi to Rome. The Adventure of the Cooper's Wife. Their Arrival at Rome, and Visit to the Cardinal, and Theresa. p. 133.

CHAP. III. The Story of Psyche, and Cupid. The Beauty of Psyche draws the Adoration of all Men from Venus, which provokes her to order Cupid to make her in Love with some mean Person. Her Father Consults the Oracle; which promises a Monstrous Husband, and Commands her to be exposed on the Top of a High Mountain. p. 141.

CHAP. IV. How Psyche is born by Zephyrus into a lovely Valley, and comes to a magnificent Palace; her Entertainment there; and Admission of her unknown Husband in
Y the

The Contents.

*the Dark, who always departed before the
Return of Light.* p. 151.

CHAP. V. *The Sisters of Psyche are admitted to Visit her, and tho' civilly received, and loaden with Presents envy her Felicity, and resolve on her Ruin; which they compass by perswading her to discover, by a Light, who her Husband is, and whom by the Light she finds to be Cupid, the God of Love, and not a fearful Monster, as they had perswaded her. By this discovery she loses him, and is left Miserable.* p. 155.

CHAP. VI. *Cupid's farwell Speech to Psyche. Her Attempt to drown her self, is sav'd by the River God, and Comforted by Pan. Her Revenge on both her Sisters.* p. 177.

CHAP. VII. *The Discovery of the Amour of Psyche, and Cupid made by the Sea-Gul to Venus in the Court of Oceanus. The Angry Speech she makes to Cupid, and Resolution she takes of delivering him over to be Punished by Sobriety. Her Complaint to Juno, and Ceres, their Defence of Cupid; and her Return to the Ocean.* p. 182.

CHAP. VIII. *The anxious Travels of Psyche in Pursuit of Cupid. Her Adventures at the Temples of Ceres, and Juno. Their rejecting her Piety, and Prayers; and her Resolution*

The Contents.

Resolution of surrendring herself to Venus.
p. 188.

CHAP. IX. Mercury Cryes Psyche by the Order of Venus, with her Reward to those, who shall discover her. Psyche surrenders herself. Her Punishment, and the three first Labours impos'd on her by Venus. p. 194.

CHAP. X. Psyche's Descent into Hell to fetch Venus a Box of Proserpina's Beauty. Her Return. The fatal Effect of her Curiosity. She is recover'd by Cupid; by whose Desire Jupiter makes her his Wife, and Immortal, and of Cupid and Psyche is Pleasure born. p. 205.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I. Fantasio discovers Donna Theresa's Intrigue with Count Luciano, and the Cardinal's Footman at the same Time. An Account of the Conversation at the Dutchess of Bracciano's. p. 215.

The Contents.

CHAP. II. Fantasio's Revenge on Theresa by discovering Uberto under the Bed, by which she lost both her Lovers at once. How he ran away to Cardinal Ottoboni's, and sets out from Rome, with Donna Angela, for Venice. p. 246.

CHAP. III. Fantasio's Journey from Rome to Spoleto, Assisium, Mount Alvern, Valombrosa, and the Holy Desert. The Cardinal's Discourse to an Hermit, that had not been out of his Cell, nor spoke a Word for forty Years together; the Cardinal's Speech against Solitude. p. 253.

CHAP. IV. The Hermits Defence of Solitude. p. 260.

CHAP. V. A Continuation of the Hermit's Harangue against the World, and in Defence of Solitude, being a general Satyr on several States, and Pleasures of Life. p. 272.

CHAP. VI. Of the Cardinal's Return to Folligni. His passing the Appenines, and Arrival at Loretto; and his Journey thence to Ferrara. The Miraculous Conception of a Venetian Woman told Donna Angela by a Priest on the Road. p. 283.

CHAP. VII. The Cardinal's Arrival at Venice; the Adventure of Donna Angela with

The Contents.

a Priest, whom she took for the Angel Gabriel.

P. 291.

CHAP. VIII. *A Trick put on a French Man
by a Venetian Sharper. . The Adventures of
Don Feroce ; and those of Don Superbo of
Sardinia,*

p. 302.

The End of the Contents.